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ECHOES OF THE JAZZ AGE

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

"This Side of Paradise" at its publication in 1920 was the first signal of the coming turbulent decade. "Tales of the Jazz Age" (1922) gave the period a name. That age is dead. It went over the hill with its boom companion, Prosperity. Scott Fitzgerald, who was in the thick of it and portrayed the social changes of the times in these and other books, writes its obituary.

It is too soon to write about the Jazz Age with perspective, and without being suspected of premature arteriosclerosis. Many people still succumb to violent retching when they happen upon any of its characteristic words —words which have since yielded in vividness to the coinages of the underworld. It is as dead as were the Yellow Nineties in 1902. Yet the present writer already looks back to it with nostalgia. It bore him up, flattered him and gave him more money than he had dreamed of, simply for telling people that he felt as they did, that something had to be done with all the nervous energy stored up and unexpended in the War.

The ten-year period that, as if reluctant to die outmoded in its bed, leaped to a spectacular death in October, 1929, began about the time of the May Day riots in 1919. When the police rode down the demobilized country boys gaping at the orators in Madison Square, it was the sort of measure bound to alienate the more intelligent young men from the prevailing order. We didn't remember anything about the Bill of Rights until Mencken began plugging it, but we did know that such tyranny belonged in the jittery little countries of South Europe. If goose-livered business men had this effect on the government, then maybe we had gone to war for J. P. Morgan's loans after all. But, because we were tired of Great Causes, there was no more than a short outbreak of moral indignation, typified by Dos Passos' "Three Soldiers." Presently we began to have slices of the national cake and our idealism only flared up when the newspapers made melodrama out of such stories as Harding and the Ohio Gang or Sacco and Vanzetti. The events of 1919 left us cynical rather than revolutionary, in spite of the fact that now we are all rummaging around in our trunks wondering where in hell we left the liberty cap—"I know

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I *had* it"—and the moujik blouse. It was characteristic of the Jazz Age that it had no interest in politics at all.

It was an age of miracles, it was an age of art, it was an age of excess, and it was an age of satire. A Stuffed Shirt, squirming to blackmail in a lifelike way, sat upon the throne of the United States; a stylish young man hurried over to represent to us the throne of England. A world of girls yearned for the young Englishman; the old American groaned in his sleep as he waited to be poisoned by his wife, upon the advice of the female Rasputin who then made the ultimate decision in our national affairs. But such matters apart, we had things our way at last. With Americans ordering suits by the gross in London, the Bond Street tailors perforce agreed to moderate their cut to the American long-waisted figure and loose-fitting taste, something subtle passed to America, the style of man. During the Renaissance, Francis the First looked to Florence to trim his leg. Seventeenth-century England aped the court of France, and fifty years ago the German Guards officer bought his civilian clothes in London. Gentleman's clothes—symbol of "the power that man must hold and that passes from race to race."

We were the most powerful nation. Who could tell us any longer what was fashionable and what was fun? Isolated during the European War, we had begun combing the unknown South and West for folkways and pastimes and there were more ready to hand.

The first social revelation created a sensation out of all proportion to its novelty. As far back as 1915 the unchaperoned young people of the smaller cities had discovered the mobile privacy of that automobile given to young Bill at sixteen to make him "self-reliant." At first petting was a desperate adventure even under such favorable conditions, but presently confidences were exchanged and the old commandment broke down. As early as 1917 there were references to such sweet and casual dalliance in any number of the *Yale Record* or the *Princeton Tiger*.

But petting in its more audacious manifestations was confined to the wealthier classes—among other young people the old standards prevailed until after the War, and a kiss meant that a proposal was expected, as young officers in strange cities sometimes discovered to their dismay. Only in 1920 did the veil finally fall—the Jazz Age was in flower.

Scarcely had the staider citizens of the republic caught their breaths when the wildest of all generations, the generation which had been adolescent during the confusion of the War, brusquely shouldered my contemporaries out of the way and danced into the limelight. This was the generation whose girls dramatized themselves as flappers, the generation that corrupted its elders and eventually overreached itself less through lack of morals than through lack of taste. May one offer in exhibit the year 1922! That was the peak of the younger generation, for though the Jazz Age continued, it became less and less an affair of youth.

The sequel was like a children's party taken over by the elders, leaving the children puzzled and rather neglected and rather taken aback. By 1923 their elders, tired of watching the carnival with ill-concealed envy, had discovered that young liquor will take the place of young blood, and with a whoop the orgy began. The younger generation was starred no longer.

A whole race going hedonistic, deciding on pleasure. The precocious intimacies of the younger generation would have come about with or without prohibition—they were implicit in the at-

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tempt to adapt English customs to American conditions. (Our South, for example, is tropical and early maturing —it has never been part of the wisdom of France and Spain to let young girls go unchaperoned at sixteen and seventeen.) But the general decision to be amused that began with the cocktail parties of 1921 had more complicated origins.

The word jazz in its progress toward respectability has meant first sex, then dancing, then music. It is associated with a state of nervous stimulation, not unlike that of big cities behind the lines of a war. To many English the War still goes on because all the forces that menace them are still active—Wherefore eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die. But different causes had now brought about a corresponding state in America—though there were entire classes (people over fifty, for example) who spent a whole decade denying its existence even when its puckish face peered into the family circle. Never did they dream that they had contributed to it. The honest citizens of every class, who believed in a strict public morality and were powerful enough to enforce the necessary legislation, did not know that they would necessarily be served by criminals and quacks, and do not really believe it to-day. Rich righteousness had always been able to buy honest and intelligent servants to free the slaves or the Cubans, so when this attempt collapsed our elders stood firm with all the stubbornness of people involved in a weak case, preserving their righteousness and losing their children. Silver-haired women and men with fine old faces, people who never did a consciously dishonest thing in their lives, still assure each other in the apartment hotels of New York and Boston and Washington that "there's a whole generation growing up that will never know the taste of liquor." Meanwhile their granddaughters pass the well-thumbed copy of "Lady Chatterly's Lover" around the boarding-school and, if they get about at all, know the taste of gin or corn at sixteen. But the generation who reached maturity between 1875 and 1895 continue to believe what they want to believe.

Even the intervening generations were incredulous. In 1920 Heywood Broun announced that all this hubbub was nonsense, that young men didn't kiss but told anyhow. But very shortly people over twenty-five came in for an intensive education. Let me trace some of the revelations vouchsafed them by reference to a dozen works written for various types of mentality during the decade. We begin with the suggestion that Don Juan leads an interesting life ("Jurgen," 1919); then we learn that there's a lot of sex around if we only knew it ("Winesburg, Ohio," 1920), that adolescents lead very amorous lives ("This Side of Paradise," 1920), that there are a lot of neglected Anglo-Saxon words ("Ulysses," 1921), that older people don't always resist sudden temptations ("Cytherea," 1922), that girls are sometimes seduced without being ruined ("Flaming Youth," 1922), that even rape often turns out well ("The Sheik," 1922), that glamorous English ladies are often promiscuous ("The Green Hat," 1924), that in fact they devote most of their time to it ("The Vortex," 1926), that it's a damn good thing too ("Lady Chatterly's Lover," 1928), and finally that there are abnormal variations ("The Well of Loneliness," 1928, and "Sodome and Gomorrhe," 1929).

In my opinion the erotic element in these works, even "The Sheik" written for children in the key of "Peter Rabbit," did not one particle of harm. Everything they described, and much more, was familiar in our contemporary life.

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The majority of the theses were honest and elucidating—their effect was to restore some dignity to the male as opposed to the he-man in American life. ("And what is a 'He-man'?" demanded Gertrude Stein one day. "Isn't it a large enough order to fill out to the dimensions of all that 'a man' has meant in the past? A '*He*-man'!") The married woman can now discover whether she is being cheated, or whether sex is just something to be endured, and her compensation should be to establish a tyranny of the spirit, as her mother may have hinted. Perhaps many women found that love was meant to be fun. Anyhow the objectors lost their tawdry little case, which is one reason why our literature is now the most living in the world.

Contrary to popular opinion the movies of the Jazz Age had no effect upon its morals. The social attitude of the producers was timid, behind the times and banal—for example no picture mirrored even faintly the younger generation until 1923, when magazines had already been started to celebrate it and it had long ceased to be news. There were a few feeble splutters and then Clara Bow in "Flaming Youth"; promptly the Hollywood hacks ran the theme into its cinematographic grave. Throughout the Jazz Age the movies got no farther than Mrs. Jiggs, keeping up with its most blatant superficialities. This was no doubt due to the censorship as well as to innate conditions in the industry. In any case the Jazz Age now raced along under its own power, served by great filling stations full of money.

The people over thirty, the people all the way up to fifty, had joined the dance. We graybeards (to tread down F. P. A.) remember the uproar when in 1912 grandmothers of forty tossed away their crutches and took lessons in the Tango and the Castle-Walk. A dozen years later a woman might pack the Green Hat with her other affairs as she set off for Europe or New York, but Savonarola was too busy flogging dead horses in Augean stables of his own creation to notice. Society, even in small cities, now dined in separate chambers, and the sober table learned about the gay table only from hearsay. There were very few people left at the sober table. One of its former glories, the less sought-after girls who had become resigned to sublimating a probable celibacy, came across Freud and Jung in seeking their intellectual recompense and came tearing back into the fray.

By 1926 the universal preoccupation with sex had become a nuisance. (I remember a perfectly mated, contented young mother asking my wife's advice about "having an affair right away," though she had no one especially in mind, "because don't you think it's sort of undignified when you get much over thirty?") For a while bootleg negro records with their phallic euphemisms made everything suggestive, and simultaneously came a wave of erotic plays—young girls from finishing-schools packed the galleries to hear about the romance of being a Lesbian and George Jean Nathan protested. Then one young producer lost his head entirely, drank a beauty's alcoholic bath-water and went to the penitentiary. Somehow his pathetic attempt at romance belongs to the Jazz Age, while his contemporary in prison, Ruth Snyder, had to be hoisted into it by the tabloids—she was, as *The Daily News* hinted deliciously to gourmets, about "to cook, *and sizzle, AND FRY!*" in the electric chair.

The gay elements of society had divided into two main streams, one flowing toward Palm Beach and Deauville, and the other, much smaller, toward the summer Riviera. One could get away with more on the summer Riviera, and

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whatever happened seemed to have something to do with art. From 1926 to 1929, the great years of the Cap d'Antibes, this corner of France was dominated by a group quite distinct from that American society which is dominated by Europeans. Pretty much of anything went at Antibes—by 1929 at the most gorgeous paradise for swimmers on the Mediterranean no one swam any more, save for a short hang-over dip at noon. There was a picturesque graduation of steep rocks over the sea and somebody's valet and an occasional English girl used to dive from them but the Americans were content to discuss each other in the bar. This was indicative of something that was taking place in the homeland—Americans were getting soft. There were signs everywhere: we still won the Olympic games but with champions whose names had few vowels in them—teams composed, like the fighting Irish combination of Notre Dame, of fresh overseas blood. Once the French became really interested the Davis Cup gravitated automatically to their intensity in competition. The vacant lots of the Middle-Western cities were built up now—except for a short period in school we were not turning out to be an athletic people like the British after all. The hare and the tortoise. Of course if we wanted to we could be in a minute; we still had all those reserves of ancestral vitality, but one day in 1926 we looked down and found we had flabby arms and a fat pot and couldn't say boop-boop-a-doop to a Sicilian. Shades of Van Bibber!—no utopian ideal, God knows. Even golf, once considered an effeminate game, had seemed very strenuous of late—an emasculated form appeared and proved just right.

By 1927 a wide-spread neurosis began to be evident, faintly signalled, like a nervous beating of the feet, by the popularity of cross-word puzzles. I remember a fellow expatriate opening a letter from a mutual friend of ours, urging him to come home and be revitalized by the hardy, bracing qualities of the native soil. It was a strong letter and it affected us both deeply, until we noticed that it was headed from a nerve sanitarium in Pennsylvania.

By this time contemporaries of mine had begun to disappear into the dark maw of violence. A classmate killed his wife and himself on Long Island, another tumbled "accidentally" from a skyscraper in Philadelphia, another purposely from a skyscraper in New York. One was killed in a speak-easy in Chicago; another was beaten to death in a speak-easy in New York and crawled home to the Princeton Club to die; still another had his skull crushed by a maniac's axe in an insane asylum where he was confined. These are not catastrophies that I went out of my way to look for—these were my friends; moreover, these things happened not during the depression but during the boom.

In the spring of '27, something bright and alien flashed across the sky. A young Minnesotan who seemed to have had nothing to do with his generation did a heroic thing, and for a moment people set down their glasses in country clubs and speak-easies and thought of their old best dreams. Maybe there was a way out by flying, maybe our restless blood could find frontiers in the illimitable air. But by that time we were all pretty well committed; and the Jazz Age continued; we would all have one more.

Nevertheless, Americans were wandering ever more widely—friends seemed eternally bound for Russia, Persia, Abyssinia and Central Africa. And by 1928 Paris had grown suffocating. With each new shipment of Americans spewed up by the boom the quality fell off, until toward the end there was something sinister about the crazy boatloads. They

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were no longer the simple pa and ma and son and daughter, infinitely superior in their qualities of kindness and curiosity to the corresponding class in Europe, but fantastic neanderthals who believed something, something vague, that you remembered from a very cheap novel. I remember an Italian on a steamer who promenaded the deck in an American Reserve Officer's uniform picking quarrels in broken English with Americans who criticised their own institutions in the bar. I remember a fat Jewess, inlaid with diamonds, who sat behind us at the Russian ballet and said as the curtain rose, "Thad's luffly, dey ought to baint a bicture of it." This was low comedy but it was evident that money and power were falling into the hands of people in comparison with whom the leader of a village Soviet would be a gold-mine of judgment and culture. There were citizens travelling in luxury in 1928 and 1929 who, in the distortion of their new condition, had the human value of pekinese bivalves, cretins, goats. I remember the Judge from some New York district who had taken his daughter to see the Bayeux Tapestries and made a scene in the papers advocating their segregation because one scene was immoral. But in those days life was like the race in "Alice in Wonderland," there was a prize for every one.

The Jazz Age had had a wild youth and a heady middle age. There was the phase of the necking parties, the Leopold-Loeb murder (I remember the time my wife was arrested on Queensborough Bridge on the suspicion of being the "Bob-haired Bandit") and the John Held Clothes. In the second phase such phenomena as sex and murder became more mature, if much more conventional. Middle age must be served and pajamas came to the beach to save fat thighs and flabby calves from competition with the one-piece bathing-suit. Finally skirts came down and everything was concealed. Everybody was at scratch now. Let's go—

But it was not to be. Somebody had blundered and the most expensive orgy in history was over.

It ended two years ago, because the utter confidence which was its essential prop received an enormous jolt and it didn't take long for the flimsy structure to settle earthward. And after two years the Jazz Age seems as far away as the days before the War. It was borrowed time anyhow—the whole upper tenth of a nation living with the insouciance of grand ducs and the casualness of chorus girls. But moralizing is easy now and it was pleasant to be in one's twenties in such a certain and unworried time. Even when you were broke you didn't worry about money, because it was in such profusion around you. Toward the end one had a struggle to pay one's share; it was almost a favor to accept hospitality that required any travelling. Charm, notoriety, mere good manners, weighed more than money as a social asset. This was rather splendid but things were getting thinner and thinner as the eternal necessary human values tried to spread over all that expansion. Writers were geniuses on the strength of one respectable book or play; just as during the War officers of four months' experience commanded hundreds of men, so there were now many little fish lording it over great big bowls. In the theatrical world extravagant productions were carried by a few second-rate stars, and so on up the scale into politics where it was difficult to interest good men in positions of the highest importance and responsibility, importance and responsibility far exceeding that of business executives but which paid only five or six thousand a year.

Now once more the belt is tight and we summon the proper expression of

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horror as we look back at our wasted youth. Sometimes, though, there is a ghostly rumble among the drums, an asthmatic whisper in the trombones that swings me back into the early twenties when we drank wood alcohol and every day in every way grew better and better, and there was a first abortive shortening of the skirts, and girls all looked alike in sweater dresses, and people you didn't want to know said "Yes, we have no bananas," and it seemed only a question of a few years before the older people would step aside and let the world be run by those who saw things as they were—and it all seems rosy and romantic to us who were young then, because we will never feel quite so intensely about our surroundings any more.

Straight On

By Sherwood Trask

There is an hour, an exuberant hour,
in equinoctial weather,
Or when the headlong wind swings on his course,
That all the eternal elements troop out along the hilltops
Marching irresistibly on—
Then I am resolute.

There are golden lines to caravan trails
as to comets' golden tails,
And silver lines where salmon sweep straight home;
The lineal flight of instincts through the years is arrowshot;
Even the tiniest warblers, loitering through the brush,
Trapeze-suspended, the flock of them,
Go finally fluttering on—
On our Indian-footed route.

In March, or autumn, on whirlwind days
Like uhlans, the universal cavalry wheels up,
On high, or singly on the trivial trails;
Clouds flood, thoughts scud,
The rush and clangor of the honking goose
whistles them on their way.
Patrols of every vibrant force whirl on
Like prayer-papers from strings in Tibet
Blown, helter-skelter, on along a river—
Why hesitate, recruit?

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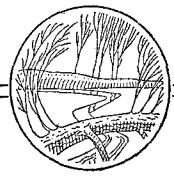

FIRST SHORT NOVEL SELECTED IN THE NEW $5,000 PRIZE CONTEST. COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

The Cloud of Witnesses

By CORNELIA EVANS GOODHUE

A new talent is introduced by this story of an American family

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.—*Hebrews* 12:1.

PART I

SUNDAY hung in the thick darkness like a blessing. Ordinarily it was very hard to be good, but this was God's day when there was no chance to fall into sin, and good people everywhere could taste the joy that was laid up for them in heaven.

Catherine got up and dressed without the lamp. She pulled at her clothes slowly, shivering in the cold, but very anxious to do everything right. When she was sure Great-aunt Cathy couldn't find any fault she went down-stairs the back way, holding tight to the railing and feeling each step with her foot, because once she had slipped on a pile of mending that had been left there for her to carry up.

The door at the foot of the stairs opened into the breakfast-room and Catherine blinked in the warm brightness. Uncle Jim sat in the big chair by the lamp looking for the place in the day-book, and the window behind his head showed the pale outdoor light and cold red streaks in the sky. Great-aunt Cathy was standing on the hearth in her ruffled challis dressing-gown, warming her hands and thinking. She turned her head as Catherine came in and said, "Are you properly dressed to appear before the Lord?"

Catherine sat down on the stool by the closet door and put her hands under her and didn't answer, because Great-aunt Cathy didn't really mean the question for her. It was Uncle Jim who was there in his bedroom slippers. Uncle Jim was a fat man and had a hard time being all dressed at once. Great-aunt Cathy couldn't stand to be always nagging, so after she'd spoken to him about a thing once she contented herself with speaking to Catherine.

When Uncle Jim heard Great-aunt Cathy's voice he looked up and raised his eyebrows in a surprised way. But before he could say something funny, like, "Why this young lady must have got up before breakfast!" Great-aunt Cathy started the song.

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Safely through another week
God hath brought us on our way.
Let us now a blessing seek
Waiting in his courts to-day.

Day of all the week the best.
Emblem of eternal rest.

Great-aunt Cathy had a beautiful old voice with a sweet tiredness in it, and when she sang the song it was like a blessing, melting away the ordinary uses of the house and making it, too, part of the heavenly courts. Gladly safe in another holy Sabbath Catherine felt the peace descend on her and had no idea that an important crisis might be lying just ahead.

Started in this way Sunday was always so good and quiet that she could feel that invisible cloud of witnesses Great-aunt Cathy used to speak about. They filled the house like sad music a long way off. There was such a throng of them—Great-aunt Cathy's parents, Dear-grandfather Otho and Dear-grandmother Elizabeth, and Sister Sally, and Old-old grandfather. There were lots of cousins that Great-aunt Cathy knew when she was young, and behind them were very old people. There was Ann who came out in the bullock-cart and sewed "Think of Ann" on a bookmarker and put it in the Bible. And there were very dim people, so old Great-aunt Cathy never knew them.

When Catherine did anything wrong they were all grieved but loved her just the same because she was their blood. Catherine thought maybe the new ones loved her just the same, but not the very old ones. She had looked at their pictures and knew they could only feel grieved.

When Cousin David joined the heavenly throng he seemed much nearer than before when he was writing letters from China. He was Great-aunt Cathy's oldest friend, and almost everybody she cared about were there then and she was anxious to be gathered to the fold herself as soon as little Catherine was safely grown up.

On weekdays Great-aunt Cathy started prayers by singing very firmly "Faith of our fathers living still." This was like a prayer to Dear-grandfather Otho and the rest of them in heaven, saying she was keeping everything just the way it always was. This wasn't quite true, though through no fault of Great-aunt Cathy's. Her brother, Grandfather Firman, who ought to have been such a help to her in maintaining the old standards, did nothing but make fun. He used to pretend to worry about the sacred plumbing that was in the old house, and such things. And her husband, Uncle Jim, was a good man and did the best he knew, but he hadn't had any advantages as a child. Great-aunt Cathy meant she was doing the very best she could, and holding up the torch till little Catherine should be able to take it.

Very often during prayers Catherine couldn't hold her mind to what Uncle Jim was saying and she thought about Dear-grandfather Otho and the people Great-aunt Cathy knew when she was young. And Great-aunt Cathy thought there was no harm in that. When she had been a little girl morning prayers were always very solemn. Dear-grandfather Otho would be the first person down, and would stand with his back to the fire warming his hands behind him. Dear-grandfather took a great pride in his person and always dressed immaculately and insisted that everybody else should too.

At his funeral the Reverend Doctor Douglas said, "He was a Christian gentleman, with an immaculate nobility of soul." And Grandfather Firman doubted if heaven was as refined as he could have wished. He used to send East for his clothes just to wear in his own town. That seemed a bit vain but Great-aunt

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Cathy said it was the way to do, and a gentleman owed it to the people around him. Dear-grandfather was particularly strict about morning prayers, and said if his children had no care how they appeared before their Creator, let them at least remember to be neat in their father's presence. When he was old and weak Uncle Jim must have been an awful thorn in his side.

Dear-grandfather Otho was a small nervous person with proud sharp eyes, and not at all like his father, Old-old grandfather, who was a big man and gentler. Old-old grandfather lived till Great-aunt Cathy was nearly grown up, and Dear-grandfather Otho didn't find it easy to get along with him. The old man had been educated a long time before and was very set in his ways. He wore loose clothes and walked about in all kinds of weather and treated everybody in town familiarly. When he studied medicine he learned about everything that grew and believed in herbs, and had no use for the up-to-date way Dear-grandfather did things. In his last days he was blind and used to spill soup on his neckcloth.

So the first thing in the morning Dear-grandmother Elizabeth had to make sure there were no spots on his clothes, and then bring him in to the big chair where Uncle Jim sat now. He would sit there all through prayers, with his cane between his knees and his hands folded on the head, and lean forward to listen. At his funeral the Reverend Doctor Douglas said, "It was his interest and privilege to watch and to comment upon the wonderful growth and advance of this State from a wilderness to a centre of culture and influence in the Union."

When Old-old grandfather was ready Dear-grandmother Elizabeth would bring in the children. They sat in a row, as clean and shining as apples. There was Sister Sally, who was just a dear chubby baby, and Grandfather Firman and Great-aunt Cathy, and very often Cousin David, who stayed with them a lot. Great-aunt Cathy sat between Firman and David. She wore wide fluffy skirts and had bare shoulders and was very serious and anxious to please Dear-grandfather in everything she did, and she never allowed her mind to wander during prayers. Grandfather Firman was the oldest. He wore long trousers with suspenders and had brown hair down over his ears. He used to be awfully restless and keep pushing his hair back with his fingers just the way he still did when he was an old man and it was white. He used to tease the rest of them, too, and push their stools with his foot. Cousin David was a gentle child with a sweet serious face and he listened attentively to Dear-grandfather unless Firman made him laugh. They were all very holy and good and nobody got into trouble except Grandfather Firman once in a while.

Nowadays Uncle Jim had to lead prayers and of course it wasn't so impressive and maybe that made it harder for Catherine to be good. Uncle Jim read the scripture and then made a long prayer and remembered everybody whose birthday happened on that day. But he didn't pray for those that were dead because that was popery and they were already saved. But Great-aunt Cathy thought it was right to remember them.

By the time Uncle Jim was all through it was so light the lamp could be turned out before they sat down to breakfast. Catherine's seat looked out of the window down the garden path at the barn. This was very nice because she could see what sort of day it was going to be and pay no attention to the pictures on the wall. But the whole room was just behind her like some one peeking over her shoulder. The carpet stretched neatly back to the walls with a cut-out place for

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the hearth and the comfortable chairs sat empty, looking at the fire.

The clock on the mantel ticked back and forth slowly. The Boices were on the side wall by the clock. They both had very sharp noses and white ruffles up to their chins. David Boice put his chin down in his ruffles and pointed his nose at the table and glared at the food. Nancy Boice lifted up her chin and looked right past the table and wouldn't be interested in food she couldn't eat, for anything.

Great-aunt Cathy passed the dishes and talked to Uncle Jim about what she wanted done. Uncle Jim took a sip of coffee and burnt himself and said, "Cathy, why didn't you tell me it was hot?" So everything went nicely till grace after meals.

And there wouldn't have been any trouble then if Uncle Jim had just made it clear he was going to begin. Catherine wouldn't have been looking out of the window and in that case wouldn't have noticed the Maxwell dog running about the yard. But she did notice it, and it might be lost, and she didn't think she ought to take her eye off it. If there was one thing Great-aunt Cathy didn't like it was inattention during prayers and she began to reprove Catherine for it. Catherine explained that Uncle Jim's praying voice was so much like his ordinary one that just at first she hadn't noticed. Uncle Jim said, "I declare!" and Great-aunt Cathy said, "I don't like to see a child always justifying itself." It didn't seem quite fair for Great-aunt Cathy to be so definite and Catherine said, "You were so attentive to the prayer yourself, you don't know for sure what I did."

Of course she had been told often enough about lying being her besetting sin, but that was just the sort of thing she was always forgetting till it was too late. This time she made things so bad Great-aunt Cathy said she would just have to go to her room till church time and think over what she had done.

Catherine's room was a little bit of a thing compared with the others, and not much bigger than the bathroom across the hall. Outside the window was the sickle pear and it stretched its branches clear across the porch roof and pushed against the panes. In summer the tiny pears dropped with a bump against the tin roof and rolled into the gutter. And it would have been very easy for a burglar to get in that way, but Great-aunt Cathy said, "Stuff and nonsense!" and opened the window every night.

When Dear-grandfather Otho was married he moved Old-old grandfather's house away and built this one. Then an old woman named Aunt Elsie came to live with them and they put her here. She was very old, without a stick to her name except an old rocking-chair, and she would sit in that all day and rock. And she would say to Great-aunt Cathy, who was a little girl then, "Never touch your capital, child. Never touch your capital." She died long ago and the chair wore out, and Catherine could walk right through the place where she sat. But just the same she took up a lot of room in such a little place, sitting there all the time and rocking very hard. Since she never had her portrait painted she looked just like any old woman, except that she wore a pair of silver spectacles that Catherine found in the attic.

In a little while Great-aunt Cathy came up-stairs with very soft steps and a swish of skirts. They had a long talk about how to meet this problem and Great-aunt Cathy said Catherine should always bear in mind the dear ones in heaven who were watching her.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight,

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and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

And Great-aunt Cathy didn't want Catherine to think she was being too hard on her. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." And it was because Great-aunt Cathy loved Catherine so much and had given her her own name that she wanted to see her grow up into a beautiful woman.

When it was all settled they went together to the East room to get dressed. Great-aunt Cathy and Uncle Jim slept in the East room and all Uncle Jim's things and all Great-aunt Cathy's everyday ones were kept there. It always seemed just a bit dingy. There was matting on the floor, but the trouble was mostly with the two crayon portraits that hung on the wall. Great-aunt Cathy didn't think they were much, but they were Uncle Jim's father and mother and she thought it right for him to have them hanging.

This was the room that had belonged to Grandfather Firman when he was a young man. And on weekdays when Great-aunt Cathy sat on the linen chest sorting out socks, she sometimes despaired of Grandfather Firman. She said everything had been too easy for him.

When Dear-grandfather Otho was a young man, they didn't even know for sure what colleges there were in the East, so he had to just set out on a horse with all his money in his pocket. After a while he sold the horse and took a canal-boat, and it was the next spring before he could get a letter back to Old-old grandfather. And that was the year of the cholera when people died like flies.

But Firman, instead of profiting by all his advantages, was a great disappointment to his father, who had so wanted a son after his own heart. He lounged like a sloven and wore sloppy clothes, and was proud of nothing but to show his strength in the village. He liked to tame horses, and once he brought home a buffalo calf. So he grew up headstrong and reckless and he was extravagant besides.

And he never got any wiser in his old age. Once he was planning to take Catherine into town to a theatre, just as though he didn't know Great-aunt Cathy's attitude on such matters. And he made quite an argument when Great-aunt Cathy wouldn't permit it. He thought the parable about the unprofitable servant that buried the talent meant you should make the most of this life.

Grandfather Firman would have understood the Bible better if he had gone to church more often. He hardly ever went, but he always remembered the Reverend Doctor Douglas saying, "Let us strive so to live that death will be a gain." And he said that was enough for him.

There was a lot of trouble getting Catherine into her good things because Great-aunt Cathy wasn't used to dressing anybody but herself. When she got very annoyed she would surely see a water-mark on Catherine's arm, and if Catherine began to cry Great-aunt Cathy would lose all patience and not see how she was ever going to have the strength to get herself ready in time. But it did get done at last and Catherine had to run along and get her wraps out.

The good coats and hats were kept in the guest-room closet. That was the saddest room in the house because nobody ever used it at all except Cousin David when he was a young man. Then he used to come up here to study where he could be alone. But Great-aunt Cathy would slip in and bother him and they would play dominoes all afternoon. Great-aunt Cathy still kept a picture of him standing on the desk. He had a gentle, loving face and you could tell he had been called to the ministry.

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The guest-room was above the parlor, and that was above the wine-cellar, and there was never any heat in that part of the house. Great-aunt Cathy kept her furs here in big boxes wrapped up in sheets. Great-aunt Cathy's wedding-dress and slippers and lace veil were here too, and sometimes she unwrapped them for Catherine to see. In the same closet were the sheets Great-aunt Cathy wanted to be laid out in and the cedar box that was Catherine's hope chest.

Catherine's good hat was a very special one. At first she hadn't liked it because nobody else's looked like that. But Great-aunt Cathy said that was just the virtue of it, and if the other girls made fun of it, it was because they were envious or ignorant. Catherine knew it was ignorance, but sometimes it was a lot of trouble not paying any attention to them.

Catherine waited for Great-aunt Cathy in the front hall. Ordinarily it was very dark there, much darker than the parlor, where bits of light got in between the shutters, because if the storm-doors were left open all week the sun would do something to the real front door just the way light would fade the parlor chairs. But the sun was always all over the upper hall and grains of it floated down through the air, so that any day if Catherine stopped on the register, just to let the heat puff out her skirts a bit, the darkness would sink into the walls until almost everything could be seen.

First would be the heavy shadow of the stairs, and then opposite that the big black curve high up on the wall that was the top of the sliding-doors that went into the parlor. There was always a black hollow under the curve of the stairs where the umbrella-rack hid, and the wall-paper stayed a dull dark, but the woodwork would get lighter and lighter as one waited. But it never got as light as its real color unless the heavy outside doors were pulled back.

Once when there was no one in the house Catherine had opened the inside door. The vestibule smelt hot and dusty like the attic and was even darker. Catherine was afraid she would leave tell-tale footmarks on the clean marble, so she kept her feet inside on the carpet and only leaned out as far as she could. She saw a large spiral spring covered with dust that belonged with the silver bell-handle outside. She had just got the door closed when she heard some one coming in at the back of the house, so she ran very quietly and very fast up the stairs along the wide side and back through the bedrooms and pulled the chain on the toilet and then very ordinarily came down the back way to the pantry. But Great-aunt Cathy had heard her running across the ceiling and didn't know what to believe about what she'd been doing because little Catherine had a weakness for rummaging in drawers.

On Sunday nobody cared what the sun could do, so the first thing in the morning Uncle Jim opened the storm-doors. In a way this was like putting on a good dress for important people. Then the light came in through the frosted glass and sparkled all over the prisms in the chandelier. The dark-yellow woodwork had been improved with every oiling and it sparkled too, very tall and very proud against the green wall-paper which had been gone over with a dry cloth twice a year now for seventy years and was only nearly as good as new. The umbrella-rack still leaned back into the shadows with its arms full of canes, but the mirror caught reflections and looked like some one hiding there.

Cousin Kate said that to her knowledge that entry was never used except to bring in a minister or take out a corpse. But Catherine knew better. Cousin Kate hadn't married till she was nearly forty

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and people sort of thought that was what was wrong with her, but Great-aunt Cathy said that didn't explain it. Cousin Kate was Great-aunt Cathy's double cousin and looked a great deal like her and was quite a trial. When she was young she was backbiting. She still had no sense of loyalty and talked about her own family all over town. Great-aunt Cathy said it was a poor bird that befouled its own nest.

The storm-doors were opened on all special occasions. On Sundays and the silver wedding and on Christmas and Hallowe'en anybody could come in that way. And on the Fourth of July, just long enough to see the parade, and on some summer evenings when it was very hot they would use it for themselves. Then they brought out the red carpet which was made to fit down the middle of the stone steps, and Great-aunt Cathy would bring a chair and sit on the broad place at the top till she felt a chill. Catherine could sit on any of the steps she wanted, provided she stayed on the carpet. She liked to sit there with the front door behind her, looking down the street. Sometimes a little boy would come by and start to swing on the gate and Catherine would have to go down and ask him not to. But mostly they just sat there together and Great-aunt Cathy would notice that a flag in the side path was being pushed up again by that tree root, and say something would have to be done about it.

Very often when Catherine had to wait in the front hall, she amused herself making faces in the mirror. When Great-aunt Cathy was young she used to wait here too, and sometimes she primped a bit. She said so herself. But she must have been very, very young then, because, surely, never since she had given herself to Jesus had she done anything foolish like that.

She had always striven to please her father, Dear-grandfather Otho, who was such a fine Christian spirit. Dear-grandfather wouldn't have wholly approved of Catherine, and being now translated he knew every little thing she did. So it was very good that he couldn't talk to Great-aunt Cathy, who knew a terrible lot anyway, but was sometimes deceived.

Great-aunt Cathy had always been a dutiful wife to Uncle Jim too, because it wasn't becoming not to be. Uncle Jim was a very good man, of course, but not at all like her own family. When he was engaged to Great-aunt Cathy, Dear-grandfather Otho didn't like it and said he'd have to earn some money first. So he went way out West and lived at a station with an Indian. When Great-aunt Cathy was twenty-nine and wasn't going to marry any one else, Dear-grandfather said, "Jim had better come back." And sent him some railroad fare. He brought back a bullet that had killed a man and he knew some Spanish.

Uncle Jim was very good. He never smoked, he never drank, he never told an untruth. Grandfather Firman said he had no human vices. But he blustered a good deal. When he opened the storm-doors one morning to pick up the paper he shouted clear through the house, "Cleveland's elected." Dear-grandfather said, "That would still have been true when he got back to the breakfast-room."

Catherine was wondering about these things when she heard a door close and along the upper banister came Great-aunt Cathy's round silk shoulders and hat with a feather. She stopped at the head of the stairs just long enough to gather her skirts in one hand, and then swept on down with small quick movements. She paused again at the bottom to adjust her rubbers and make sure that Catherine's ears were quite clean.

She came down the stairs like that on her wedding-day in a grand sweep with

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the train following half a dozen steps behind. All the lights were on then and the sliding-doors were pushed back. Dear-grandfather was waiting to take her to Uncle Jim, and the guests were in the back room watching. The heavy satin-and-gold brocade and solemn music muffled her little nervous gestures except for her hands, which fluttered back and forth with the big bouquet. But she must have found something to do when she stopped at the bottom before she crossed the hall to the parlor. Perhaps she coughed just a little and smiled at the guests.

Now she hesitated a minute to make sure she hadn't forgotten something and seemed to glance around and see that the doors and stairs were all in their right place. And then the two of them went out together.

After they got to church, Great-aunt Cathy found she had forgotten her lorgnon and Catherine went back for it. The whole house was so empty that she straddled the banister at the top and slid down. Sitting on the newel-post and looking back up she was full of terror and regret. All the way up ran a bright white line scratched by the clasp of her glove. She tried frantically rubbing in spit and then dirt from the flower-pot. But nothing would remove it, and it stayed there like the fiery handwriting on the wall.

She sat through church breathless and hot and praying fervently, "Dear God, forgive me for scratching Dear-grandfather's woodwork that he was so careful of. Dear-grandfather, forgive me and make something happen about it." That was the Sunday the Reverend Doctor Douglas preached his very best sermon. It was on the text "Cursed be he that removeth the ancient landmarks," and had twenty-eight heads.

When they got back to the house, Catherine shut her eyes till Great-aunt Cathy should see the mark. But Great-aunt Cathy hadn't finished going over the sermon in her mind and she didn't notice it. And next week she didn't notice it, and she never, never noticed it and the trouble passed away. But twenty years later when Catherine stood on those steps looking down at Great-aunt Cathy in her wedding-dress and in her coffin, she saw nothing clearly but a long white scar, now forever unavenged.

Part II

After church Great-aunt Cathy asked the minister and his wife home to dinner and some other people that she stopped to talk to in the vestibule of the church. She asked quite a few, but since they were mostly kith and kin it couldn't be considered a social affair, and, besides, all the work of preparing the meal had been done the day before.

Grandfather Firman was already in the house when they got back and was smoking a pipe in the music-room. Catherine went to say hello to him before she took off her things. The smell of the tobacco was enough to let you know he was there but Catherine liked to see with her own eyes.

Grandfather Firman lounged in the library chair, sitting on the small of his back, as Great-aunt Cathy said, looking at a magazine. He always looked comfortable that way, and had a soothing effect on Catherine.

This was partly because, being so lax in his own life and not being responsible for Catherine's upbringing, he was more inclined to overlook things than Great-aunt Cathy. In a way he almost encouraged her the time she spent the quarter out of her bank and got into so much trouble trying not to let Great-aunt Cathy know. He said if she'd only come to him he would have met the liability for her.

But Great-aunt Cathy never knew

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about that and on this Sunday everything was pleasant because the really serious troubles still lay ahead of them. But afterward Great-aunt Cathy had a very bitter quarrel with Grandfather Firman because of the effect he had on Catherine. And he so far forgot she was his sister as to swear at her. Then they had to break off all relations and he never came to the house any more. And it was too bad, when they might have been such a comfort to each other.

And if it hadn't been for that quarrel and Grandfather Firman's staying away Catherine wouldn't have had occasion to get into quite as bad a sin as she did later, either. In the first place she took a quarter again to put in a slot-machine the time Ruth was on from Kentucky visiting. Then when Great-aunt Cathy missed it, Catherine said she thought Ruth must have taken it. At first Great-aunt Cathy wouldn't believe such a thing, but Catherine was so frightened and she stuck to the story so long that at last Great-aunt Cathy did, and Catherine had that on her conscience forever.

But on this Sunday things were still all right, and as soon as Catherine had asked Grandfather Firman how he was, she went to help Great-aunt Cathy with the dinner.

It had been cooking itself all the time they were away. The pans were sitting on the top of the stove with their lids on and the meat was in the oven. The dampers were all shut and in the great quiet of the basement nothing seemed alive. Great-aunt Cathy had fixed everything that way the night before, and all Uncle Jim had to do was rake up the fire a bit in the morning. So if it turned out that they always had the very best dinner on Sunday, it was only because Great-aunt Cathy was such a good manager and not because she did unnecessary work.

Sometimes people said she was trying to do too much and ought to have help. Great-aunt Cathy couldn't see what use she had for help. Frank was very good to clean rugs and wash windows but she couldn't endure to have Effie moving around her kitchen getting under foot and handling her dishes, she was so careless. Just the same Great-aunt Cathy didn't like to have people saying she was wasting her strength, so she made light of everything she did.

On weekdays Great-aunt Cathy would be very busy in the basement. With her little shoulders in a brown dress and a big gingham apron tied all around her, she would hurry from one room to another, carrying a steaming saucepan in one hand and reaching for a spoon or turning off a faucet with the other.

Then when the bell jingled on the spring over the sink she would snatch off her gingham apron and push everything to the back of the stove. She had a little white apron all waiting for her on the rocker and she would tie this on as she went up-stairs. She kept the big basket of mending on the pantry-shelf and she would take it with her to the sitting-room before she opened the door.

Because troubles always come in flocks, one morning very soon after this, while Great-aunt Cathy was having the quarrel with Grandfather Firman, the bell rang like that. But instead of company it was a cablegram that said Cousin David was dead. Catherine could hear it was something different and went up-stairs to see.

Great-aunt Cathy was standing by the door holding the paper. Her hands shook very hard but she wasn't crying. Her blue eyes just looked tired and didn't seem to see anything. Her basket of mending by the chair and her white apron all ready for company seemed pitiful. She took off the apron and went

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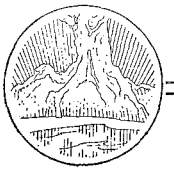

The Revival of the Scholar-Gentleman

By MAX EASTMAN

Literary high-brows are embattled: In the effort to preserve their gentlemanly profession against the trend of the times, they oppose themselves to the spirit of the plain man and the spirit of science, declares Mr. Eastman. Not only must they outsell statistics and laboratory reports but they must resist the encroachments of disciplined and verified knowledge upon the "inner life," and attempt to preserve the social superiority of futile knowledge.

THE literary high-brows of the moment, both young and old, seem to me to speak with a strangely hollow voice. They seem abstracted. They discuss vital questions, but they never seem to care vitally about just the question they are discussing. Take religion, for example. The young men argue about God as though they were choosing a talking-point for a sales campaign, or a nice location for a battery of eloquence. It is not a question whether God exists, but whether it is a good idea to believe in Him. "Religion is highly desirable if it is really accessible to the individual," Ivor Winters tells us. And Allen Tate issues an earnest paper proposing a kind of generalized family soup of religion, containing all religions in its mysterious bowels, but each so dilute and dissolved in the surrounding extract of polite letters that nobody will be disturbed by their differences. He frankly calls his religion by the name of "technique," a technique for "validating values," not a value in itself, as it would be if its postulates were true. T. S. Eliot, we remember, not long ago notified his readers, adopting the brief but unhurried style of the engraved announcement of a social event, that he is "classicist in literature, royalist in politics and anglo-catholic in religion." And the volume in which he flung us this majestic morsel left us with a feeling that he might more accurately describe himself as classicist in literature, royalist in literature, and anglo-catholic in literature. "The spirit killeth," he assured us, "the letter giveth life."

And it is the same with the older men. The "Humanists" as a group have not even made up their minds whether they believe in God or not. Their religion seems to consist of the opinion that those who do believe in God don't believe in Him *enough* to prevent their cooperating in all practical matters with those who don't. "Though I see no evidence," says Irving Babbitt, "that humanism is necessarily ineffective apart from dogmatic and revealed religion, there is, it seems to me, evidence that it gains immensely in effectiveness when it has a background of religious insight." Is not that a rather cool way to discuss

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the question whether this world is God-ruled and guided to a divine goal? And Paul Elmer More, the other humanist father, poses the question in the same fashion. "Can humanism of itself, unaided, provide the purposes and values it needs for its fulfilment and without which it can not pass from the purely critical to the productive state? Must it not for its driving force depend upon religion?"

One may well doubt whether the humanists will ever pass from the critical to the productive state without supernatural assistance, for in the natural order the productive state usually comes first. But one may also doubt whether a God believed in for this express purpose—the need being acknowledged "reluctantly," as Mr. More confesses, "almost wishing my answer were mistaken"—will supply the missing electricity. God, at least, was never approached by the most willy-nilly pragmatist with a less flattering indifference to the problem of His real existence.

Another problem which these men seem to approach with their minds on something else, is that of democracy and leadership. Irving Babbitt has written a fervent and strong book on the need of this country for real leaders. He goes so far as to say that one should "in the interests of democracy itself substitute the doctrine of the right man for the doctrine of the rights of man." One waits eagerly for his unfolding of the new plan by which the "right man" shall be picked out and moved into his place. He has no plan. He is blandly indifferent to the propriety of his suggesting a plan. Having pointed out that a multitude of men are being "mechanized in order that the captain of industry may . . . live in a state of psychic unrestraint," having warned us that "A leading class that has become Epicurean and self-indulgent is lost," and having assured us that thanks to the inadequacy of our leaders, "both progressive and conservative," we are "moving through an orgy of humanitarian legislation toward a decadent imperialism," and that moreover "the whole elaborate structure that has been reared by the industrial revolution is in danger of collapse," he leaves the job right there, and wanders off vociferating about Confucius and the "inner life"—the "superiority" in fact "of inner over outer action." It seems to me that anybody who cared about the state-of-affairs Professor Babbitt depicts so eloquently would want to analyze the process by which those miserable leaders got into their positions, and think up some scheme for getting some better ones in.

Of course if he meant by the "inner life" some miracle-working divine event or preoccupation, we might understand his turning this way for a solution of the desperate situation he has depicted on the outside. But the "inner life" turns out to be nothing more miracle-working, and for that matter nothing more "inner," than decorum or the art of behaving like a gentleman—"moderating and harmonizing" one's impulses "with a view to living to the best advantage in this world." It is obvious that this programme can not solve the problem of democracy and leadership. It does not even approach the problem. And moreover it seems nothing less than absent-minded to identify decorum with the "inner life." It seems as though the man started to say something and then forgot what it was he was saying.

Another question on which these professors talk as though they were thinking about something else is that one about controlling nature. They denounce Zola and Theodore Dreiser and other realistic novelists for having apparently abandoned the purpose to control nature. They tell us that these novelists regard

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nature, and particularly human nature, as wholly bad and nothing to do about it. Then, while we are wondering whether this is quite true or not, they suddenly bundle them all up into the same abstraction with Rousseau, who thought that human nature was wholly good and everything could be done about it! They call this abstraction "naturalism." And while we are still gazing at this with a slow-witted amazement, like a cow at a new gate, they make another quick motion, and we find in the same package—Francis Bacon, whose one thought was by means of experimental knowledge to get control of nature!

It is a brilliant feat, and I do not see how anybody could fail to admire it. The idea that human nature is wholly bad, you see, is the same as the idea that human nature is wholly good, except that it is "at the opposite extreme." Obviously they belong together and both mean a renunciation of control. And then it is well known that the effort of experimental science to control nature was so successful in the sphere of mechanics, that some rather wild men jumped to the conclusion that the mind itself is nothing but a machine, and the control is an illusion. Therefore Bacon and the whole experimental-scientific movement, Rousseau and the whole revolutionary movement, Zola and the whole realistic movement, are one and the same thing—"naturalism." Deny it if you can!

For my part I should not dream of denying it. You can classify things any way you want to, and your classification will depend in the long run upon your interests. I only assert that a person interested in controlling nature in any concrete part or aspect, human, animal, vegetable or mineral, could not possibly make or accept this classification. For such a person the distinctions it ignores are the vital ones. And so here too the literary *illuminati* seem to be caring about something else besides what they are discussing.

What is it they are caring about?

II

I have stated elsewhere* my opinion that their opposition to the employment of scientific methods in the study of man is dictated by a protective interest in their own profession of literature. I think I can prove that all these other positions defended by them in so hollow a tone are defended for this same underlying reason. What they are caring about vitally and concretely, while inattentively discussing so large and various an assortment of abstractions, is the defense of "humane letters" against the encroachments of disciplined and verified knowledge.

In order to do this, I must first suggest how far-sweeping and momentous an enterprise it is to defend literary as against scientific knowledge. It does not mean merely that men-of-letters are trying to keep up the price of their product in a competitive market—trying to outsell statistics and laboratory reports with exploits in traditional eloquence. That would be as one-sided as to imagine that they are merely defending a deep habit of enjoyment, which is also a part of the truth. In order to understand the wide reach and dignity of the forces engaged —and particularly the important position occupied by college professors—it is necessary to realize that the literary profession, and that profession of being occupied with the history of literature which goes by the name of the "Higher Learning," has always enjoyed a social and academic prestige superior to that of experimental science. It is this superior prestige, and the whole social,

*"The Swan-Song of Humane Letters," published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1930.

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economic and political system, and system of ideas, in which it inheres, that the embattled men-of-letters are fighting to preserve. They are defending the last relics of that nobler status which was accorded in the feudal society to the study of "polite literature," to an impeccable acquaintance with "the classics," to a mastery of "the humanities," as opposed to the rather low social rating of the vulgar pursuit of useful knowledge.

It was Thorstein Veblen who first observed the class distinction involved in the conflict between science and the humanities. He showed that the "superiority" of futile knowledge is in the last analysis identical with that pecuniary superiority which makes possible a life of leisure. The sciences are given a lower status in a caste society exactly because they are useful, because they are serviceable to the community. Having this general value, they have no value as a symbol of the special power of their possessor to consume his time in non-gainful employment. A word will recall the unique flavor of Veblen's book* to those who have read it—and I offer my condolences to those who have not.

"Neither does good repute attach to knowledge of facts that are vulgarly useful. Hence it should appear probable that the interest of the invidious comparison with respect to pecuniary or other honorific merit should occupy the attention of the leisure class, to the neglect of the cognitive interest."

Although Professor Babbitt does not realize that the higherness of the kind of culture he advocates consists *essentially* in this pecuniary elevation, he does realize, and quite frankly state, that it is a culture for gentlemen only. He loves to quote the saying of Burke that "All the good things which are connected with manners and with civilization have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles. . . . I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion." And he never fails to make it clear that the spirit of a gentleman is here the critical thing—religion being of the essence only in so far as it may be, so to speak, *de rigeur* with the gentlemanly class.

"The ideal of the finely poised gentlemen . . . was often allied with Christianity ('devout humanism') but it was also found among free-thinkers ('libertines') who were hostile to every form of belief in the supernatural." "Why should not the humanist refuse to take sides too decisively in the great debate between the naturalists and the supernaturalists?"

Professor Babbitt also realizes that his "ideal of the finely poised gentleman" can be attained only by those who possess plenty of free time. Indeed he is admirably frank in depicting humanism as a leisure-class philosophy of life.

"Economic and other conditions," he tells us, "are more favorable in this country than elsewhere for the achievement of a truly liberal conception of education with the idea of leisure enshrined at its very centre." "Genuine justice seems to demand . . . that the natural aristocrat, as Burke terms him, should receive his due reward."

To put it very simply, the humanists are defending the noble status of their profession, or attempting to regain it, against two "principles" which unite even more firmly than religion with a gentleman: the spirit of a plain man and the spirit of science. Experimental knowledge is plebeian, not only because being useful it carries a flavor of work rather than of sport. It is plebeian also because it develops in close association with productive work, and looks mainly to successful working for the test of

*"The Theory of The Leisure Class," by Thorstein Veblen (1899).

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its validity. It is plebeian because it continually suggests the possibility of changing things, and the patrician, being well placed in the *status quo,* is disinclined toward any too wonderful generalization of this idea.

Once it is understood that a question of social status is thus involved in the defense of humane letters against science, all those strangely abstract preoccupations of the literati will be seen, I think, to find a concrete motive here. Their cool and yet cordial attitude toward God is quite understandable when you realize that the Higher Learning which they are defending was until recent date an almost exclusive possession of the priestly caste. Its *higherness* derived, in fact, almost entirely from this intimate association with the personal attendants of the *Most High.* But the Most High, whatever may hold as to the problem of His existence, has suffered an undeniable decline in our industrial era as a source of prestige. And therefore the modern defender of the higher status of the humanities, while retaining a grateful memory of that happier relation in the good times gone, is unable to count on any effective present assistance from that source. Professor Babbitt is shrewd enough—and Paul Elmer More, we may say, is not quite shrewd enough—to cast loose from the Most High God and stake his game altogether on the "Higher Immediacy" of the moral will.

When I say "shrewd," I do not mean to attribute to these men-of-letters a wilful deceptiveness either of themselves or others. Of what passes in their minds I cannot judge. I merely attribute to them a vital and concrete motive which I think can explain their strangely detached preoccupation with a set of abstractions not actively conceived and not evidently belonging together. After all, the outstanding fact about the New Humanist programme of salvation is that it was drawn up and issued by literary critics and professors. There is a very general difficulty in finding out just what the programme is. Professor Babbitt himself confesses that "in a whole series of volumes" he has been unable to "make entirely clear" what he means by humanism, and it would be rash on the basis of this experience to cling to the faint hope that another volume might dispel the clouds. If these experts in literature are not able to make clear just what their plan is for saving the world, I do not see how they can take offense if we suggest in our perplexity that perhaps it is not the world, but the prestige of literature, that they are trying to save. Mr. More has himself expressed the opinion that "literature may not too presumptuously be cherished as the final end of existence."

This motive also explains their incredible reluctance to do anything, or even admit that anything should be done, about the "external" problems of our industrial civilization. It explains why Professor Babbitt breaks our hearts with his desolating picture of democracy and its leaders—the whole outfit hell-bent for destruction, if I may so paraphrase his dignified language—and then proposes to save the day by persuading these same leaders to renounce their preoccupation with "humanitarianism," resist the temptation of the ideal of "service," and learn to "limit their desires in so far as this limitation can be shown to make for their own happiness." He does not, of course, really propose to solve the problem in this juvenile manner. He merely turns away from the problem. And he turns away from it, not because it is a trivial problem, but for the opposite reason—because it has become so vast and critical a problem that only science can solve it. There is no longer any parade-ground here for the man-of-letters. Nobody will pay any attention to

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him; the situation is too serious. Nobody would consult a literary critic if a member of his family went crazy—not even a New Humanist. He would consult an expert in the "pseudo-science of psychology." And nobody is going to consult humane letters about the mortal problems of our industrial civilization; he is going to consult sociology and economics. The defenders of humane letters have no choice therefore but to draw us away from these problems to the problems of the "inner life." The situation in the "inner life," bad as it is, is not critical, and the data moreover are less firmly in the hands of science. Here are both occupation and complacency for the professor of literature.

Not only does this explain why these professors turn with exaggerated dogmatism to the "inner life," but it explains the peculiarly uninspiring stretch of mud flats which this "inner life" turns out to be. It explains why they find it necessary to rear up all that complicated and imposing apparatus of Dualism of Consciousness, and Insight of Faith, and Supra-Rational Intuition, and Conscience, and Ethical Will, and *Frein Vital,* and the Three Levels of Being, and deafen our ears with the old ethico-deifical hullabaloo, only to advocate at last the ordinary routine business of learning to behave yourself. I think everybody who has passed through the ceremonies of initiation and been led up to the inmost altar of the New Humanism has had an involuntary giggle escape him when he found out what it was all about.

Malcolm Cowley, in a desperate attempt to understand this inner vacuity of the New Gospel, jumped to the conclusion that what these men of letters really believe in, and what they mean by all that suspiciously abstract talk about "refraining," is chastity. It would seem a plausible hypothesis, but upon investigation it turns out that they don't even mean that. Professor Babbitt, although modestly draping himself for the purpose in Latin, has issued a most lenient decretal upon this point: "The humanist would moderate rather than deny entirely the most imperious form of the *libido sentiendi.* . . ." I am afraid that even the Freudian wisdom can not explain the extraordinary fuss which these literary men are making about the obvious fact that it is necessary to hold-in a little in order to have as good a time in leisure as possible.

The fuss consists essentially of taking the attitude of the Christian toward a moral code regarded as the revealed word of God, and attempting to attach it to the code of Aristotle, which was merely a thoughtful formulation of ordinary bourgeois good-sense. Professor Babbitt calls this uniting the Christian and the Classical traditions, and it is uniting them in a way—but in a very tricky way. The essence of the Greek view of morals, and the underlying assumption of Aristotle's Ethics, was that virtue is intelligent conduct. "Knowledge is virtue," as Plato's Socrates says. The brave man is the man who knows when to fight and when to run away; the right act is the act based upon the best information. That is the fundamental "classical tradition" in morals; and Aristotle's rather conservative and gentlemanly ethic merely remarked that this right, or intelligent, act will usually be a moderate one. Professor Babbitt seizes this ethic of Aristotle because he wants to be a gentleman. But he abandons Aristotle's underlying assumption that the good act is the act which results from true knowledge, because he also wants to be a literary scholar and oppose the encroachments of science. It is to keep science out of the discussion of moral problems, that he clings to those Christian ideas of "conscience" and "in-

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ner vision" and "higher will," which combine so ludicrously, and indeed combine not at all, with Aristotle's quiet effort to describe intelligent conduct. And since he does not really believe in Christianity or any other revealed religion, he finds himself in the ridiculous position of asserting that this higher ethical will is one of the "immediate data of consciousness," and yet also asserting that it lies beyond the purview of psychology, which is merely the name for any serious study of the immediate data of consciousness. He finds himself dismissing as a "corruption of ethics" Freud's attempt to improve the technic of self-control through the knowledge of self—dismissing it in the name of Socrates and Aristotle and the Greek tradition! "Deny the ethical will and the inner life disappears," he cries in a most un-Aristotelian flurry. Deny the ethical will—understand it, rather, as a will to act intelligently and with full relevance to the facts—and nothing whatever disappears but the superiority of literary loose talk to scientific knowledge.

A like motive explains the wilful blindness with which the humanists toss about that manufactured abstraction called "naturalism." They despise Francis Bacon because his zeal for controlling nature holds a chief place in the advancement of science to which as scholar-gentlemen they are professionally opposed. They despise Rousseau because with his wild idea that nature needs no control he furnished a slogan to that revolution which overthrew the system of caste in which the superiority of the scholar-gentleman was secure. That is why they roll these two contrary characters and attitudes up into one abstraction called "naturalism," and tell you that this abstraction is the concrete essence of evil. If it is true that Professor Babbitt can not go to sleep until he has looked under the bed to see if Rousseau is there, this is not because he foolishly imagines that anybody is still taken in by Rousseau's nonsensical idea that "all men are good in a state of nature." It is because he wisely knows that Rousseau, with all his romantic nonsense, was the herald of a democratic revolution. And that revolution is what exalted—or will yet exalt—the knowledge which is useful to the community, the real and reliable knowledge heralded by Francis Bacon, above the polite preoccupations of the Higher Learning.

That is how Rousseau and Bacon come to be rolled up together, and I suspect that Zola and Dreiser find their way into the same company for a similar reason. The opposition of our literary professors to extreme and bitter realism is not due to the suggestion of fatality or hopelessness of action which it conveys to weak and enervated minds. It is due to the suggestion it conveys to strong minds that action is necessary. They want to preserve in literature that complacent composure which properly accords with the gentlemanly status they demand for it. It is not that they oppose realness, or think that art should confine itself to the ideal, but merely that there is a certain limit beyond which seeing the plain facts becomes uncomfortable, and indeed impossible, to a reasonably sympathetic gentleman suitably engrossed in "living to the best advantage in this world." For that reason they oppose a "fatalistic" attitude which they attribute to these describers of sordid facts, and at the same time oppose "humanitarianism" which can only be defined as the attitude of those who refuse to be fatalistic about these same facts. And they oppose the ideal of service, except it be "service to God," by which they mean the pompous monument of temporal pride and spiritual humility which the feudal caste system erected upon the burial place of the ideal of human ser-

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vice. And they oppose "progress" as an idea, because progress as a fact has departed inexorably from that feudal system. And they preach "tradition" as an abstract good, incredibly pretending that there is only one tradition or at the most two, because the prevailing traditions in literature and the humanities are aristocratic. In short, they wish to be gentlemen-and-scholars with the full status and prerogative, complacency, composure, authority, and reward which of right appertained to that order in the times gone by.

III

If this is true of the New Humanists, it is even more obviously true of those younger critics whom I call "neo-classical." The humanists are resisting science in the name of a Higher Morality and demanding that we should "subordinate the intellect to the ethical will." These other critics are resisting science in the name of Intellect itself, or "Reason," or a "Superior Order of Intelligence." But they are resisting it with the same motive—because it threatens the prestige of their profession. And so they not only talk with the same queer abstractedness about God, but dismiss with a bland gesture of superiority all the pressing problems of our industrial civilization, naïvely imagining that in thus pushing out of their purview questions upon whose solution depends the future of our race they are outgrowing a childish obsession of the writers of a previous decade with economics. They are merely retreating to a safer position in the struggle to defend against verified knowledge the narrowing domain of the "literary intelligence."

And since they are waging the same struggle as the humanists, they show of course the same homesickness for feudalism, the same antagonism to the masses of mankind and to those interested in their destiny. It was no accident that in expressing his polite scorn for the early efforts of psychology and sociology, T. S. Eliot should have tossed in among them the movement for social emancipation. "Social emancipation crawled abroad," was the phrase in which he expressed his feeling. And it is no accident that in advocating a revival of "intellect" and a "control of the emotions by Reason," he should deliver the essential force of his attack against Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells and Bertrand Russell, three men essentially distinguished by intellect, but who have devoted their intellects, not to literary scholarship, but to mastering some essentials of the advancing sciences and trying to make literature say something of contemporary force and meaning. "They all exhibit intelligence at the mercy of emotion," Eliot tells us.

I have suggested elsewhere that this critic would speak more wisely about emotion if he knew what is known—and also the limitations of what is known—about this subject. But I do not think it requires technical knowledge—only a little shrewd sense—to see that he is here merely opposing one emotion to another. His phrase "social emancipation crawled abroad" is saturated with sentimental emotion. His whole reaction of distaste for experimental science and what he calls "social emancipation" is but the complacent squeamishness of one dominated by the sentiment of caste. And this state of feeling is not even perceived, to say nothing of being illumined or led into its results and relations, as are the contrary emotions of Shaw and Wells and Bertrand Russell, by an activity of intellect. The instinct is enough, since it is the instinct of a gentleman. "Tradition" will supply the place of reason, and the police—at least so it is hoped—will make intelligence unnecessary.

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There is indeed a shallowness in the passion, as there is pettiness in the ambition, of those who can aim no higher than toward an incomplete identification with the leisure class. Futility in the object is for them the sanction of pure feeling, and in those enterprises whose crown and glamour is futility, try as you will, the deep organic passions will not enter. Dryden cared clearly about the nice graces of a panegyric and its place in the history and among the forms of poetry, but confusedly about the question whether it was addressed to Cromwell or King Charles. He revelled in a somewhat Rabelaisian wit, but was quite ready to repent and pray public forgiveness for his best jokes at the dictate of a changing fashion. Pope, in order to polish the meter of his philosophy and promote its favor in the market, changed the statement that human life is "a mighty maze of walks without a plan," to read "a mighty maze—but not without a plan." A passion that so picks the path of its loyalty is a passion none too vast in force. If that is what it means to be "intellectual," we shall have to concede that some of the neo-classicists have risen so high. As I turned the pages of "The Sacred Wood" after copying Eliot's cavalier reference to the problems of science and to the social problem, my eye fell upon this opening sentence of another essay:

"It is a nice question to decide how much must be read of any particular poet."

A nice question indeed—not one which would have stirred a riot in the Mermaid Tavern, but one into which a perfect gentleman, a gentleman and a scholar, an anglo-catholic and a royalist, need not to be too fastidious to enter with full abandon.

It is this drift of his ambition, this tendency of his nature toward small elevations, and not any urgency of intellect or classic restraint of great passion, that has determined Eliot's position as a critic of letters. His bizarre predilection for Dryden, the incredible pretense, I should say—for Eliot has underlying his trivialities a fine and solid taste—that Dryden is a poet comparable in any great point of his art with Milton, belongs in my opinion to the same ambition. Eliot himself suggests that Dryden's subject-matter is what has averted so many critics from him. His subject-matter—or rather, perhaps, his attitude in life—is what brings Eliot with homage to his feet.

To me it seems obvious beyond dispute that it is not the forms of poetry, but the feeling-tone of the Restoration, toward which this critic and his literary friends have gravitated with so gallant a step. How else can one perceive the fact, for instance, that he and Edith Sitwell, while advocating a return to that period of temperate clarity in verse, should be composing, he as cloudy, and she as decadently ornamental, a poetry as our language knows? Edith Sitwell is a kind of color-lavishing Aubrey Beardsley of poetry; I do not know how she could go farther away from Pope. And T. S. Eliot, if he should survive as a poet, would survive to disprove the opinion of John Dryden himself that "The first end of a writer" is "to be understood." It is possible to resolve this contradiction only when you remember that the period toward which these poets are yearning back, was not merely a period of clarity and spare color in poetry. It was also the last period when gentlemen and ladies felt undisturbed by "social emancipation," and literary scholars safe in their superiority to science. In the age of democratic and proletarian revolution, a wilful extreme of artifice in beauty, a decorating of all adornments, is the natural protest of a lady. And in the age of science, an obscurity impenetrable by acid, lens or

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scalpel, is the sole refuge of the literary gentleman and scholar.

Thus in their more diverting way the neo-classic critics are waging the same struggle as the New Humanists. The difference between them, indeed, is almost as significant as their deep accord. The neo-classic group are lighter in their step, more elegant, more graceful in impertinence, and more assured. You might convey the flavor of the difference by saying that they are more interested in "polite" than "humane" letters, more busy being literary gentlemen than scholars. Disguising their reaction against the vulgar pursuit of useful knowledge as a revival of intellect, and deceiving themselves even more perfectly perhaps than others with the disguise, they do at times achieve the ease and witty irresponsibility of those cultivated gentlemen of the Restoration. Many of them, too, have had either the foresight to be born in England, or a sufficiently driving sense of republican inferiority to make them move over there where the Puritans were actually kicked out and the king restored. The humanists have had to fight their battle where the Puritans landed, and where the kingly and feudal system never got a hold. They have the task not only to revive a gentlemanly tradition, but to create one and make it take root in alien soil. It is the strain of this effort that makes them so much more serious than their British confrères. It is to meet this necessity that they dress up their defense of humane letters not as an intellectual but as a moral revival. Only from a somewhat international point of observation does it become evident that the "Higher Immediacy" of their ethical will, and the "Superior Order" of the neo-classic intellect, occupy the same real altitude—an altitude measurable in terms of the "predilections of the leisure class" and the "canons of pecuniary merit."

IV

In his chapter on "The Higher Learning," Veblen makes this seemingly prophetic remark:

"Habituation to war entails a body of predatory habits of thought, whereby clannishness in some measure replaces the sense of solidarity, and a sense of invidious distinction supplants the impulse to equitable, every-day serviceability. As an outcome of the cumulative action of these factors, the generation which follows a season of war is apt to witness a rehabilitation of the element of status, both in its social life, and in its scheme of devout observances and other symbolic and ceremonial forms."

The war to which this passage alludes was the American Civil War, and Veblen was explaining the sudden adoption by our Middle-Western universities of the academic cap and gown. He would explain in like words, I imagine, the revival in this generation of a sudden devotion to "those fields of speculation and investigation which are reputable and futile, rather than to the quest for scientific knowledge." And I think we may safely predict that the present efforts toward a literary rehabilitation of the régime of status will have as little permanent success in stemming the tide of vulgar but real knowledge as did the academic cap and gown in our Middle-Western universities.

The time will come, of course, when we shall have to stop explaining everything that happens as a result of the World War, and we might begin by regarding this literary apparition, not merely as an echo of that predatory period, but as the premonition of a dictatorial régime to come. It seems probable to me that if Irving Babbitt should begin to think a little less with isms and dead men's names, and more with his own living brain, he would soon pass from

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bewailing the loss of the "inner check" to advocating an outer one in the Italian form. He has already ascribed to Julius Cæsar "the merit of seeing that . . . as a result of the breakdown of the religious restraint (for which stoical 'service' was not an adequate substitute) the Romans were rapidly becoming unfit for republican institutions." And he has given us a fair warning in the remark that "Circumstances may arise when we may esteem ourselves fortunate if we get the American equivalent of a Mussolini." In those circumstances, I suppose that a majority of the critics and professors I have been discussing would flock with Professor Babbitt to the Fascist banner. But I think they would be disappointed of their dearest—at least of their most romantically "classical"—hopes. A modern dictatorship is not a return to feudalism. The Black Shirts are not imbued either with "the spirit of religion" or "the spirit of a gentleman." Nor can they lay the foundations of a régime in which those lost attitudes might renew themselves and flourish. The foundation for that was a predatory and agrarian life with a primitive technic of industry. The feudal lord was a glorified warrior and land-owner. The fascist dictator is a glorified financier and factory boss. He may flirt a little for his own purposes with an existing Pope or King, but there is no hope in him—not even on the fringes of his glory—for the revival of the intellectual grandee, the noble scholar of the humanities, the high-priest of "literary truth." He is impelled by the technic, and compelled by the vital problems, of machine industry, to be scientific. He is compelled, too, by the fact that science is in the hands of his enemies, of those who would overthrow him and go deeper with the experiment in democracy. If he stops us on that course, he will stop us with the scientist and not the literary scholar seated beside his throne.

In my opinion the knell of this whole cultural incident—this little wild-goose chase into history of the demoted men-of-letters—is sounded in the recent confession of T. S. Eliot that he is dissatisfied with the meaning of his own "statements in criticism," dissatisfied also with "the terminology of the humanists," and disposed to ask himself, "whether there is still any justification for literary criticism, and whether we should not allow the subject to be gently absorbed into exacter sciences." He has travelled far from his pre-Darwinian gods, from Campion, Boileau, Dryden, from the benign pronunciamento of "The Sacred Wood": "I do not deny the value of all work done by scientists in their own departments." He has grown more proud and humble, fame having perhaps assuaged the provincial self-distrust which made him hasten to those sophomoric heights. I do not mean to express a hope that T. S. Eliot will soil his fingers by joining in the work of these "exacter sciences," or that he will grow up to the stature of any rigorous aspiration in his social feeling. I think he will shrink more deeply into the protecting elegances of the church. But he has at least pronounced the words which may ring the curtain down upon this whole gentlemanly anti-scientific interlude.

In an early number—"American Literature Grows Up," by V. F. Calverton.

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Standardized America *vs.* Romantic South Seas

By MARGARET MEAD

That Utopia of escape visualized by all who weary of modern life is not so romantic to the members of the tribes of noble savages.

The author of "Coming of Age in Samoa" and "Growing Up in New Guinea," important sociological documents, contrasts the primitive islands where she made her studies to modern America, which is called standardized. Try living as a member of a South Sea island community, suggests Miss Mead.

"Well, how was your motor trip?" we asked the young friend who had just motored from New York to San Francisco. It was a casual, friendly question, as inevitable in any social gathering at that time of year as that other ubiquitous comment: "Is it hot enough for you?" But we did not receive a casual answer. Alice put down her cigarette, took a deep breath, and burst out:

"It was awful, horrible, incredibly depressing! Why did I have to be born in such a terrible age? New York to San Francisco, the same make of cars, the same advertisements, the same gas stations, the same rest houses, the same hotels with the same lamps and the same easy chairs, the same hot dogs, the same cigarettes, the same candy. Cincinnati, Kansas City, Denver, all alike, same stores, same store windows, same sanitary articles in the same drug store windows. All the girls in Cincinnati, Kansas City, Denver, wearing dark "clothes with a color note," wearing hats with the same tight band and the same white-rubber flowers, all the men in gray hats with black ribbands. No individuality, nothing by which you could tell one city from another except the price of gasoline. This is what the machine has brought us to!"

Then she added:

"You know I'm right. You haven't spent your life driving a Buick Six along the coast of California. You have been in the South Seas, where the machine has never been, and you know how different it is there, don't you?" She faced me, pleadingly. "It *is* different there, isn't it?"

What she said was true but she has been taken in by the romantic South Seas myth. There is a very decided difference between all the people of one island or community looking strikingly different from all the people of a neighboring locality and the more important issue of individuality. Are not individu-

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ality of place and individuality of persons quite different things? Just because in America a Delaware restaurant looked like a Kansas restaurant, and neither one could be distinguished from a California restaurant, is it fair to assume that the people who passed in and out of these monotonously similar glass doors are all alike?

When we cherish the individuality of different places it is from the point of view of a traveller in an airplane, or a swift steamer which moves rapidly from port to port affording the jaded tourist new scenes daily, or from the standpoint of a king who has gathered at his court the human spoils of conquered tribes still gaudy in their individual trappings. Even to make the point about the different tribes of the Admiralty Islands, I had to visualize an artificial and impossible situation, namely, representatives of all the tribes gathered together as if at a convention.

But the real point, the point all the bored travellers enamoured of difference and of variety miss, is that from the standpoint of a man of Manus or a woman of Baluwan, life is infinitely, unbelievably more standardized than it is to the humblest inhabitant of Sioux City, Iowa.

In the Admiralty Islands of the South Seas, it is true, even foods were charmingly diversified between different tribes. The Manus feast is bowls of cooked taro, with smoked fish laid on top of them. For some feasts they cut coconut meat into lilies and impale them on sticks, with green betel nut stuck on other sticks so that it looks like a garden. In Baluwan the feast dish is a great carved wooden bowl of a bright pink fruit, made into a mush, with a poached mud-hen's egg on top. One would never mistake a feast dish from one tribe for a feast dish from another.

The houses are as characteristic as the food. The Manus build their houses out in the shallow, reef-bound lagoons; each house stands separate from its neighbors, on high stilts, against which the changing tides swish and murmur. At night, the slatted floor of the houses makes a pattern on the moonlit sea floor. But the people of Baluwan build their houses on the ground, in little villages, terraced into house sites with bordering stone walls. The fronts of the houses are painted elaborately, and on the hard-beaten earth floor are set wooden beds on which the people sit and sleep.

The Manus people betroth their children in early childhood and the engaged pair can never see each other until marriage. In addition, a woman always has to run away from her father-in-law and her husband's older brothers, and a man has to run away from his mother-in-law and his wife's older sisters. The Baluwan people don't have these silly rules which keep the poor Manus women always on the run, or with their faces hidden behind mats. And the Manus people think the Baluwan people are very loose and very immoral and the Baluwan people think the Manus people are a bunch of prudes.

But while it is true that *places* had individuality, and that one small group of people differed from another small group of people, this did not result—as so many enemies of the machine believe—in giving individuality to people who lived under this system.

Of course this same kind of difference existed in years past between French provinces, between English counties, between different parts of America; the inhabitants of each locality could be recognized by their dress, their speech, their manners, their folk sayings, their superstitions. But these differences did not benefit the peasants themselves, but only the kings.

They were the only ones who could

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afford to import differences into their courts, or who could afford to travel about and look at them. In the old days, the kings used to import the differences to amuse themselves with; they had eunuchs from one tribe, warriors from another, page boys from another, dancing girls from another, along with their imported monkeys and cockatoos. Nowadays, we export the kings, or rather millionaires, who leave the dullness of their own milieu to travel in the South Seas, in Indo-China, in Japan, to enjoy the individuality of foreign lands.

If there are only four hundred and fifty people in Baluwan to eat poached mud-hen egg on scarlet fruit mash, that represents individuality, but if a million people eat oatmeal for breakfast, that million are pitifully standardized. Such thinking would seem to be the most genuine argument for the baleful influence of the machine. Just because a million people share the same kind of breakfasts, there are modern sophisticates who are silly enough to choke over their attenuated individualities. But can any one seriously believe that the graceful women of Baluwan console themselves with the knowledge that their exotic and beautiful food is being eaten by only four hundred and fifty other Baluwan islanders? Her breakfast is the same, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, and so is the breakfast of every one of her kin. What matter to her if women of other tribes, whose language she can't speak and whose customs she despises, eat a different and most inferior breakfast? We see the Baluwan breakfast placed in juxtaposition to the Manus breakfast and the Usiai breakfast, and think, "How much livelier these are than just one kind of breakfast." Forgetting that the Baluwan woman's horizon, like that of the Breton peasant or the Yorkshireman of Mediæval times, is bounded by the limits of one little dialect. The fact that her customs seem to others varied and individual is no use to her, who must observe them without change from birth until death.

She, like all members of coherent homogeneous societies which preserve so tenaciously their individuality by refusing to adopt the habits of their neighbors or to change their own habits from year to year, has practically no chance to display her own individuality at all. Her headdress is prescribed and so likewise, but differently, is the headdress of her Manus neighbor. Manus girls may wear their hair cropped until marriage; on the day after the wedding their hair is shaved off and so they must wear it until they know they are to become mothers. Then again they may permit their hair to grow until after the birth of the babies, when it must all be shaved off again by their paternal aunts. Every Manus woman has obeyed the dictates of custom for generations, as far back as the oldest crone can remember, just as French peasant girls wore the coif peculiar to their provinces.

The sense of group superiority which is the only individuality members of such societies can feel, was well expressed by a small Manus boy, taunting a clumsy Usiai landsman who had ventured out into the lagoon village to trade. The Usiai are afraid of the sea and in awe of the seamanship of their water-dwelling neighbors; alone in a Manus village they dare not resent a small boy's open ridicule. So the twelve-year-old danced up and down on the gunwale of his canoe, sure-footed on a razor edge, and shouted (in the pigeon English, developed since the coming of the white men):

"You something nothing man. You man belong (*i. e.* of) bush. Me good fellow man. Me man belong soda water (the sea). Boy belong soda water he savee (he is accustomed) catch 'em good

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fellow kaikai (food). Me kaikai (eat) fish, me kaikai turtle, me kaikai altogether good fellow something he savee go along soda water. All the time you walk about nothing along leg belong you. You put 'em grass (hair) belong you cranky fashion. You kaikai snake! (with great scorn). You cook 'em food belong you along ground (*i. e.,* instead of boiling food, you bake it in an earth oven). Me good fellow boy belong soda water, you something nothing man belong bush."

This is a fair sample of the only use to which small groups, each with their sharply differentiated customs and their equally sharpened prejudices, can put those differences in costume, habits, and beliefs which appear so charmingly diverse to the outside observer. And with this intolerance of the diversities of neighboring peoples goes an equal intolerance for any fellow tribesman who develops "cranky" fashions of his own. In the Manus village where I lived, it is not customary for a man to love or mourn his wife. Affection and consequently mourning are supposed to occur only between members of a blood family, particularly brothers and sisters. One old man, who was war chief of the village and a famous magician, otherwise he probably would never have had such temerity, actually wept, loudly, publicly, explicitly when his fourth wife died, and instead of casting her skull away on an island—brothers may, if they wish, keep the skulls of beloved sisters, but not so husbands—he kept her skull in his house and occasionally addressed remarks to it. People growled, prophesied, disapproved, impotent to discipline the most powerful man in their midst, and waited for trouble to come from such flagrant indulgence of an idiosyncrasy. It came. The old war leader became afflicted with cataracts on both eyes, because, said the gleeful community, he had dared to be so unusual as to "weep for his wife, his eyes had become blinded from those tears." His blindness rapidly reduced him from a powerful and autocratic leader to an old man led by a child. It will be a long time before any one, no matter how much so minded, will weep for a wife in Manus.

Individuality, as I see it, is a result of being able to express personality and taste in terms of the paraphernalia of society—accent, vocabulary, dress, interior-decorating, philosophical ideas, economic philosophies. On whatever level it occurs it is a way in which any person in a society asserts his differences from his fellows in ways which they will notice and understand. In the old type of homogeneous society, only the king or the chief could do this, and very often what he was asserting before all the world was merely the fact of his noble state, instead of a personal preference.

Now consider for a moment the state of affairs in modern society, where instead of each five hundred people using standardized things and standardized ideas from the cradle to the grave, millions of people can draw on a common supply of diverse objects, each one of which has a million counterparts as a result of machine production. The critical object to the fact that a style of architecture found in New England can be duplicated in Oregon, that the same hat can be bought in New York and Chicago, that the same make of car is driven in Florida and in Montana. But again this is the traveller speaking, who finds the local costumes and local manners of South Sea Islanders and French peasants more stimulating to the jaded eye. Then he translates his boredom, with the fact that travelling four thousand miles shows him no differences, into a theory that within these four thousand miles all the individuals are exactly

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alike; when the real truth is merely that within this four thousand miles any individual could preserve unchanged the outward and visible trappings of his identity—did he so desire.

It isn't a question of how things look to the tourist, or even of how they can be made to look by the king. It's a question whether the average man and the unusual man have more chance to express in those things which the machine has affected—which range from food stuffs to esoteric publications in poetry and art—the special twists, emphasis, quirks of personality, which when given visible form we call individuality. The development of individuality lies primarily in the exercise of choice. For after all, the kind of judgment which we dignify as "taste" is merely choice, backed by disciplined æsthetic and intellectual perceptions. The office boy who buys a blue tie instead of a red, a spotted tie instead of a striped, is merely exercising choice; the young dandy who makes a fine art of dress, and chooses all his clothes to conform to a special style, has taste. The shop girl who prefers *True Stories* to *I Confess* is not exercising any appreciable taste, but she is exercising choice. Crude, uninformed as such choices are, the chance to make them lies at the basis of all the subtler manifestations of personality in the taste which makes the perfect house, the exquisite dinner, the collection of miniatures or the fine library. Formerly taste and wealth—sometimes in royalist or aristocratic societies, phrased as power—were inseparable. The only person who could exercise choice in the ordering of the material setting of his life was he who had wealth. This is the point which has been altered by the machine. Now the man who commands a poor salary may nevertheless choose between colors, between materials, between styles of clothing, between kinds of food, between types of furniture; he may select the pictures on his wall and the books on his table.

The precious, forgetful of the stolid standardization of the life of the primitive or the provincial, are inclined to sneer at his choices. What possible difference can it make, they ask, whether a man chooses Watts's "Hope" or Maxfield Parrish's "Elaine." One is fully as bad as the other. They would all do better to have a well carved crocodile on the lintel as in one village in the Admiralties, or a simple triptych on the mantel. But here again, the commentator is standing outside the group, viewing the total result. He is not considering what it means to individuals to be able to feel, however superficially, that their material environment is not imposed upon them, but that they are stamping even a medley of purchases from the five and ten cent store, with the mark of their personalities.

To test the truth of this contention, it is only necessary to consider how it would work out in an individual case. Take as an example the most average young man in Sioux City, Iowa. He has had a high-school education, which is exactly the education which had been received by thousands of other young men. He is now employed in a bank. Being without a very special taste, or any quirk of personality which he wishes to externalize, this young man merely exercises choice. He selects a Buick roadster, a special type of radio, wears hats of a certain make, smokes always one brand of cigarettes, reads two from the same fifty magazines displayed on the newsstands. He has his favorites among the movie stars and his preferences among the radio performers. From the time he leaves his office until he goes to sleep, he is exercising a choice which would have been impossible to his ancestors, bound as they were by the

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meagre and highly conventionalized products of a handcraft period. That these products were more beautiful, through long refinement of a single style, is beside the point. The user of a type of bowl which has been used by twenty generations before him makes a very different response from the man who chooses, from a series of alternatives, the one which he feels is his choice, relevant to him as an individual.

I feel that is really the point, that in great masses of our population the possibility of choice, introduced by the machine, is making for the development of a sense of individuality unprecedented in the known history of the human race. That a man asserts his personality in terms of tooth paste or cigarette brands, each of which is being used by a thousand other men to assert their personalities—makes a dull scene for the tourist, but does not lessen the individual's sense of making a choice. It is true that the kind of fountain pen, pipe, razor, desk pad, calendar, looking-glass, wind-shield wiper, cigarette lighter which he uses are all standard brands. You have seen them a thousand times and they present no new point of interest. So with the magazines which this young man reads; they, like the magazines which he rejects, grace every newsstand from Boston to Spokane. But when you look at a mosaic do you consider that each small block of color has a thousand exact counterparts which have been worked into very different mosaics? No, you say, the combination, the design is new and individual and worthy of attention. And so it is with the average American who makes from objects, themselves only members of a numerous class, his own peculiar combination. And this combination will differ from that of his neighbor and give him as strong a sense of individuality as the Baluwan or Manus gets of national personality by comparing his material habits with those of other tribes, which is in no sense as real as that of individual personality.

For those with more elaborate taste the way to gratification is just as open. Men in far-away midland towns, of average income, can have more diversified interests, be they in athletics, in science, in books, than could a king three hundred years ago. He can draw on the amusements of the world, for his golf clubs, or his wife's backgammon set. He can satisfy a private interest in hydraulics by his own little laboratory and the latest books on the subject. If he is a book lover, he can have a finer library, with a wider representation of the world's knowledge, than could a Roman emperor. If he is interested in, say, Indo-China, he can have all the books, the pictures of the place for a few dollars, he can see moving-pictures of Angkor Wat, and finally take a steamship to Cambodia with an expenditure not beyond his means. Every type of activity, in terms of boats, cars, games, is possible to him. The knowledge of the world is no longer on precious parchments permitted only to the few; it can be purchased in standard series for a dollar. Each man is free to choose from a multitude of objects, each of which is manufactured on a large enough scale to bring the price within his reach. For the first time in history, the average man has the sense of choice.

There are counts against the machine, but the obliteration of individuality is not a valid one. As surely as the machine is responsible for cross-continental trains and inter-continental steamships, so also is the large-scale manufacture the basis upon which the common man is permitted to build and externalize an individual taste.

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

The Job of Reporting

By WILL IRWIN

One of the miracles of American journalism now told by the author for the first time: the story of how he reported the San Francisco earthquake and how he wrote "The City That Was," which has become a classic of newspaper writing.

Somewhere in the mysterious background of human consciousness there exists an area of higher space. Let a man once enter it, and he rises above himself; all his powers, and especially that endurance-at-speed which is the mark of intellectual superiority, seem to multiply themselves by ten. Unfortunately, mankind has as yet no chart to find this wonderful chamber of the soul, no key to open its door. Most of us never enter it at all; the exceptions seem usually to be hurled into it by accident, and, just as casually, to be thrust out again. A very, very few may dwell in it permanently; perhaps that is the factor which differentiates a Newton, a Shakespeare, an Einstein or a Leonardo da Vinci from the men of mere high intellectual powers—the secret of supreme genius. They have found the key.

Advanced and imaginative psychologists have put all this forward as a theory. To most men of science, however, it remains unproved. But to those who have ever entered this exciting perturbing fourth dimension of the mind, it is no theory; they know. I myself, among others. Once, just once, I lived, as a result of strange circumstance, in this state of being; and then, after four days, emerged into my normal self. And although sometimes I have groped for that door, I have never found it again.

The odd thing, as I look back, is that this adventure of the spirit was superimposed on a material adventure which was told—much garbled, I find—in newspaper offices so long as Park Row remained a symbol of the restless profession. I have never before told the whole story myself. But this month in which the last newspaper office has announced its departure from Park Row seems a fitting time to let truth into this venerable tradition of the old New York *Morning Sun*.

By the early years of this century that famous organ of Charles A. Dana had passed into the hands of William A. Laffan, who maintained its old excellence and traditions. "The Newspaperman's Newspaper"—that phrase was quoted recently at the obsequies of Pulitzer's *World*. It was borrowed from the pet appellation of Dana's *Sun*. The back files of *The Sun* seem a very old-fashioned newspaper to the modern eye. No signed

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stories, no illustrations except a few line-drawings on the Sunday fashion page—its format was as conventional as its writing unconventional. It selected its reporters with great care, weeded them out in the office, and gave the survivors their heads. While its news-methods were as sharp as any, it set its chief emphasis on writing. "Boss" Lord, "Boss" Clarke, and "Boss" Mallon, the benevolent triumvirate which governed us as managing editor, head of the copy desk, and city editor, encouraged reporters to write of this world as they saw it themselves. In consequence, *The Sun* sparkled like its name with humorous stories, pathetic stories, bits of vivid description. I still maintain that it was the best-written newspaper ever issued in the English language; and for proof I could submit the long list of its reporters who were graduated into what we call literature because it is printed between magazine and book covers.

I came to *The Sun* from the San Francisco *Chronicle* in 1904; rose in two years to the dizzy eminence of star reporter. Then in 1906 *McClure's,* at the time the leading American popular magazine, had a famous difference of opinion, and the editorial force walked out. S. S. McClure offered me the job of picking up the wreckage. It was too good an opportunity to miss. Regretfully—for I had the time of my working life on *The Sun*—I handed in my resignation to take effect on May 1. And on the morning of Wednesday, April 18, 1906, I was in the McClure office, getting acquainted with the new job, pending my regular afternoon appearance at *The Sun*.

Enter an excited office-boy, who slammed down an extra on my desk. At five o'clock that morning, an earthquake of unprecedented violence had rocked San Francisco. The city was in ruins; the ruins were on fire. As always happened in those days, the "first flash" was much exaggerated. But at best, the news was bad enough. And my family was somewhere in that chaos, also most of my intimate friends. It was still the city of my heart. . . .

And next, as my memory serves, I am in the subway on my way to *The Sun* office with just one idea in mind. They would send me to San Francisco—they must send me!

I broke in upon a function unique in the history of the calm and easy-going *Sun*. "Boss" Lord sat surrounded by his chiefs of staff, holding a morning conference! Not even the Spanish War had ever forced such an emergency measure as that. What I said to him, I don't know. I must have been a little inarticulate with emotion; and I must have asked—must have demanded—that he send me to San Francisco. But I remember only his reply.

"It will take you four days to get there," he said. "Of course, you're thinking about your family, as you ought. You can get news from here much more easily than from an Overland train—and we'll help you all we can. As for the job, the edge will be off this story in four days. We need you very badly here. It may be we need you worse at this moment than we ever needed any man in the history of *The Sun*."

And he outlined a strange and serious situation, whose background I knew already. Years before, the truculent Dana had quarrelled with the Associated Press. At the time, no other telegraph news service was available for morning newspapers. Dana, therefore, established his own service, which he called the Laffan Bureau. It served morning newspapers which had no Associated Press franchise. Also, several others which enjoyed that privilege took the Laffan service in order to supplement the Associated Press reports—then very bald—

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with the vivid, humorous, *Sun* writing. Only we in the office knew that the Laffan Bureau carried on, in many vital points, with a shoestring. The Pacific Coast was one of these thin spots. Between Vancouver and San Diego it had only one correspondent—George Hamlin Fitch, news editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Every night, by special arrangement with his own newspaper, he boiled down the Pacific Coast news from its local correspondents, wired the results on to us.

"We haven't heard from Fitch yet," said Mr. Lord, "and he's usually lightning prompt. If anything has happened to him, it's up to us. That's one reason why I want you here. The question is: how are we going to cover a story three thousand miles away—the biggest story that ever broke—with no correspondent on the spot?"

Going ahead of the narrative, let me say here that we never heard from Fitch. He did not fail us; but Fate did. Absorbed with saving his own property—including a very valuable library—his own newspaper, and his own family, he turned the Laffan Bureau job over to that competent reporter, Langley Jones. To all practical purposes, there was only one wire out of San Francisco. Wirehead was established that Wednesday morning at Oakland across the Bay. The official in charge, rationing the wire, ruled that he would accept only "press bureau stuff." Jones, presenting a dispatch to *The Sun,* informed the desk that this meant the Laffan Bureau, of equal prestige and dignity with the Associated Press. The desk listened, seemed to understand and to believe—and as soon as his back was turned dropped Jones's story on to the floor. For a week, Jones pounded news-stories worth a hundred dollars a paragraph into the air.

We did not know all this until weeks later. Three o'clock came, and four. No Fitch. Inspection of the evening newspapers, and a bit of really intelligent intelligence work, proved that the Associated Press and United Press were getting copy. Five o'clock—still no Fitch!

Meantime, "Boss" Lord and I had stitched together the fabric of a very shaky organization. To begin with, I must stand by and write the running story from every fragment of news which we could gather. For I was almost an authority on San Francisco. I knew that city as I have never known any other before or since. I could pad the skeleton; above all, guard us from fatal blunders. Then I wired to every California country-newspaper man I knew, offering any price for authentic news, however slight—wired even to spots like Santa Rosa and Stanford University, which had suffered more than the metropolis. Remembering that operators often "talk" to each other over the wires, Mr. Lord put Larry Hills and a corps of cub reporters into the telegraph offices with instructions to cajole the key-tappers into getting our most important questions answered. The Washington staff dropped everything else while it pried all the news it could out of government sources.

And at five o'clock, with Fitch still silent, "Boss" Lord, as calm and kindly as ever, stepped over to my desk and gave the word "Go!"

Armed with a lead pencil—I have never been able satisfactorily to express myself with the typewriter—I sat down, began to write. And except for a brief wink of sleep—often on a sofa in the office—I never stopped writing for eight days. I turned out eight columns that afternoon and evening. I never did less than that on any day of the crisis; and one day my string ran to fourteen columns. It was the whole Laffan Bureau story of the great disaster, with one exception. Somewhere in the middle of

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this madness, Robert Wells Ritchie, taking an enterprising chance that *The Sun* wanted a special story, managed to slip through a loophole of the red tape and send us two priceless columns—which broke off, never to be resumed, in the middle of a sentence.

Write, write, write—patching our fragments of news into a running story, in the intervals running off "dope" and special stories about the city in general—anything about San Francisco was news in those days. When afterward it was possible to review at leisure the events of the disaster, *The Sun* discovered that I had held the Associated Press at least even for accuracy. That is no discredit to them, and no credit to me. They were working in a melodramatic atmosphere where one inclines to believe anything. I, three thousand miles away, could keep relatively calm judgment. For example, our rivals reported that three looters, caught with the bejewelled fingers of dead women in their pockets, had been lynched from the ruined archway of the Palace Hotel. I killed that. I knew that the dead-women-and-fingers rumor breaks out automatically after every disaster, and divined that the conspicuous doorway of the Palace was the one spot on which a heated imagination would light. Nevertheless, when a reliable government source reported that the Cliff House had slid from its base into the sea, I let the story through—as did my rivals. On the third morning, after things had relaxed a little, George Mallon, the city editor, suggested that pending the lively hours of news I write a general descriptive story of San Francisco. I ripped off five columns. That particular story, entitled "The City That Was," came out the next month in book form, and it remained in print for twenty-two years.

But as I have said before, the interesting thing, which makes this a great adventure, was what happened on my own inside. For the first two days I worked against worry and an emotional stress which it took all my will-power to control. I felt—when I had time to feel anything for myself—that my associates were remarkably casual and unsympathetic. This was only a pose, as I discovered later. The word had gone out to "keep Irwin from getting emotional." Then Ernest Simpson, my old city editor, found time and pull to slip through from Oakland a telegram beginning with a catalogue of names—my relatives and most intimate friends—and adding: "All well and safe." And about that time—having worked virtually without intermission for forty-eight hours—I began to experience a weariness which verged on nervous collapse. Though no teetotaler, I was keeping away from alcohol, which always makes me lazy, genial, and dreamy. But when I dragged myself out that third morning, I went to a Turkish bath and had a rubdown; for I was quaking and drooling like a nonogenarian.

That very day—as I remember it now—came the great change, the entry into higher space of mind. It must have come gradually. I remember no sudden sense of a difference. But I found that I wasn't tired any more. Indeed, I seemed incapable of conceiving fatigue. Sleep—it didn't matter if I never slept again. Food—a stoking process to be managed with the left hand while the right manipulated a pencil. My mind underwent an enlargement, developed a sensitiveness, such as I have never experienced before or since. For energy, it was a great dynamo; for clearness, a crystal lens. My memory kept pace. Visual memory—as was perhaps natural to the eye-thinker that I am—rose to the *n*th power. If you had asked me while I lived in San Francisco, or if you had asked me a fortnight after the earthquake, to enumerate the

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buildings on the north side of Mission Street between Third and Fourth, I could have remembered one church and one saloon. Now I saw every building. I felt that, if I needed, I could even report the names on the signs. When our news source mentioned any locality, it came out in my mental vision with the clear accuracy of a photograph. I carry yet the dim impression of a mental image which at the time had almost the false realism of hallucination. I was seeing the Polk House and the Lombard House at the summit of Russian Hill, from a stance on Taylor Street. I saw even the colors of that landscape; I could count the trees. That mood broke only once. About midnight of the fourth day, an excited office-boy slapped down a sheet of flimsy on my desk. "Washington," it read, "War Department announces peninsula supporting San Francisco has sunk out of sight under Pacific Ocean." Of the next two minutes I remember only a fight to keep from collapse. The muscles down the front of my thighs were jumping like fleas. Then the office-boy brought in another sheet—"Washington: War Department report about San Francisco disappearing a canard." I was a few minutes recovering my grip—then back to that calm, high, godlike state of consciousness. It did not leave me until the eighth day when, telegraph service being fully restored, I could rest.

I never understood all this until, years later, I read William James's essay "The Powers of Men." He proved by human documents that there is in the human mind a "reservoir of consciousness," which most of us tap only in periods of great stress and emergency. Ordinary overwork causes fatigue; extraordinary hard work under great strain sometimes puts us into a state of being where the mind seems to burn with its own light and fatigue becomes impossible. One point interested me especially. James says—and he seems to prove it by many personal confessions—that whereas ordinary overwork causes a reaction of languor, those who go into this fourth dimension of mental space feel no reaction whatever. In my own case, on the day after I dropped the San Francisco story the Periodicals Publishers gave at Atlantic City a party to their authors. I attended. I sat up all night in a café singing and "stunting"; and I never enjoyed myself more in all my life. I seemed, in the weeks afterward, to sleep no more than usual, and I never experienced the slightest nervous scar from this adventure. Others may accept James's theory on faith or proof. I accept it on experience.

Since then—and especially in the Great War—I have had my obvious, melodramatic adventures with the news. I was in the German army's original haul of English-speaking prisoners of war when they broke into Belgium; they got us before ever they even shot at an Englishman. As a prisoner in a German troop train, I saw Louvain burned and, temporarily detained by arrest at the hands of the Dutch, got back to London with the first eye-witness story. I conspired with Lord Northcliffe to slip over in defiance of censorship the first story of the battle of Ypres; and got so deep into the bad graces of the British War Office that eventually I had to escape from Europe via Portugal. When at Ypres in 1915 the Germans revolutionized warfare with poison-gas, I managed to get through the first account of this new horror—its composition, its effects, and its method of use. During the long torment of Verdun in 1916, I conspired with Arthur Gleason to reach the left bank of the Meuse, a region barred to reporters, and for three days of dodging loose hardware, ardently wished I hadn't. I campaigned for three weeks with the Italian Alpini among the glaciers of

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Monte Adamello; with that army I fled from Caporetto—and in the process lost the hearing of my right ear to an Austrian shell. But this drama of the spirit, enacted in the atmosphere of an old-fashioned newspaper office in Park Row, is to me the most wonderful adventure of my life.

Five Kids from the East Side

By CONNIE McCRAE

Selected in the $1,500 Prize Contest for true narratives of American life, this is peculiarly American in that it portrays the upward surge and the sometimes not fortunate result. The refrain "Other children from the East Side have made good, you can do it, too" recurs. And this is what happened to five of them.

THERE were five of us. And I still think of us as five even though Dan is long dead. Too bad that Dan had to die so young, for I think that if he hadn't put himself in the way of that miserable death he would have gone farther in life than any of us. He had it in him—in fact, he was the only one who showed any signs of unusual ability and talent. The rest of us were, as mother used to say, just "nice kids," and then as if a little sorry that she couldn't speak more glowingly, she would add: "But you can't expect too much of tenement children."

Father felt differently about us. To him, the fact that we lived in a tenement and were brought up with a bunch of hoodlums wasn't any excuse for us not to become great people. As far back as I can remember I can hear him say repeatedly: "So and So (and he would mention some well-known person—a product of New York's East Side) landed on top—you kids can do it too." It was like a slogan dominating our lives—that "you can do it too." The desire for success was bred in us and we grew up believing—no, knowing—that it was within us to make our mark in the world. Some day we would be sitting on top of the heap, our pockets crammed with gold, our names symbols of success. Although our father had perhaps more driving ambition for us than did the average tenement father, all the kids we played with felt the same way.

It wasn't that we were dissatisfied with our surroundings, for, as children, we didn't acutely realize their deficiencies. Our ambitions were created more through example than dissatisfaction. There had been so many people who had risen to glamorous heights out of the darkness of the East Side streets. We heard about them constantly, and as we grew older we read about them. It was rather natural, if erroneous, that our young minds should conceive the idea that almost every one who had made great successes of their lives had come out of the tenements. The possibility of our being one of those who failed never occurred to us.

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Although I lived on Avenue A from the time I was five, I had not spent my very earliest childhood there. Before that we had had a little cottage on the outskirts of Newark. It was a nice little cottage and there was a great deal of whiteness about it. But that was in the day of our affluence, the days "when." My father was a truck driver for a Newark brewery and he made nice money—thirty dollars a week, I believe it was. Those thirty dollars did miracles. We girls all had white shoes for Sundays and I had a best and a second-best dress and guimpes with lace. We had a big tree at Christmas time and we got real presents. Then Prohibition came and my father lost his job. Right after that he had pneumonia and was laid up for months. That took every penny we had saved and, I imagine, mother had to borrow besides. I don't remember the exact chain of events which followed my father's recovery, but I do remember moving from the little white cottage and taking rooms on Avenue A. There were three rooms in all—one for my parents, one for the three girls, and the kitchen. The boys slept in the kitchen which, being the largest of the three rooms, was the centre of activities. After the dishes were washed at nights father read there, mother had her visitors, and we played. It was a little hard on the boys when they wanted to go to sleep early. It was also a little hard on them on onion-supper nights.

The first few months in our new home were dominated by the pursuit of the bed bug. They were there in armies, and it took my mother much time and infinite patience to get rid of them. Even after they were fairly well exterminated, an occasional offender would crop up. No matter what the hour of the night, the moment a bug was suspected one of us would jump out of bed and yell: "Mom! A louse! A louse!" Then the rest of us would wake up and dive through the sheets. And each time this would happen my mother would explain very carefully to us that that was a bed bug and *not* a louse. I couldn't understand the fine distinction at the time, but I do now. A bed bug was something which we had inherited from the previous tenants, but a louse was an indication of uncleanliness, and even the suggestion of such a condition in us kids was an insult to mother's sensibilities.

Father went to work in a meat market. We didn't approve of that at all. We wanted him to drive a brewery truck again. It had always given us a feeling of superiority over the other children in Newark when we saw the name of the brewery on the wagons or beer bottles and could say: "Our father belongs to that brewery." There was a certain distinction about being connected with a brewery. I recall my sister complaining to father about not driving a truck any more and mother taking us aside and telling us not to talk to father like that. He wanted to drive a truck as much as we wanted him to, she said, but because of his illness, he couldn't stand being out in all kinds of weather now. We never mentioned the subject to him again, but we continued to keep on telling our playmates about the days "when." We weren't the only ones who cherished those recollections. I used to hear my mother talk to the other tenants about those gone-by days of prosperity. I can still hear her say to them: "Yes, Prohibition certainly knocked the ground out from under our feet." She said it with sort of a grandeur too, as if we had had vast interests which had been swept away by the Eighteenth Amendment. I really believe she felt that way. Although she never had had much, she couldn't ever accustom herself to actual poverty. In all the years she lived in the tenement, I don't believe she ever felt herself a part

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of it. I think she always cherished the belief that my father had been a man with a distinguished position who had become the victim of a national calamity which had forced us into the rôle of "impoverished aristocracy."

Mother was a grand person. We all adored her. We called her Mom, but it never sounded as it was spelled. It was more like the bleat of a lusty lamb—m-a-a-m. Our "m-a-a-m" could be heard half way down the block. A wailing, dirgeful "m-a-a-m" when we were hurt, a vigorous, indignant "m-a-a-m" when we had to call more than once for something we wanted, and a somewhat more staccato "m-a-a-m" when we had joyful news to impart.

When we first moved into the tenement, mother kept us well in hand. She insisted on knowing all the children we played with, she made us wash our hands in alcohol before we ate and gargle with an antiseptic at night, and she punished us when we used unbecoming language. But as time went on, she slowly gave up the battle. For one thing, she was burdened with work, for another—and more important—the influence of the tenement gradually outweighed hers. The children in the district ran wild. When they tired of playing on their own block, they hung around the water-front, and when that lost its interest, they sneaked rides on the rear of trucks or hung on to back tires of autos, landing sometimes in Harlem, sometimes in Hoboken and sometimes at the doors of Jersey whiskey plants. At first, obeying mother's orders, we never as much as left our block, but as time went on, we began our migrations into other streets where we met new playmates and, with them, we struck into new pastures. We gradually accustomed mother to the idea. Sometimes we told her where we had been, other times not. One time six of us hired ourselves out at two cents a day to an outfit in Chinatown which was moving a supply of cocaine. Our job was to patrol an area of several blocks and send back the word whenever we spied a cop. Mother knew nothing of that. And as time went on, mother's hygienic measures slackened. We accumulated dirt more rapidly than she could wash it away, and keeping five children disinfected was a job much too big for her. With the same rapidity and facility that we picked up dirt, we gathered slang and foul words. Within a few years we had learned almost every bad word in the English language. Only a few of them we spared our parents.

I was the youngest. My sister Emily was the only one who remained above the influence of the tenement. She was the second oldest child and an aristocrat by nature. She kept aloof from her neighbors, went few places she wasn't supposed to go (and thoroughly hated those), stayed very clean and always spoke with refinement. Every one felt her disdain and nobody liked her. That wasn't her fault. She never consciously hurt any one nor was she ever directly rude. She just made no effort to hide the fact that she felt herself superior to the rest and destined for better things. Her chum had left school and gotten a job in a revue. At sixteen she had an apartment off Central Park and a Negro maid. She had been able to pull herself out of poverty into luxury and Emily was determined to do it too. At fifteen she quit school and took a job as parcel clerk in a Broadway store. She told mother she couldn't stand the thought of another year on Avenue A and was starting in on a job so that she could get away as soon as possible. She came home to sleep but she never got in before eight or nine and then went right to bed. We rarely saw her. She made eight dollars a week and ate at an Automat uptown.

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What money was left, she spent on perfume which she sprayed around the rooms to kill what she called the odor and what we called the stink. After a while she began having dates with a salesman in the shop. He was making twenty-five dollars a week and wanted to marry Emily as soon as he was raised to thirty dollars. Mother met him and didn't like him. But Emily told mother that when she married she was going to marry Money. That quieted mother. But Emily's plans to marry Money were blown to bits by the occurrence of a pitiful tragedy which threw the tenement into an upheaval for several days but left no serious or harmful after-effect on anybody but Emily.

It had to do with Lora who lived on the floor above us. Lora was really my discovery. I saw her for the first time one afternoon when she passed by our door on her way down-stairs. She wore a crimson satin dress and a white velvet hat. She looked at me and said, "Hello, kid," and smiled. A row of buck teeth shone white in the dim light of the hallway. I was entranced. I followed her down the street. At the crossing, I caught up to her and when she saw me, she smiled again, and again said, "Hello, kid." Then I saw her face in the light. I thought it beautiful. It was all vivid red and chalky white and she had long, long eyelashes with little black masses on the tips. I fell for all these fascinations, but the thing which completely enraptured me was an emerald ring which she wore on her forefinger over her glove. It reached from the knuckle to the first joint and when she moved her hand, the stone rattled in the setting.

One Saturday afternoon I told mother I was going over to play with the Dunn children. Instead, I went up-stairs to Lora. She opened the door for me. I was startled at her looks. She seemed so very pale. I thought she might be sick and asked her. She said she was all right and wanted to know what I wanted. I told her I wanted to talk to her. She let me in and I stayed a long while and entertained her with the story of my life. She washed stockings and listened. After that I went up every Saturday afternoon. Her rooms were always tidy except for the bed which was never made. One day she explained that to me. She said she wasn't very strong and the doctor didn't want her to get up until after lunch. That worried me, particularly as she always looked so pale whenever she wasn't dressed up to go out and sometimes, when she wasn't talking, she had a strange look in her eyes. But at the same time as it worried me, it increased my fascination for her.

When I went to bed at nights, I used to pretend my name was Lora and that I had a beautiful red-and-white face and that I never felt very well. I walked along the streets and held my forefinger a little apart from the rest just as she did when she wore the emerald ring. Once I went to a Jewish pawnbroker and asked him how much an emerald ring an inch long would cost. He said a great deal. I figured out what a great deal would be by looking over the rings with prices marked in his window. I decided it would be about twenty dollars. I told him that, if he got the ring for me, I'd pay him five cents a week. I didn't make the deal. The next week I found a quarter and told the pawnbroker that I'd give it to him as down payment, but he wasn't even the slightest interested.

One day I came home from school and found the hallway buzzing with excited voices. My own mother's remark caught my attention: "I knew her name was Lora and I knew she lived up-stairs, but it never occurred to me she was *that*." The remark had no significance to me. My only thought was that she had found out about my secret visits to Lora. I was

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terrified. I didn't move. Evidently no one saw or heard me, for another woman said: "It serves her right; we're here to have children, not to destroy 'em." My mother answered: "Still, I'm sorry for her. She must have had a rotten doctor do the job. She's paying for her sins now —poisoning isn't any fun." In all my life I don't believe I could ever again experience the poignancy of the pains that shot through me as I stood and listened. Lora was poisoned! That was the one dominant realization. There were others—vague ones. Lora should have had a baby and didn't and God had poisoned her as punishment. But those didn't count. Lora was poisoned—that was all that mattered. Lora was poisoned and was going to die! I rushed past the nest of women and bolted up-stairs. I made for Lora's door. Somebody stopped me and said something about a doctor and being quiet. I kicked wildly but I couldn't get to Lora's door. Then I cried. My mother came and got me. She asked me questions but I couldn't stop crying. She put me to bed and I cried all night. But I wouldn't explain. The next day I had fever and I must have had fever for several days, because when I was well again there was no more whispering in the hallway, no more doctors and no more warnings to be quiet. But Lora hadn't died. I was so happy! My first chance, I sneaked up to her room. She let me in. She looked ghastly and all she did was stare at me. She didn't even say "Hello, kid." She didn't say a word. She sat down and began stringing beads. I watched her for a long time without speaking. At last she spoke: "I'm getting out of here as soon as I do enough of these to pay the rent." Then I cried and told her how awful I felt about her being sick. She reached out and slapped me in the face and there was a funny look in her eyes. I was terribly frightened and hurt and miserable. I didn't know what to think. The next day she sent a package down to me. It was the emerald ring. I couldn't believe she meant it for me and I went up to ask her. She said she wanted me to have it because she was sorry she had slapped me. She was sweet like she used to be and I loved her all over again. I sat with her a long time but she never talked. All she did was to keep on stringing beads.

One day I asked her if she had wanted her baby very much and again she got that funny look in her eyes and she got up from the chair and threw herself across the bed and yelled. I ran from the room. I never wanted to see her again. But I did. Some fascination always drew me back. I was with her another Saturday afternoon watching her stringing beads without saying a word. All of a sudden, she flung herself back and laughed loudly. Then she beat her hands on her knees and her head rolled around and around as if it were too heavy to hold erect. Then slowly her face began growing dark—almost black—and her eyes showed nothing but white. Then she let out one scream after another. People came into the room. I dimly saw Emily in the doorway, but my eyes were held by Lora's writhing figure. She pounded at every one who came near her and her screams were deafening. Then she began to laugh and cry all at one time. No one could stop her. She just kept on and on and her face was black and her eyes were white and there was a funny soapy something coming out of her mouth.

My mother came in then and took me away. Going down the stairs, I heard somebody say: "Having what she had often goes to the head. I guess it's Matteawan for her." My mother took me on her lap and tried to soothe me. Sobbing, I asked her what they were going to do with Lora. She told me that Lora was sick and that she probably would go to

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the mountains to rest. But even while she was talking, I knew she was lying. Matteawan wasn't the mountains. We kids knew all about Matteawan. It was the place where "the nuts go."

My mother was so busy with me that it wasn't until bedtime that she found a note propped up on her pillow. It was from Emily and very brief. It stated simply that she couldn't bear living another minute in a place where things happened like she had seen that afternoon. She hoped mother would forgive her and understand.

We tried desperately to find Emily but we couldn't. A month later she wrote that she had married the salesman and was living in Buffalo. A year after that she wrote again. She had a baby and her husband had left her. She wanted to come back but she didn't have the money. Father sent for her and she came. She was very weak and the baby very thin. Both were starved. Father took care of them until Emily was well enough to go to work. At twenty-six Emily now looks forty. She has moved from Avenue A but only to another tenement. She knows she will always live in a tenement but she doesn't complain.

Following Emily's disappearance, mother made plans to move out of the district. Freddie, the oldest, had a job in the post-office and as soon as he got his promised raise, we were scheduled to get out. But, though Freddie got his raise, we didn't get out, for he married immediately. Father didn't approve at all, because he felt that the boy had a much better chance of making something of himself if he stayed single. Still, one couldn't blame Freddie. He had been going with Louise since he was seventeen. He was very much in love with her and she was all that he really ever wanted. Freddie was the one child in our family upon whom father's inspiring words had never made any impression. He never wanted money or fame—and he never got it. But he is content.

Our greatest hope now lay in Dan. He was only just past sixteen at the time, but already he was showing great ability. Dan wanted to be another Al Smith. Al was a tenement god. We felt that he belonged to us and that his successes were our successes. When Dan first started talking about following in Al's footsteps, father was all afire with ambition for the boy. If Al had done it, Dan could do it too! And Dan was certain he could. He wasted no time in starting. He began running around in local political circles as soon as he got out of school and in no time at all he knew everybody from our Congressional representative down by his first name. And everybody loved Dan. I myself was crazy about him. He was sweet to me. He used to draw me paper dolls and teach me to play an accordion. That boy could do everything without ever having been taught anything.

Rose, who was only a year older than I, was my father's favorite. She was the prettiest. She had decided to be an actress when she grew up, and there again the seed of my father's ambitions found fertile soil. She was convinced that "she could do it too." She spent a great deal of time studying herself in the mirror and ran to dramatizing herself. She was rather tiresome at times, particularly following the shooting of Mrs. Spivak.

Nobody had ever paid much attention to Mrs. Spivak. She lived on the top floor and had a husband. The only thing which gave any distinction to her was the fact that she didn't have any children. Married people who didn't have children were always a bit freakish to us. One day Mrs. Spivak was found murdered. Her body lay across the top of the landing. Rose discovered her there. This

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was the first murder on the block in five years and it created a great deal of excitement. Besides, it was the first murder in the district to attract reporters and that made it an outstanding success. The reporters rushed in and out of the building and asked us children questions. Rose was interviewed and had her picture taken. Mother got five dollars for letting her pose. There was unending conversation about the murder for days after. Mr. Spivak had disappeared and everybody was certain he had killed his wife. They said he had found her with a lover. It was all discussed in front of us. After general interest died down, Rose still kept on talking about it. She retold and retold how she had discovered the body and how she had shaken all over for days and how the photographer had said she had the most tragic face of any child he had ever seen. She told me that that experience had made a woman of her (she was twelve at the time) and that she now knew more about life than even mother knew. It was all quite a bore and I hated her.

It wasn't until about four years later that Rose and I became real friends. She was still highly conscious of her attractions, but now at least she was interesting. She told me all about the men who tried to pick her up and what they said. From her I received a liberal education in the methods of masculine approach. I was the only one she told about her chance to enter the Atlantic City beauty contest. A man from Cincinnati with whom she had dates was going to get her in. He told her that he was hand in glove with the committee which was to pick Miss New York and that he could fix it so that she would be the one chosen. Once that was accomplished, he said, it would be an easy matter for her to win the Atlantic City judgment and after that every picture studio would be bidding for her services. I was quite enthusiastic about the plan. It was rather exciting to think of my sister as Miss America, and besides there was something in it for me. Rose promised me that when she went to Hollywood, she would take me with her. And Hollywood was the goal of my dreams. I didn't want to be a picture actress but I did want to write and I wanted to write for pictures. The idea had been born in me when I had recently won twenty-five dollars for writing the third-best love letter to Lew Cody. It was through a contest conducted by a motion-picture magazine on which Nora Dunn, one of the ten Dunn children, spent all her monthly savings and which she let me read for the use of the emerald ring Lora had given me. My love-letter talent convinced me that my future lay in the field of literature. So, with a chance to go to Hollywood, I rooted hard for Rose and her Atlantic City contest aspirations. But all was not smooth sailing, for the Cincinnati man began to complicate matters. He decided that he wouldn't back Rose without favors granted. I was shocked. We had been brought up with a strong feeling for morality, and such a thing was not to be considered under any circumstances. But Rose was considering it. In fact, she had already decided to go through with it. I couldn't understand her even when she told me that you had to pay for what you got and that all great actresses had made sacrifices to get a start. She was determined to make a success of herself, she told me, and anything was worth it. She didn't like the man, but that made no difference to her. When she had gotten what she wanted, she'd drop him. It was rather strange that, with her hardened views on this subject, she should still have been young enough never to doubt the sincerity of the man's promises. It never occurred to me either that he was holding out only worthless bait. My protests

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were based purely on moral grounds. I begged her not to go through with it, but she became more and more determined. The dazzling glory surrounding Miss America was blinding her.

One evening Rose had a date with the man at the Herald Square Hotel. It was the night she was to tell him of her decision to accept his terms. After she left I worried for an hour wondering what to do. Then I went and told father. I gave him the name of the hotel. He didn't waste a second. Before I had finished my story he was out of the house and up the street. Mother and I were the only ones at home. We sat in the kitchen together and I told her everything. Then we waited in breathless silence for three hours. At eleven father came back with Rose. She was crying and pulled away from mother when she went toward her. Father motioned for me to leave the room. The three were closeted in the kitchen for almost an hour. Then mother called me in. She was alone. She told me that everything was all right, but that I must never mention the subject to Rose again. Rose slept with mother for the next few nights and when she came back to my bed we were as friendly as before. But Rose seemed changed. She didn't sparkle any more and now and then I found her crying. I was filled with curiosity to know what had happened, but I had given my promise not to ask questions—so the Atlantic City beauty contest episode became a closed book.

Rose is now twenty-one. She is playing stock outside of New York. She still wants to be a great actress and feels that some day she will. I believe so too, but still I worry about her. I feel that Rose would have been better off had she not heard so much talk about success. Rose has never been able to distinguish between the solid, praiseworthy type of success father wanted for us and the glittering, tinselled thing which costs too dearly, lasts too short a time and leaves only unhappiness in its wake.

Dan was another like Rose. He never even tasted of the fame he worshipped. He died in its search.

There are two memories in my life which to-day are as vivid as the day they happened. One is the agony I suffered when I heard the women in the hallway say that Lora had been poisoned. The other is when they brought Dan's body home. He was only twenty when he was shot, but in those last three years of his he must have lived a lifetime of experiences. He was clerk to a magistrate and we were proud of him in that job, for it was a good first step toward being the great political figure he wanted so much to be. None of us knew until after his death that he had been playing underworld politics on the side. Gangland had persuaded him that, paradoxically, the shortest road to success was the crookedest. And Dan, wanting so hard to find success, had taken it. To him, as to Rose, it was worth any sacrifice. We never knew who killed him nor why he was killed.

Everybody in the district from the heads down mourned at his funeral. The magistrate sent a blanket of roses three feet square. There were wreaths from the judge and the police captain. Storekeepers closed shop to attend. The streets were lined with mourners. It was a beautiful tribute to a boy who wanted to be another Al Smith—a boy who had taken the wrong road.

And I? I've finally landed in Hollywood. But I didn't arrive on the merits of my pen. I came out on the sales staff of a hosiery concern. That's a long way from writing. But I still want to write and I have been studying to that end. I believe I shall succeed some day. I believe it with all my heart, for it was bred in me too—my father's belief—that if others have done it, I can do it too.

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The Saga of Joe Magarac: Steelman

By OWEN FRANCIS

A steel worker takes his place beside Paul Bunyan

WHILE working in the steel mills along the Monongahela valley of Pennsylvania, I often heard one of the many Slavs who worked in the mills call one of his fellow-workers "*magarac.*" Knowing that literally translated the word *magarac* meant jackass, but knowing also, from the tone of voice and the manner in which it was used, that it was seldom used derisively, I questioned my Hunkie leverman as to its meaning as understood by the Hunkie workers. He gave me a vivid explanation. He said:

"Magarac! Dat is mans who is joost same lak jackass donkey. Dat is mans what joost lak eatit and workit, dats all."

Pointing a finger toward another of his race, a huge Hunkie by the name of Mike, who was walking from the open hearth, he yelled:

"Hay! Magarac!"

At once, Mike's thumbs went to his ears, and with palms outspread his hands waved back and forth while he brayed lustily in the best imitation of a donkey that he could give.

"See," my leverman said, "dere is *magarac*. Dat is Joe Magarac for sure."

Then they both laughed and spoke in their mother tongue, which I did not understand.

It was evident enough there was some definite reason for the use of the word, and obviously that reason was, to their way of thinking, very humorous.

By working for a considerable number of years with a Hunkie on my either side, by sitting many evenings in their homes, and, since turning my thoughts to writing, by spending a good deal of my time with them, I have been fortunate enough to hear considerably more about Mr. Joe Magarac.

I find that Joe Magarac is a man living only in the imagination of the Hunkie steel-mill worker. He is to the Hunkie what Paul Bunyan is to the woodsman and Old Stormalong is to the men of the sea. With his active imagination and his childlike delight in tales of greatness, the Hunkie has created stories with Joe Magarac as the hero that may in the future become folklore of our country. Conceived in the minds of Hunkie steel-mill workers, he belongs to the mills as do the furnaces and the rolling-mills. Although the stories of Joe Magarac are sagas, they have no tangible connection, so far as I have been able to find, with the folklore of any of the countries which sent the Hunkie to these United States. It seems that the Hunkie, with the same adaptability that has made him into the best worker within our shores, has created a character and has woven about him a legend which admirably fits the environment in which he, the Hunkie, has been placed. Basically, the stories of Joe Magarac are as much a part of the American scene as steel itself.

I did not hear the story which I have set down here as accurately as I have been able, at one time. Some of it I heard in the mill; some of it while sitting on the hill above the mill on pleasant Sunday afternoons; the most of it while sitting in Agnes's kitchen with

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Hunkie friends at my side and well-filled tin cups of prune-jack before us.

The saga of Joe Magarac is more typical of the Hunkie than any tale or incident or description I might write. It shows his sense of humor, his ambitions, his love of his work, and, in general, shows what I know the Hunkie to be: a good-natured, peace- and home-loving worker.

One time long time ago, mebbe one, two hundred years, dere was living by Hunkietown, Steve Mestrovich. Steve he workit by open-hearth and he have daughter Mary. Oh, my, Mary was pretty girls: she have big, blue eyes, hairs yellow lak hot steel, hands so little lak lady, and big strong teeths. She was prettier as Hunkie girls from any place and all fellows what workit for mill comit around and say for Steve:

"Mebbe pretty soon now be plenty good ting Mary gone catch hoosband."

Den Steve he always laughit and he say:

"Gone on home little mans. Mary no gone marry some one lak you who not catch much steam dis time. Mary gone marry only strongest mans what ever lived, ya betcha."

Mary say nothing. She joost sit around and hope dat pretty soon mans who be all right comit, for she was seventeen year old already and she no lak dat business of wait around. Steve get sick too from wait around and nobody comit. Steve say:

"What the hells kind business is dat. I catch best young girls as anybody: she pretty lak hell, she wanit mans, she wanit be good for mans and joost stay home and raise kids and no say nothing, dats all. And, by God, I catch two hundred dollar I give myself for wedding present and I no find mans for her. By God, I tink gone have party dis time and ask everybody comit and den we see who is best mans for Mary, ya damn right.

"So, Old Womans, next Sunday we gone have party. You makit plenty prune-jack and I gone to Pittsburgh and gone have two barrel beer sent out on truck."

Well, Steve's old lady she makit plenty prune-jack and all week she workit makit cake and Mary she help and she was glad lak anyting because Sunday gone be party and she tink mebbe she gone catch mans lak 'nother Hunkie girls who have mans who workit in mills. Steve tell everybody what gone be on Sunday and all dem young fellows start lift 'em up dolly bars in eighteen-inch mill, its big hunk steel what is heavy lak anyting, so dat dey strong for Sunday. Some peoples say dey betcha dat Pete Pussick be strongest mans for Pete lift 'em up dolly bars same lak it was toothpicks; other peoples tink maybe Eli Stanoski be better mans and he gone catch fine girls lak Mary for *frau*. But everybody wish it gone be him who is best mans and everybody dey lookit at Mary and dey feel strong lak anyting.

So pretty soon next Sunday be dere and Hunkie mans comit from Monessen, comit from Homestead, comit from Duquesne, comit from every place along Monongahela River and dey gone show everybody how strong dey be dis time. Steve have everything fix 'em up: in big field down by river bank he put two barrel beer what comit from brewery, he put table what he makit where Old Lady gone put prune-jack and cakes, and he have three dolly bar what he get from mill.

One dose dolly bar its joost little one what weigh three hundred fifty pound, 'nother dolly bars weigh five hundred pounds, and big ones she weigh more as 'nother two put together. On side of field Steve has fixed 'em up benches where womans can sit and nurse baby

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and see what gone happen and right by dere is platform lak have on Fourth July with red paper and flags and everyting. Mary she sit on platform where all young fellow can see good and see what dey gone get after dey lift 'em up dolly bars. Mary was dressed up lak dere was big funeral: she have on dress what mudder had made from wedding dress and it was pretty I tell you. It was all red and green, silk too, and on front was big bunch lace what *Groszmuter* in old country makit. On finger was ring with nice red stone what Steve buy from company store and on head was nice scarf. Oh, sure, when Mary go on platform everybody say she was prettier as Queen.

Steve was happy mans dat day, I tell you. He was dressed up with sleeves down and tie on his neck and he walkit 'round lak he was Boss everyting and he yell lak dis:

"Hi, yah, Pete. You tink you feelit all right to-day? By Gods, better you no be sick and have lots steam. It take plenty strong mans to lift 'em up dolly bars."

And den he say:

"Hi, yah, Eli. What matter you? Mebbe better you take 'nother drink prune-jack. You lookit little bit white in face lak you was 'fraid Pete nor Sam gone be stronger as you. By Gods, was I young mans same as you I lift 'em up whole damn three bars one time to catch fine girls lak Mary."

Den he laughit and pull mustache and walkit up and down same lak nigger mans on pay day.

After everybody visit 'round little bit and everybody havit one, two, three drink all around, Steve get on platform for makit speech. He say:

"For coople year now everybody what is young mans and feelit pretty good dey comit for me and dey say: 'Pretty soon Mary gone lookit for mans. Me! I catch good job for blast furnace. Me, I be best mans what workit for mills, best mans what ever poke 'em out tap hole. Sure! I be strong lak anyting. Whats matter Mary no be *frau* for me?' "

Den Steve he stopit speech and he stickit out tongue lak he was not feelit so good for stomach and he say:

"By God, I hear so many mans talk lak dat dat it makit me sick. So I fix 'em up plan and now we gone see who be good mans for marry Mary, daughter of Steve Mestrovich, me, by God, what is best mans who was cinderman for open hearth any place. First, everybody gone lift 'em up small dolly bars. If anybody no lift 'em up dat little one den he joost go and play with little kids, dats all. Next, everybody gone to lift 'em up second dolly bars. Anybody no lift 'em up dat second dolly bars den dey go and sit with womans and stay out road of strong mans while strong mans gone show him something. Den, everybody gone lift 'em up last dolly bars. By Gods, dis dolly bar she be from bloomer mill and she is so heavy dis time dat I no can lift him myself. Somebody gone lift 'em up dat hunk steel den by Jezus, dats mans what gone marry Mary, ya damn right, ya betcha."

So all young fellows pull off shirt and get ready to lift dolly bars. First mans was Pete. Pete he walkit over by dolly bars and he lookit 'round for make sure everybody see and den he reach down and lift 'em up easy lak anyting. Everybody holler:

"Dats big mans, you Pete! Dats good fellow!"

Pete he no say nothing. He joost walkit away and he laughit lak he feel sure he gone be plenty strong dis time. Den Eli gone over by dolly bars and he lift 'em up easier as Pete and everybody yell some more. Two fellows what comit from Homestead try and lift 'em up and dey no can move dolly bars from ground. Den everybody laughit and say:

"Ho! Ho! Ho! What kinds mans you

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have dat place, Homestead? At home I got boy joost two year old and I tink mebbe I better send him over by your mill to help you out little bit. Better you go and play with kids little mans so dat you no monkey 'round with big mans and get hurt dis time."

Well, after dat dey lift 'em up second dolly bars and what you tink? Only three mans catch enough steam to do dat. Dat was Pete, dat was Eli, and dat was 'nother mans from Johnstown. Dis fellow from Johnstown was plenty big mans all right and he catch plenty steam to lift 'em up dolly bars. He do dat easy as anyting. Den all his friends dey yell hoorah for him and dey make face at Pete and Eli same lak dey was sure dat dis fellow was gone be strongest mans and take Mary Mestrovich back to Johnstown with him. People from dis place no lak dat business. Dey lak much better Pete nor Eli gone be strongest and den Mary Mestrovich stay dis place which have better mills as Johnstown anytime. Dat mills at Johnstown is joost little place what when do best she can no makit more as one, two hundred tons steel a day. So peoples get mad at dese peoples from Johnstown and dey gone makit bet dat Pete nor Eli gone be stronger as dis fellow. Pete say dat is good business and nobody gone worry nothing, he gone lift 'em up big dolly bars joost same lak he lift 'em up little ones. Den Pete he gone over take big, big drink prune-jack and he spit on hands. Den he reach down and grab hold dat big dolly bars. His arm crack like paper bag, his eye stick out from head lak apple, sweat run down face same lak he was workit in front furnace in July. By Jezus, dat dolly bars no moveit one inch from ground. Den Eli try it and he was no good dis time. Peoples from dis place groan lak somebody kick in stomach when dey see dat. Dey tink for sure now dey gone lose Mary Mestrovich, dey gone lose money, and den dey must listen when peoples from Johnstown say:

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Over by dis place mans is joost same lak old womans who talkit all time and no doit nothing. Comit over by Johnstown where mans so strong dat dey tear down mill and fix 'em up again every day joost for fun."

Den dis fellow from Johnstown takit two big, big drinks prune-jack, he twist mustache so she look lak King, and he wave hand for everybody. Den he fixit his feets so he no be shaky and bend down and grabit dat dolly bars. He give big pull, and den another big pull and he grunt all time lak pig at dinner time. He pullit so damn hard on dat dolly bars dat his hand come loose and he fallit down on ground.

Peoples from dis place feelit much better: she is not so easy as dis fellow tink. Johnstown fellow mad lak *frau* when hoosband get drunk and spend all money on pay days. He joomp up from ground and he cuss lak hell and he grabit dolly bars again. No good dis time neither.

"Ho! Ho! HO!"

A laugh lak dat comit from somebody in crowd. Everybody lookit 'round to see who laughit lak dat; mans from Johnstown straighten back and he say:

"Who laughit for me? By Jezus Christ a Mighty, if dat fellow who laughit tink he be so strong mans whats matter he no comit here and pick 'em up dolly bars? Den after he do dat I gone broke his neck."

Den out from crowd walkit biggest mans whatever I see: he have back bigger as door, hands bigger as Pete nor Eli together, neck lak big bulls, and arm bigger as somebodys round waist. I betcha my life he was more as seven feets tall. Oh, he was prettiest mans whatever anybody ever see. Everybody lookit everybody and everybody say:

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"Who is dat fellow anyhow?"

And everybody shake heads no dey never see before.

Dat fellow he walkit over to dolly bars and he was laughit so hard he have to holdit his belly so dat he can stand on feet. Dat fellow from Johnstown he takit pull at trousers, he spit on hands and he gone take slug at dat fellow. But dat mans he grabit fellow from Johnstown with one hands and with 'nother he pick 'em up dolly bars. Den he hold 'em out and shake until mans from Johnstown yell he was so 'fraid.

By Gods, everbody was white lak sheet. Dey never see before mans what was so strong lak dat. But dat fellow put dat fellow from Johnstown down so easy as little baby by mudder and he say:

"Nobody be 'fraid nothing. I no wanit hurt nobody, no wanit makit trooble. Joost havit little bit fun, dats all."

Steve Mestrovich walkit over and he say:

"What kind mans you are? Which place you comit from?"

And dat fellow answer:

"My name is Joe Magarac, what you tink of dat, eh?"

Everybody laughit for dat for *magarac* in Hunkie mean jackass donkey. Dey know dis fellow is fine fellow all right when he say his name is Joe Jackass. Den dis fellow say:

"Sure! Magarac, Joe. Dats me. All I do is eatit and workit same lak jackass donkey. Me, I be only steelmans in whole world, ya damn right. Lookit for me; I show you something."

He pull 'em off shirt and everybody lookit. By Gods, he no tell lie. He was steelmans all right: all over he was steel same lak is from open hearth, steel hands, steel body, steel everything. Everybody say:

"What the hells you tink of dat?"

Joe Magarac say:

"Dats all right, dats good business for me. Me, I was born inside ore mountain many year ago. To-day I comit down from mountain in ore train and was over in ore pile by blast furnace."

Den he laughit and twist dolly bars in two with hands.

Steve Mestrovich smile lak somebody givit him cold beer on hot day and he takit Mary by hand and leadit her over to Joe Magarac: dis time he gone catch best hoosband for Mary dat was in whole country. Joe Magarac takit long look at Mary and he say:

"Oh, boy, I never see such pretty girls as dat. You makit fine *frau* for anybodies. But dat is no business for me. What you tink, I catch time for sit around house with womans? No, by Gods, not me. I joost catch time for workit dats all. Be better all right if Mary have hoosband and I tink I see her get little bit dizzy in head when she lookit for Pete. Dats good, for after me dis Pete is best mans in country."

Joe Magarac close one eyes for Steve and Steve close one eyes for Joe Magarac and Mary was happy lak anyting for she lak dat Pete all right better as anybody. Fellow from Johnstown get black in face and he stomp 'round mad lak anyting, but he 'fraid say anyting for fellow who was made out of steel and who comit from ore mountain. So he go away.

Everyting was fixed 'em up all right den: Priest comit with altar boy and Pete and Mary kneel down and pretty soon dey was hoosband and *frau*. First one to dancit with bride was Joe Magarac. Den everybody get drunk, have big time and was happy as anyting.

So next day, Joe Magarac gone down to Mrs. Horkey, who catch boarding-house by mill gate and he say:

"Howdy do, Mrs. Horkey. My but you lookit nice dis morning and from kitchen comit smell of best breakfast

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whatever I smell anyplace. Dis place lookit all right for me. I gone work in mill dis place and I wanit good place for eat. I no wanit room, joost five big meals a day, dats all, for I workit night turn and day turn all at same time."

So Joe Magarac livit by Horkey's boarding-house and he catch job in mill. He workit on Noomber Seven furnace by open hearth and he workit all night and all day without finish and he no get tired nothing. He standit before Noomber Seven and he throw 'em in limestone, ore, scrap and everyting and den he go sit in furnace door with fires from furnace licking 'round chin. When steel melt 'em up, Joe Magarac put in hands and stir steel 'round while she was cookit and when furnace was ready for tap 'em out he crawl into furnace and scoop up big handfulls steel and dump 'em into ingot mould. After dat he run down to lower end and grab dat steel in hands and squeeze 'em out from fingers and he makit rails. Eight rails one time, four by each hands, he makit by Gods. Pretty soon he makit more steel as all other furnace together. Nobody ever see before such business lak dat, so boss of open hearth have big sign made and he put sign on mill fence where everybody see and dis sign say:

THE HOME OF JOE MAGARAC

Joe Magarac was workit every day and every night at mill and same lak before he was makit rails with hands. Pretty soon dat pile of rails in yard get bigger and bigger for Joe Magarac is workit so hard and after coople months yard was full, everyplace was rails. When Joe Magarac see dat he joost laughit and workit harder as ever. So one day roller-boss he comit up from down by finishing mills and he say to Joe Magarac who was workit by his furnace in open hearth. Roller-boss he say:

"Well, Joe Magarac, I guess we gone shut mill down early dis week. Dis time we catch plenty rails everyplace and we no catch many orders. So by Gods, we gone shut mill down Thursday night and we no start 'em up again until Monday morning. Mebbe you gone put slow heat in furnace: you tell stockman give you fifty-ton stock. You put 'em in stock and give furnace slow fire so dat she keepit warm and be ready for start 'em up on Monday."

Joe Magarac he act lak he gone say something and den he no say nothing and roller-boss tink everyting gone be all right dis time and he gone away.

When next Monday comit mans gone back to work for open hearth. Den dey see dat Joe Magarac is not workit on furnace dat morning. Everyplace dey lookit and dey no see Joe anyplace. 'Nother mans was workit on Noomber Seven and pretty soon when Noomber Seven was ready for tap 'em out melter-boss gone down to platform to see what kind steel dat slow heat makit. He was standit by ingot mould and pretty soon he hear voice what say:

"How she lookit dis time?"

Melter-boss lookit 'round and he no see nobody and den dat voice say again:

"It's me, Joe Magarac. I'm inside ladle."

Melter-boss turn around and he lookit inside ladle and he see Joe. Joe was sitting inside ladle with hot steel boiling up around neck. Melter boss was scared lak anyting and he say:

"What the hells you do in dere, Joe Magarac? Better you gone crawl out dat ladle right 'way or I tink maybe for sure dat she gone melt you up."

Joe Magarac close one eyes for melter-boss and he say:

"Dats fine. Dats good business, dats joost what I wanit. By Gods, I be sick dis time of mill what shut down on Thursday and no start 'em up again un-

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til Monday. What the hells I gone do all time mill is shut down anyway? I hear big boss say dat he was gone makit two, three good heats steel so dat he gone have best steel what we can makit for buildit new mill dis place. Dey gone tear down dis old mills and makit new ones what is gone be best mills in whole Monongahela valley, what gone be best mills in whole world. Den by God, I get plan: I gone joomp in furnace when steel is melted down and dey gone melt 'em up me, who was made from steel, to makit steel to makit dat mills. Now Mr. Boss you gone listen for me and I gone tell you someting. You gone take dis ladle steel what has me inside and you gone pour 'em out in ingot mould and den you gone roll 'em out and makit beam, channel, and maybe one, two piece angle and you gone take dat steel and makit new mills. You do lak I say for you and you gone see you gone have best mills for anyplace. Good-by."

Den Joe Magarac sit back down in ladle and hold his chin down in boiling steel until he was all melted up. Pretty soon dey pour him out in ingot mould.

Well, after dey roll 'em out dat heat and dey cut 'em up dey see dat dis time dey have best steel what was ever made. Oh, my, dat steel was smooth and straight and it no have seam or pipe nothing. Den melter-boss he gone 'round for everybody and he say:

"Now we gone have best mills for sure. You see dat steel? By Gods, nobody ever see steel lak dat before and dats joost because Joe Magarac he makit dat steel. Sure, he's inside and now we gone takit dat beam and dat channel and we gone build finest mills what ever was."

Dey do lak melter-boss say and dat is why all young boys want to go for mill, and dat is why when somebody call Hunkie *magarac* he only laughit and feel proud as anything, and dat is why we catch the best mill for anyplace, ya damn right!

And the Cops Got Their Men—Including the Taxi Driver

By ROBERT HAZARD

Yes, I seen the finish of the chase. Business was dull, even a little worse than usual. My supply of home brew was running low so I drove up to the malt and hop store and bought supplies and went home and started a new batch. Then I started out to hack again. I was just turning from Seaman Avenue into Dyckman when I heard a motor back-firing. I looked up and seen a cream-colored taxi, a Monarch cab, coming out of Riverside Drive. The driver was hunched over the wheel with just the top of his head showing. He was bare-headed and had curly red hair. There was a man in a reddish-brown suit on the back seat of the cab sitting tight in the right-hand corner. Twenty feet behind them was another cream-colored taxicab, a Checker, with the driver sit-

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ting up straight and a cop standing on the running board with a pistol in his hand. The first cab had two big holes in the back window. The cop raised his pistol and fired twice. I understand that bullets come out of pistols that may kill people but it seemed unlikely. I couldn't see the bullets and didn't see any effect from them. The first cab was only going about twenty-five miles an hour but it didn't slacken speed, the driver was still crouched over the wheel and the man in the back sitting tight.

I thought they must be trying to escape after a robbery. They must have picked an old worn-out cab or else something had gone wrong with it or they would go faster. The man at the wheel looked like he was nursing it along the best he could. His curly red head didn't move. Back of the second cab the Drive was full of cars running on both sides of the road with men on the running boards with pistols in their hands. For all the bandits were going so slow the pursuers weren't gaining on them. I thought, "I could step on it and pass them easy and cut in in front and force them to the curb. But then why should I? Two against New York. And what chance have they with the old boiler gone back on them and hundreds after them with the city behind them and glory to win?" But the curly red head stayed crouched over the wheel, a nursing the old bus along. Maybe they'd been hungry and desperate, thought it better to take a big chance than die by degrees of dull misery.

I'd been held up and robbed myself and I didn't like it. I'd always figured that if I ever got the chance I'd do my bit to pay off that score against the holdup guys. That's the trouble with them guys. They go and pick on people that are maybe no better off than themselves. Why don't they knock off some of their real enemies? The cops are decent enough men, doing their day's work to make a living. But then they take their orders from the big crooks.

I turned and followed the bandits just like the rest of them, at a reasonably safe distance. They crossed Broadway without slackening right in front of the traffic cop on duty there. He stepped in front of them and held up his hand for them to stop and then stepped back to keep from getting run over, completely confused by this brazen affront to the New York Police Force. When the bandit's car was twenty feet past him he caught on and whipped out his gun and fired twice at them but it didn't seem to do no good. Then he jumped on the running board of the car ahead of me.

I could have shot right around the whole mob of cars with my eight cylinder Packard but I didn't want to get in front of any of the shooting and behind it there was the damndest mess of cars jockeying around and cutting each other off that I ever saw. They'd all gone crazy, everybody trying to get ahead of everybody else and still not get too close to the shooting. I know I used the brake more than the throttle. There was a burst of pistol shots every little while and scattered shots in between but the guy with the curly red hair just kept on nursing her along.

I wondered if the driver was one of the gang or just the taxi driver the bandits happened to pick. When I get a call and the passengers treat me like a human being I do the best I can for them. Maybe he was like that and when he found out how bad it was he thought "I'm in now and I may as well go through." And then when he saw it was hopeless, said, "Well, I ain't going to back out now." At any rate he was nursing that old can along the best he could.

At Nagle Avenue he turned South with the hounds and the sightseers close behind but not too close. It sounded like

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the Fourth of July. But they dragged along so slow. Why the hell didn't they get one of those new Fords, something that could knock off seventy or eighty miles an hour? At Broadway he turned North again and a cop fell from the running board of a taxi and his driver slumped down in his seat and came to a stop. At Sherman the bandit turned off again, still not making more than thirty miles an hour. At Dyckman the driver seemed to hesitate and then turned East again. The cars in front of me came to a stop and I was blocked. I left the car in the middle of the street and ran around the corner. There was the bandit's car stopped behind a truck that blocked the road. The cops and dicks were running up to it. There was a steady rattle of shots. When I reached the cab it was over. The driver was lying with his head and shoulders hanging out the right-hand door face down with his hands stretched out limp in front of him. His curly red head was still untouched but blood was pouring out of him underneath onto the asphalt. I never thought there was that much blood in a man. His socks had come down and his low shoes were worn at the heel. His bare shanks looked kind of scrawny. He didn't have any coat on and his shirt tail was coming out. His pants were that cheap cotton stuff like you get in an eight-dollar suit. The man in the reddish-brown suit was hanging out of the right rear door in the same way only face up. His face and hair and hands were drenched with blood. The cops were dragging a third man I hadn't seen before from the floor of the cab and putting him in another taxi. There was hardly any blood in the cab, it was all on the asphalt so they must have been killed just as they were trying to get out.

I stood there and wondered why death is so affecting. The bandits were certainly no worse off than plenty of other people in New York. Only a few years ago about a hundred thousand of our young men got the same thing in a scrap they didn't know any more about than I know about this one, and lots of nice things were said about that.

The cops were completely addled. They milled around the cab and didn't seem to know what to do. One said, "They got two cops." Another said, "No, they got three. Yeah, they got Churchill." One picked up a couple of thirty-eight caliber automatics from the bottom of the cab and said, "I guess I better turn these in." He looked at them for a while and squinted down the barrels and then laid them down on the running board of a car that was parked at the curb there, and stepped over one of the bodies and picked up a handful of empty shells from the floor of the cab and looked at them and laid them down on the running board. One said, "We'd better search this cab," and leaned in and pulled out the driver's hack license card from its rack and looked at it and handed it to another cop and he looked at it and handed it on. Then they scooped up a double handful of empty cartridge shells apiece from the back of the cab and stood around and didn't know what to do with them and finally all laid them down again on the running board.

One picked up a fat canvas money bag, such as the banks use, all nice and clean and still tied tight around the top with a string. He looked at it vacantly and set it down on the fender of the parked car right under my nose. The cops picked it up and stared at it one after another and put it down again. I thought, "I wonder if any one would notice if I picked that up and walked off with it. There's probably enough there to buy a small farm and stock it so I could live in peace and comfort the rest of my life."

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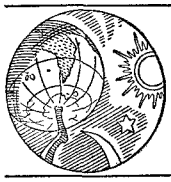
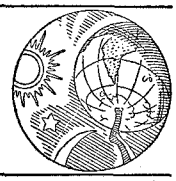


STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in American life to-day



Unfit Doctors Must Go

By RITA S. HALLE

SEVEN or eight years ago a little boy died. Now it is one of the tragedies of the world that this is nothing unusual. But this little boy did not die because he had to, because of some disease that defied medical skill. He died because a doctor, called in by the family to treat a common cold, had, through some peculiar mental malady or narcotic addiction, given him an overdose of a deadly drug. Yet that man, though this case and others like it in his practice are known to his confrères, is still practising medicine.

This statement seems incredible. Every one knows, as do I, fine, able, conscientious doctors who wear themselves out emotionally as well as physically over their patients. Every one knows that the large majority of doctors are the kindly, skilful, hard-working men they are believed to be, family counsellors and friends as well as medical advisers, and it does not seem possible that they could permit such a person to remain within their ranks.

Yet it is just because a strange unwritten code among them forces them to do so, compels them to remain silent about such cases, that a public discussion of the situation may be valuable. For at last the editorial taboo which gave the doctor a sacrosanct immunity from public criticism is breaking down, and it is now possible to put into print the things that formerly could only be whispered. There is, nevertheless, the very real danger which no one wishes to risk, that criticism of the profession may tend to lessen the confidence which the public rightly places in the large body of its physicians. Yet, as Lloyd F. Stryker, recent counsel of the New York State Medical Society, said in speaking before that body:

"While it is not a pleasant task to catalogue the various criticisms which can be levelled against the medical profession . . . it would be serving a good purpose could all of these be marshalled, studied, and proper action taken. . . ."

There are many conscientious physicians eager to remedy the situation, but they dare not take the initiative because of the risk of boycott by their confrères; nor would they be likely to accomplish anything without the support of enlightened public opinion. Doctor Orrin S. Wightman, discussing a specific advance made by the physicians of New York State before the American Congress on Medical Education, Licensure and Hospitals, at Chicago, said:

"In spite of the most active propaganda in the State Medical Society extending over a period of years, groups from the various County Societies resented the idea. . . . Doctors never got one hundred per cent approval; it remained for the lay groups to exercise the necessary pressure to make the State legislature see the light."

If this be true, it is proper for laymen to bring pressure to bear. For a medical degree does not change a human being into a god, does not immunize him against the weaknesses and temptations of other men. In the medical as in every other profession there are cases in which skill is lacking, or in which weariness, carelessness or haste nullifies this quality. And there are the rare cases such as the one to which I have referred, in which physicians, like other men, are seemingly malevolent or actually subject to secret vices that make them temporarily irresponsible.

Because the case referred to in the beginning can be verified by court records; because it illustrates most of the ways in which this false code protects the doctor against the results of his own mistakes while exposing the public to them; because it happened to a family of sufficient intelligence, influence and means to follow it through, I shall tell the story.

The physician, who was a member of the staff of one of the largest hospitals in the city, ordered the governess to give the child at three-hour intervals one of the three pills he took from his bag. He had the first given immediately, in his presence. Shortly thereafter,

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the child looking white and breathing strangely, the family called him up. He laughed at their anxiety, assuring them that the pill contained nothing that could harm any one, and that the strange breathing was evidence of the sound sleep he had wanted to induce, to rest the child's intestines and kidneys. So they went to bed satisfied.

The next morning, though no further pills had been given, the child could not be wakened. The parents telephoned frantically for the doctor. He again made light of their fears, and had almost to be forced to come over. When he arrived he remarked casually that it had hit the child's sleep centres rather hard, but that it could not possibly do any harm, and he continued to reassure the family and to discourage their calling other physicians.

When they did so, over his protests, it was too late.

To the two doctors who came he said calmly that he had given a half-grain of codeine. The horrified glances of these men gave the parents their first knowledge that the dose was wrong, and that the child had not had an "idiosyncrasy" against the drug, as the physician had maintained.

A week later the case was mentioned at a neighborhood party. One of the guests fainted. Her own baby had died six months before of overdoses of a drug administered by the same physician! She had wanted to take some action at the time for the protection of others, but the doctors had persuaded her that "every doctor makes mistakes," that "the man has learned his lesson," and that she would be sued for libel if she told the story. Her grief at the passing of this little unknown child was almost as great as that at the death of her own. She felt criminally responsible for it, as did not one of the doctors equally cognizant of the facts. When the parents learned of this, they had no choice in conscience but to attempt, at least, to have the man's license revoked.

But what happened? What should have been a simple matter, the elimination from the medical profession of a man who, in it, was a menace to the community, dragged them through purgatory in the ensuing months. They were sent from medical society to medical society and back again, and finally to the board which issued licenses. The man did not belong to the medical societies, and though the by-laws of these societies permitted them to bring the case to the attention of the authorities, they shifted responsibility without result. The board which had power to issue licenses, like those in almost all of the States, had none to take them away for such an act as this, no matter how complete the proof. They could revoke a license for excessive personal use of narcotics, and they confidentially said that this man was undoubtedly an "intermittent drug fiend" who administered overdoses when himself under the influence. But it could not be proven, and almost in the same breath they warned the family not to repeat this lest they be sued for libel! This left them no alternative except a sordid suit for money, or a criminal action.

They chose the latter; and the combination of circumstances totally unrelated to the merits of the case, which caused it to be dismissed, has no place here. The point is that this case should never have been forced to the uncertainties of a court-room. It should have been handled by a body of the man's peers, acting from humanitarian rather than professional sentiments, and backed by rulings for the revocation of licenses meant for the protection of humanity rather than the dignity and benefit of the profession.

But what was the attitude of his peers? Every practitioner in the community had known of similar occurrences in the man's practice. One of them had even said, in an unguarded moment, "We knew him to be a dangerous man." Still they had not uttered a word of warning. Every one of them begged not to be asked to testify against him. The one doctor to whom he had made a cringing confession of criminal carelessness and an offer to leave the community in return for immunity came to court only after earnest prayers not to be called, and once there told as little as possible of the damning facts in his possession. And even now, despite several changes of location, the accused man is still in active practice.

II

This happened some years ago. When, recently, I told it to one of the leading physicians of the country, member of any number of boards and commissions, head of one of the largest medical organizations in America, he said slowly: "That would have been handled better to-day. I am sure the man's license would have been revoked."

"But," I replied, "I know similar cases that have occurred within the last year or so."

He looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said: "So do I. What are we going to do about it?"

III

Cases such as the one quoted are very rare, but cases of unjustifiable and too frequent mis-

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takes are not rare, nor will they be until the protective attitude of physicians toward each other is changed. In the case quoted, one of the doctors who attempted to persuade the parents to do nothing about this "mistake" went so far as to say that if all doctors were held to account for their errors, "there would be a shortage of doctors."

Most of their arguments in that case were based on ideas and attitudes equally difficult for the average citizen to understand. Even the men in charge of the granting of licenses based their commendable eagerness for a conviction on extraordinary reasoning. They said that such a conviction might make physicians allow decent regulations for the revocation of licenses to be made, so that they might be judged by juries of their peers rather than have malpractice cases go to juries of laymen.

"We have tried for years," they said, "to get such regulations, but the doctors themselves prevent it. They do not realize how much *protection it would afford them* against the people who sue them for money unjustifiably."

IV

No one is perfect. Every one makes mistakes. Particularly in so uncertain a science as medicine are honest mistakes likely to occur. Frequently, too, unjustifiable suspicion is cast by the secretiveness of members of the profession which, while sometimes defensible, is often merely the result of a desire to impress or mystify. But when it is known that a doctor is making *careless* or *ignorant* mistakes too often, there surely should be some way within the profession of calling him to account.

Only recently a man I know was telling a distinguished diagnostician the story of an unfortunate medical experience of his.

"I went to a doctor," he said, "who told me that I had a minor deviation of the septum, which he could operate on then and there, if I wished. I told him to go ahead. After the operation, I had quite a hemorrhage, which he stopped with difficulty. Then he plugged the wound, and told me to go home and stay in bed until he called. When he arrived thirty-six hours later, I had a high fever and a pain over my ear. He told me with some irritation that my fever was caused by malaria, which I must have had when he operated, and of which I should have informed him. When, the following day, both the fever and the pain continued, I urged him to call another doctor, but he angrily refused, calling my attention to the fact that he, who rarely paid visits, was coming in twice a day; he said that if I was not entirely well within fifteen days, I could call in anybody I wished, and he himself would never send me a bill. Being young and inexperienced, I yielded. But when I was no better in fifteen days, I wrote calling his attention to his earlier statement, and telling him that I would no longer need his services. The doctor whom I then called in told me there was no trace of malaria, that I had mastoid, probably from an infection caused by the plug having remained too long in my nose, and that an immediate operation was necessary to save my life. His opinion was confirmed by the third specialist whom he unhesitatingly called at my request."

As he finished telling this story, the distinguished diagnostician interrupted to say, "I'll wager I can guess who the first doctor was," and he did. He knew, as undoubtedly did other physicians, that this man, despite his fine reputation, would let a patient die rather than be proven wrong; yet he continues to be called in by the best of them.

In the case of Thaggard versus Vapes quoted in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Vol. 93, No. 15) "there was evidence to show that Dr. Thaggard was informed at ten A.M. that the patient was desperately ill, that another physician who was called later refused to treat the patient in Thaggard's absence, and that Thaggard, although repeatedly called, did not attend his patient until seven P.M., a short time before his death, and then only after the patient's sister had sent a car for him."

Doctor Alfred Martinet, a distinguished French physician, whose book, "Clinical Diagnosis and Symptoms," is sufficiently important to be in its third American edition, taken from a translation of the fifth French one, tells a story of a young woman, who, while pregnant, was subject to daily attacks of fever and pain in her left side. Her own two physicians could not diagnose the trouble, so they called in a distinguished surgeon, who "while listening abstractedly to a history of the case placed his finger over her right side and uttered a single word, 'Appendicitis.' In vain the physicians recounted the history of the disease and called his attention to the lack of certain symptoms of appendicitis. Without taking the trouble to argue, he called in one of his colleagues who, 'after an equally perfunctory examination,' announced the same diagnosis. They operated; still the symptoms persisted. The patient lost the child; still they persisted. Then there occurred unmistakable evidences of a diseased

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kidney. Again the surgeons were called and asked to operate, but they refused to do so despite the confirmation of the diagnosis by a genito-urinary man who was called in. During the consultations, however, one of them made, so he said, the discovery of something on the right side under the liver, and in spite of the desperate protests of the family practitioner, they insisted on operating for it. They found nothing.

"Then the unhappy practitioner begged that an incision be made on the left; perirenal suppuration was undoubtedly present and it had been proven that there was nothing on the right, so that . . . Nothing to be done; he must remain an impotent witness of this. . . ."

This is without doubt an unusual case, but since there can be no question of its authenticity and authority, it seems legitimate to quote it, even though it may illustrate the point in an exaggerated manner.

V

It is probable that the physician's hesitancy in making changes in the laws which affect him is due as much to his knowledge of the difficulties and technicalities of his profession as it is to his unwritten code; it may be due in part, too, to his fear of the numerous unwarranted damage suits which every year are brought against wealthy members of the profession—so numerous, in fact, that there are doctors who threaten to discontinue the use of the X-ray altogether because of the opportunity it gives for such attacks. For most of these cases cause unpleasant publicity, even when they are unjustified. But in a large measure it is the doctor's own fault that this is so; and protecting himself need not prevent his protecting the public.

The work of the first few years of the Grievance Committee of the Medical Society of the State of New York, a committee formed after the case of which I first spoke, and possibly in some degree due to the pressure brought to bear on the Board of Regents at that time, and to their humiliation at their helplessness, should alone have proven to the doctors that an honest, organized effort on their part to handle these things themselves, to clean their own house, would result not only in better protection for the public but in better protection for themselves.

For while most of the cases of malpractice and negligence brought before that committee have not, unfortunately, fallen within its powers, the secretary has informed those bringing them that the facts did not justify civil prosecution, their only other recourse, and so far as is known has thereby prevented any of them from coming to court.

Why these cases do not fall within the scope of the committee is a matter of wonder to the layman, for surely doctors should be glad to handle them within their own committee if they are justified, or to dispose of them quietly there if they are not. And every possible protection is afforded the medical man by this committee. Cases are first investigated by the district attorney's office, and served on the accused physician only if they are considered meritorious. He must then appear before a subcommittee, whose unanimous consent is required to take the cases to the Board of Regents for action; and even after they have acted —the doctor may be put under observation, reprimanded before the committee, suspended or his license revoked—he still has the right of appeal.

While the physician thus has every protection, the public also has an advantage. For, if doctors are testifying before other medical men, they undoubtedly have a different mental attitude than if they are testifying before possibly unsympathetic laymen, feel freer to give the facts, to express their own opinions in regard to them; under these conditions they are more ready to assist in the quiet elimination of the unworthy from their ranks.

All doctors know the facts of the present unfortunate attitude; the very large majority of them regret and resent it. But their traditional code as well as their real fear of professional retaliation prevents them from exhibiting their family skeletons to the public. For the protection of this large majority of fine men, as well as for that of the public, something should be done.

VI

Recently, I talked with two physicians in positions of the highest responsibility, authority and importance about this situation. They agreed that it is one of great seriousness, and that if something is not soon done about it, State Medicine may be the result. One of them said that he personally would welcome it as a means of keeping a closer check on the skill, character and methods of doctors.

Both of them felt that a long step toward a remedy would have been taken if the system now in use in some States compelling physicians to re-register every two or three years could be made universal, and also be amended so that a physician would be compelled to say, as is an applicant for the renewal of an

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automobile license, whether any charges had been made against him in the interim. A check-up of this could be made through the district attorney's office and the medical societies, which would then also automatically receive any complaints of the laity against physicians, and so in large measure solve that problem.

Both of these men stated with satisfaction, however, that the medical profession had raised its standards enormously in the last twenty-five years. It no longer regards itself as set apart; headed by a definite group, it now seriously considers the social aspects of its calling, its group responsibilities. There is no other profession which is more careful in its requirements for admission than that of medicine; it has succeeded in eliminating most of the schools which gave inadequate preparation, and the entrance as well as the exit qualifications of those which remain are higher than they have ever been before. The national and local medical societies do their share in keeping the unworthy from entering their ranks, although admission is by State licensure. Although they have not the right of disbarment, they are active in prosecuting those within their ranks who, in the name of any ism, infringe upon their rights, to the detriment of the public. They war steadily against those who offend against the profession itself by pursuing methods or practices contrary to professional customs. Yet, by a strange anomaly, there is no other profession in which those within its ranks whose conduct toward humanity is unworthy of their calling are so actively protected, although there is no other in which such conduct constitutes so great a danger.

Surely, the next step in the increasingly meticulous scrutiny of the social obligations of physicians must be the devising and adoption of some means for the removal from their ranks of those who, because of temperament or any weakness or incapacity, do not belong within them.

Co-Education Makes Good Marriages

By A CO-ED WIFE

THE position of college women with regard to marriage has been recently much discussed. Most of the discussions, however, seem to confine themselves to the graduates of women's colleges, in spite of the fact that two-thirds of our American universities and colleges are co-educational, and that seven-eighths of all our college women are "co-eds."* I wish to speak for the co-ed.

The college where I received my degree is considered typical of the best sort of co-education in the Middle West. Its students number about two thousand, and represent every section of the country. The college will shortly celebrate its centennial, and is one of the few which can boast of having been co-educational from its foundation. Perhaps that is why there prevails upon its campus a much more cordial and mutually respecting attitude between the sexes than can be found in the East, where the collegiate attitude toward the presence of women is still a bit patronizing, at best. Here the "college women" (they are not called co-eds) are accepted as a natural and necessary part of all campus affairs. How does such a four-year experience affect the future for the boys and girls who share it?

Here is a letter which answers for those of fifty-six years ago: "In our class of '75, fourteen of the thirty-five boys found wives in college. . . . Of the nine boys of this class still alive, eight met their wives in college. Four of these have considerably passed and two are approaching their Golden Wedding, two have lived with their wives twelve and twenty-eight years respectively, and one is a widower. These nine raised thirty-three children and have forty grandchildren."

Among the later classes, 1907 will serve as an example. In this class of one hundred and forty-seven members, forty-five, or nearly one-third, found husbands and wives in college. Or coming down to my own class, of only four years ago—although our record as a whole is

*Figures from a report of the U. S. Bureau of Education, year of 1927–28.

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not yet available—I find that among twenty girls with whom I have kept in touch, eleven are either married or engaged to men they met in college.

But does all this necessarily mean that the co-ed is more likely to marry? A bulletin of the *Journal of Heredity*, comparing figures over the same period of years for alumnæ of Wellesley and alumnæ of leading co-educational institutions, shows a distinct trend in favor of the co-ed. The figures are as follows: Wellesley, 44 per cent, and Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio State, Oberlin, California, Kansas Agricultural College, and Iowa State, respectively, 44.5, 46.8, 57, 58.9, 60.1, 63.5, and 69 per cent.

If the premise is true, why is it?

The situation of the woman's college graduate was very well summarized by "A College Wife," writing of "College Girls and Marriage," in the April SCRIBNER'S, who concluded that her marriage chances were seriously jeopardized on three counts: first, that her stay-at-home sisters had snapped up all the eligible young men; second, that the ones she did meet were apt to "shy" at a college girl; third, that her requirements of a man were pretty hard to satisfy. Truly, a discouraging state of affairs!

But let us look at the co-ed. First and obvious is the fact that she has not been segregated for four years from all young men of her own age. She has, on the contrary, if she is normally interested and fairly presentable, been constantly enlarging her acquaintance among them—and still more important, many of these young men will be not merely playmates of leisure hours, but friends tried and true, comrades and fellow-sharers in the vicissitudes of four years.

I am quite aware that all this freedom of contact among boys and girls is regarded as one of the chief objections to co-education in the minds of many parents. They feel that the constant presence of so many young men will prove a distraction to Mary which may have serious consequences. To this I can only say that if Mary is so silly and sentimental she will not be popular on the co-ed campus anyhow—and that if you attempt to thwart her romantic tendencies by shutting her up with other females, she will probably work them off by eloping with the clerk in the college drug-store. There is nothing more striking to the observer of co-ed relationships than their freedom from sex-consciousness. The attitude of the social world tends to foster this consciousness, the co-educational college tends to eliminate it. In his book "Life in College" Dean Gauss of Princeton University corroborates this statement. He says (chapter on "Romance in College"), "Sex is not now, as some persons suppose, a more important element in the relations of boy and girl . . . it is less so. It has become incidental where once in spite of, indeed because of, all Mrs. Grundy did to cloak and hide it, it remained central."

The second difficulty of the woman's college graduate was finding that men were "afraid of her." This will probably not be true of the co-ed for two reasons—first, that the men she knew in college form a large part of her acquaintance (and they are about as afraid of her as are her own brothers); second, because other men will not sense in her attitude an unfortunate something often characteristic of the girl who has learned to think of men not as a part of everyday life but as something esoteric, to be cultivated in moments of recreation. And the co-ed will, on the average and more consistently, keep herself more attractive. Flat-heeled and spectacled she may be (it is often the penalty of pursuing sweetness and light), but she is accustomed to looking her best at all times. The mutual respect in the co-educational order demands it.

The third count against the woman's college girl was that she would be too hard to please. Will the co-ed have the same difficulty? I think she will not have so much. Not that her standards will be less high. Naturally she will not be satisfied, either, with a man intellectually inferior. But her expectations of men in other respects will be, shall I say, less idealistic and more human. She will be better able to appreciate masculine values, for she knows men, not theoretically or in the abstract, but as they are.

So much for the co-ed's chances of marrying at all. What is the likelihood of her "living happily ever after" if she does?

A recent article by Rita S. Halle in *Good Housekeeping* points out that while the proportion of divorces for the whole United States for a recent period of years was one in every nine, those among people who had met in college were only one in seventy-five. Such figures as I have been able to obtain would point to an even smaller ratio, so small, in fact, as to be practically negligible. Our alumni office is able to report only five known divorces among the entire 8,000 living alumni. A thorough investigation would doubtless disclose more, but making all allowance for the fact that a divorce is not joyously published abroad as good news, the number, for a college noted as a match factory, would still be amazingly low.

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The reasons are not hard to discover. Many commonly listed causes of divorce are practically eliminated at the start in a college romance. For instance, we are told that many marriages fail because one or the other party has not had wide enough acquaintance among the other sex to serve as a basis of choice. This certainly could not be true of any boy or girl who had spent four years in the campus-community of a thousand or so young men and women. Another frequent cause of unhappiness is the disillusionment following a brief idyllic courtship. The campus is no Arcady, and affords plenty of opportunities to discover the worst as well as the best of one's friends. Nor is abnormal jealousy apt to poison the heart of any one who is used to seeing all his friends, men and women alike, meeting daily in the camaraderie of college. The co-ed, again, will never be the woman who has "failed to hold her husband's interest" because she has ceased to grow with him—for the co-ed is used to "keeping step." And she will probably not find in her husband that dangerous "sense of the inferiority of women" that the psychologists warn us about—for such as he ever had must be shaken, at least, by the time he has met women as equals for four years, and seen their achievements, intellectual and otherwise, rated as high as his own, or even higher. Nor is "lack of community of interest" likely to prove a dividing rock, for both will find too many common interests developing from those four years.

One more thing I wish to mention as a cause of much unhappiness, which is, I believe, extremely uncommon in a college-made marriage. That is the over-emphasis of and dependence on the physical element. Contrary to a good deal of lurid fiction on the subject, sexy relationships are not regarded as *comme il faut* on the campus as I know it. An absence of sex-consciousness, rather, as I have explained above, is the rule. Sticky "soul-communing" and public pawings are looked upon with definite distaste. Even those with a penchant for private petting parties find it a bit difficult of indulgence where such a feeling (and a reasonable house-closing hour for women) prevails.

Here, I suppose, I encounter protest. "Why, every one knows," you exclaim, "that there is a great deal of that sort of thing, and of actual immorality, in our larger universities." No doubt there is more than at the privately endowed schools where, with a less unwieldy and more homogeneous student body, it is easier to exercise some supervision and to create some *esprit de corps*. Doctor Clarence C. Little, former president of the University of Michigan, in a recent address to summer students at Columbia decried co-education as one of the evils in our colleges to-day. It is significant, however, that he found no evil inherent in co-education itself. His score against it was that it was "unsafe under present conditions"—chief of these conditions being the unrestricted use of liquor and automobiles. But these conditions are being remedied. Our colleges are rapidly coming to realize that liquor and the automobile have no place in any educational régime. Princeton, Penn State, Swarthmore, and Oberlin are among those which have already prohibited student ownership and operation of automobiles. Colgate permits them only to upper-classmen. As the same speaker said, "Liquor and automobiles are abused by students rather than used wisely. . . . It is kinder to restrict those privileges than to expect boys and girls to be everything we ourselves won't and cannot be."

Co-education has still, of course, a long way to go, and there remain other problems. One is that of too early marriage. In discussing the factors toward married happiness for co-educated persons, I have assumed that both are willing to wait, not only to finish the task in hand, but also to establish their home on a reasonably sound economic basis. Most of the couples I know were willing to do this. But it is, of course, inevitable that some will not, and that disaster is apt to follow. I should say, however, that the break-down, if it comes, will be financial or physical and not emotional. The one such couple I know, married before their senior year, have been in a constant state of struggle, deprivation and indebtedness ever since, but they still seem happy together. In other words, I believe, though they may regret their impatience, they still have a devotion deep enough to carry them through.

It is becoming increasingly difficult, with the frequent isolation of the individual in a complex economic society, for many persons to meet "their own kind." A recent article in SCRIBNER'S, "Wives by Mail," evoked a surprisingly appreciative response from just such men and women, intelligent, educated people who simply had not had a chance to meet "the right one." Does not co-education offer a much more natural opportunity for real acquaintance? It has been said that the very obviousness of any "object, matrimony" scheme defeats its own purpose.

Co-education, of course, is not for every one. It would not be of any particular value to the

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determined ascetic. It is not for the man who wishes his masculine superiority to remain uncontested, nor the sweet young thing who wishes simply to be allowed to "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam." But for the normal, the healthy, young man and woman who expect some day to create a home and spend the greater part of life in close association with a member of the other sex, and who hope to establish that relationship on a basis of mutual reliance, understanding, and respect, in the modern "shoulder-to-shoulder" conception of husband and wife—for him and for her the co-educational college offers an invaluable schooling in the achievement of exactly that sort of much-desired adjustment.

Do Our Engineers in Russia Damage America?

By WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER

American engineers working in Russia are on trial. Not by Russia but by America. In brief, they are being accused of contributing to the downfall of America by helping the Bolsheviks.

As one of the accused, I wish to enter a defense and offer a counter-argument. Are Americans who work for Soviet State Trusts actually harming America? Is it not possible that they are helping rather than sabotaging our home industries?

The majority of Americans working in Russia are there because of economic necessity. It is a case with them of having a job with the Soviets instead of elsewhere. We can eliminate these from the discussion and confine ourselves to the engineers who are offered attractive fees and salaries because they are authorities in some specialized field.

In this roster of large firms and important individuals who are working under the so-called "Technical Aid" contracts, we find some of the outstanding engineers and companies of America. They are either now or have been in the past engaged in giving the most advanced of our technical knowledge and the benefit of our finest scientific and practical experience to the State Trusts of the Soviets. Among these are General Electric, Ford, Austin, Albert Kahn, Colonel Cooper, Calder, Campbell, Stuart, James & Cooke, McKee & Co.

These firms and individuals are giving or have given to Russia their patents, working plans, supervision and instruction. General Electric has shown the "Red Menace" how to develop its light electrical industry—how to make Mazda lamps, for example. Ford has given the Soviets his patents and his plans. Austin is building line-production plants to turn out cars and tractors. Kahn is giving them the best of American plant and factory architecture; Cooper, the latest achievements in American hydro-electric and dam design; Calder, the latest in factory erection and steel-mill construction; Campbell, how to grow wheat by mechanized, large-scale methods; Stuart, James & Cooke, modernizing the Soviet coal industry; McKee, building what will be the largest iron smelting and steel-making project in all Europe. Are all these, and a score of others, equally prominent in their respective fields, really sabotaging American industry? Are they really being "penny wise and pound foolish," giving impetus to the creation of a monster which some day will turn and rend them?

Let us examine the complaint. It is argued that by giving the Soviets the best of our technic and experience we are: (1) eliminating the chance for a future market in return for a slight temporary advantage; (2) by instructing them in our methods of production, we are building up future competition for home industry; (3) by teaching them how to improve the quality of their products and at the same time rationalizing their costs and large-scale production methods, we are creating dan-

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gerous competition to American export trade; (4) we are placing Russia on a self-supporting basis, which not only will eliminate any chance of our selling them in the future, but we are putting Russia in such shape that she can carry on her avowed war against Capitalism here and everywhere. In other words we are lending aid to an admitted enemy of all those institutions which are dear to the average American.

In regard to the first point, it is indeed true that in helping the Soviets fulfil the Five Year Plan we are going to sacrifice some future markets. But it is the intent of the Plan, as I see it, primarily to build up their heavy industries. It appears to me, after a careful study of all the factors involved, both here and in Russia, that making them self-sufficient in regard to, let us say, steel, would have an undoubted effect upon potential German, Polish, even French and English steel orders; but little or no effect upon ours. Nor could we hope to ship them electric-light bulbs. But by teaching them to make the bulbs, and thereby creating a demand for everything electrical (turbo-generators, dynamos, automatic switchboard equipment and the like) we may be able to sell them some of these concomitants in the future as at present. We must not forget that Russia, with its 160,000,000 population, covering one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, cannot forever be kept a dark, unenlightened nation. That such backward nations have constituted and still do constitute possibly the greatest single menace to world peace has always been axiomatic. By helping Russia to become self-supporting with respect to its heavy industries and raw-material supply, we automatically create a demand for other commodities for the development of which the Soviets have neither time nor money. It is true that the Bolsheviks will no longer buy our tractors, but when and if they are able to build their own (and I will discuss that "if" later on), then they will have the purchasing power and the desire to buy possibly radios, phonographs, and so forth. When they have learned to make Fords, they will be able to buy Buicks or Packards. In other words, the "silk-stocking" phase of communism has been promised the proletariat and Moscow must make good. The day of reckoning comes in a communistic system of economics, just as surely as it does in our capitalistic one. Human nature is much the same the world over. Granting the Euro-Asiatic psychology of the Russian people—and it *is* more oriental than occidental—the promises of the millennium at the end of the five years of belt-pulling sacrifice, must be made good. We may lose the sale of those commodities which we have taught them to make. But we will have created a demand for those other commodities which Russia for the first time in her history will be able to afford. And 160,000,000 people constitute a huge market for "silk-stockings."

The second point in the indictment against American engineers who are aiding Russia is the pièce-de-résistance of the school of thought in this country which I am pleased to call the "Russiaphobes." The adherents of this school become nothing short of panic-stricken at the mention of the word Russia. They visualize the world flooded with a stream of commodities, raw and manufactured, turned out by virtually a slave labor, with no interest on capital to be considered and under wholly unfair conditions of trade. My answers to this point of the indictment are: First, as I have pointed out above, the promise to the proletariat cannot be indefinitely postponed in its fulfilment. The Russian people will not consent to continue, once the Five Year Plan is finished, without meat, eggs, white flour and decent clothes. I personally experienced the passive resistance on the part of peasant and worker of early 1930. And to bear out this contention of mine, simply witness the back-down evidenced in recent policy changes emanating from Moscow. First, the releasing of pressure on the peasant to bring him into the co-operatives, Spring, 1930. Next, the instituting of piece-work, overtime and bonus payments. The "greater reward for greater effort" principle recently pronounced by Stalin. Finally, the continually recurring rumor that rationing of all commodities is soon to cease and that the open markets are to be extended indefinitely. All proving that the day is ever drawing nearer when the proletarian belly must be filled with foodstuffs and not promises; his body covered with clothing, not rags; his life made fuller and better with radios, gramophones, and some fun, instead of propaganda.

But this second point can also be answered in this way. High tariffs, even discriminatory and arbitrary, can be and have been raised to protect home markets. When Germany became flooded with Russian matches a complete embargo was erected. English merchants are refusing to trade in Russian dairy products. I saw signs all over Berlin to the effect: "Don't buy Russian butter and eggs; Russian babies are starving for want of them." Tariff walls, embargoes and prejudice can and do protect home industries.

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Even the above two answers to those that fear a flooding of domestic markets with Soviet merchandise are not the crux of the situation as I see it. American engineers can build plants in Russia. They can equip them. But can the Russians run these plants after the American has finished his work and departed for home? That is a horse of a different color. Those of us who have worked with the Soviet know only too well the inherent procrastination of the Russian temperament, the love of reports, dissertations, meetings, the cumbersome red tape which exists with every phase of communist industry. There are always half a score of variants in preparing plans before a plant is built and constant changing of technical norms, vacillation in respect to policy, to product, to personnel. There is unbelievable squandering of the blood-sweated proletarian rouble and all-precious valuta due to lack of administration ability and confidence in their advisers. A recent dispatch in the New York *Times* was entirely given over to Mr. Calder's complaints to Moscow that for three months he has been merely drawing salary; that everything he has recently attempted to do has been vitiated; that the Russian engineers avoid him and refuse even his advice; that everything he has done has been voided and blocked.

My own connection with the Soviets began in 1928, when I was approached by them to make the preliminary drawings for a large asbestos extraction plant. A second contract in the following year involved a several months' consulting trip to Russia. At the conclusion of that work I was asked to undertake a third contract in direct supervisory capacity over the Plan as applied to the asbestos mining and milling industry. I had the same experience as Mr. Calder.

I know of one of the largest of the American firms rendering technical aid which has disgustedly pulled out of Russia, lock, stock and barrel. Mr. Stuart's report about the coal industry, written as an open message in the official communist party organs, is already history. Every American knows that just as soon as the Russian attains the first rudimentary grasp of the subject, he immediately feels he can "run the show" without the aid of the foreign technician. And engineers are born, not made. To turn out technical personnel to run these beautiful plants which we have built and are building is not a matter of mere months, nor a couple of years left for the fulfilment of the Plan. It requires first suitable material, then sufficient training facilities and above all a half generation of *time*. Education does not make the engineer nor technical worker. Experience, long and practical working knowledge, must be added to the ingredients of natural aptitude plus technical knowledge, before a suitable operating personnel can be built up. And there are serious doubts in my mind, in view of two years' experience in Russia, as to whether the Russian temperament is *psychologically able* to master the intricacies and administration requirements of American line-production with the attendant highly mechanized co-ordination of processes required. Give the Russian worker a job to do alone, where no "passing of the buck" is possible, no division of responsibility, no possibility of the eternal "nichevo," and he'll do it well. But it's an entirely different matter where fine co-ordination and co-operation are required. Then there arises the opportunity for singing, smoking and the ever-present bickering. What I have just said was ever to be observed in our own work with the asbestos industry. It is especially emphasized in the stragglingly inadequate production of tractors, after one of the world's finest tractor plants was turned over by the American engineers to the operating personnel.

What I have said in defense of the American engineer in these first two of our four indictments applies equally to the third. The markets of the capitalistic world, here at home as well as in export trade, requires the finest and "last-word" in everything. Price is only a factor when corresponding quality is considered. The quality of Soviet production in everything but raw commodities (which I have pointed out will largely be required for home consumption) has hardly been competitive. The few agricultural machines placed "on exhibit" in European markets are virtually hand-made machines. As soon as quantity production is attempted, as in the case of tractors, the product is not only inferior, but in many instances, impossible. I have heard first-hand from American engineers who have seen them and conducted the tests, that the Soviet-built tractor went to pieces, literally, in seventy-two hours of operation. I have worked with the products of the Russian electrical works, motors, and the like. They are not only heavier per horsepower developed, but in some cases actually faulty in design as well as manufacture. We copied a machine especially developed for the asbestos industry. The finished product looked and operated no more like the Canadian-made original than red looks like white.

And lastly, both in respect to export market as well as to our internal one, the demand for new goods is omnipresent. The capitalistic

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countries have been "spoiled" in regard to demanding ever-changing styles and mechanical improvements. Nothing is stationary, everything is in constant state of flux. As fast as Russia learns how to make the Model A Ford, the genius from Detroit bearing that name will have given the world markets Model B, if not even Models C, D, and E. As fast as they master the technic of large-scale, mechanized production of raw commodities, we will have improved our own technic out of all proportion to the speed with which the Russians learn and are training their personnel. We have taught them to hook up two combines to one tractor in their wheat production; now we here in America have already developed and are operating three. We build them copper-flotation plants and already here in this country we find leaching methods coming to the fore. And we must not forget that machinery wears out, particularly so when unskilfully operated and badly maintained. In many factories in Russia, it is my firm belief that by the time they are really organized for smooth production, a frightful amount of replacement will be necessary. And replacement for which reserves are being set up in Russian roubles, not in gold. If the same applies to all industries, where will be the end of the vicious circle thus created?

One more thought about export markets being jeopardized. Countries trade with one another not only on a basis of price and quality. Foreign trade also depends largely upon expediency, diplomatic, political and financial. It requires financing, and a machinery necessary thereto.

Now for the indictment that we are helping Russia to wage a future war on the rest of the world and particularly on the institutions which we here in America cherish. This can be answered equally briefly. At any time the Bolshevik threat becomes too violent, there will be either a revision of our economic and sociological system to meet the threat, or there will arise a concerted action on the part of all other nations to combat a spread of communistic sphere of power. The recent events in connection with Germany bring out what I mean to imply.

And further to answer this fourth indictment against the American engineer working for the Soviets, I now come to my real, though brief, defense:

If we American engineers didn't help them somebody else would. So we might as well teach them Yankee methods, make the Russian "America-minded," sell them American equipment when we design and build their plants, make, as we have done, "Amerikanski Tempo" a by-word in Russia, and plant the seeds for a tremendous potential and future demand for American goods. Every American in Russia is an ambassador. And we maintain ambassadors, as I see it, primarily to establish good-will—*i. e.*, to sell our merchandise.

Predominance

By J. B. L. Goodwin

Seldom has the sun shone quite so pure.
One feels, in spite of wind, its quiet cure
attack the deepest muscles of the back.
It makes men speak of settled things or play
games in the wind or sit and say
to one "There is no sun in Hackensack."

If suddenly, quite suddenly, the sea should come
over the slopes, run down the plain and numb
the level land, the sun would stay the same.
But those who rode and raced around a curve
or tennis players as they reached to serve
would of a sudden yell and stop their game.

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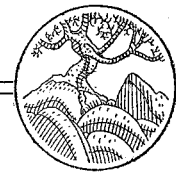

The New Morality in the Colleges

By CHRISTIAN GAUSS

A new spirit is evident in the young people of to-day. Although through with the excesses of the Jazz Age, let no one suppose that American youth has returned to the ways of its fathers. The Dean of the College at Princeton analyzes the new attitude of youth toward the world.

A good many years ago the late President Eliot of Harvard startled many of his readers with the statement that during the last hundred and fifty years more significant changes had taken place in our general attitude and habits of life than during all the rest of the Christian era. Whether he was right or wrong, a large group of historians and sociologists have come to accept this view and put forward as an established first principle the doctrine of the "acceleration of change." As one index of this newer phase of civilization, instead of writing history by centuries they do so by decades. The contagion has spread to contemporary writers like Thomas Beer, for whom the conventions, manners, and customs of the 1890's —of the Mauve Decade—are more outlandish and remote than to the historian of 1850 were the conventions, manners, and customs of the Pilgrim Fathers two centuries before.

Historians of this newer type are already discussing the accomplishments or futilities of the 1920's and are weighing in their critical balances what we are all tired of hearing called the *Revolt of Youth*. It is assumed by many that the leaders in that already old-fashioned movement have grown tired of shocking their elders and that they have shamefacedly surrendered their advanced positions. It is sometimes hoped, it is even taken for granted, that these once obstreperous young men and women have now folded their tents like the Arabs and have silently stolen away. To draw this conclusion, however, is to overlook the true nature of the recent and perhaps still continuing schism between youth and age. It is true that in many ways the revolt seems to have ended but it is probably safer to assume that it has transformed itself. It is at least worth considering whether it has not already entered upon a new and a much more serious phase.

There are not a few indications that the young are turning the tables on the old. They are not only talking back but in certain groups, at least, they are seriously drawing up acts of accusation, as the French say, against their forebears. I shall mention later a few of their charges but if the groups that make these accusations continue to increase, it must be taken to indicate that the young men in the colleges are already quite busy in altering their own, and possibly our, moral outlook upon life.

We must all realize that there are dangers involved in all such attempts to cali-

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brate the social changes which take place in ten-year periods. At the risk, however, of playing into the hands of overzealous watchers of our social horizons, let us review the situation and then examine for a moment what this newer morality in the colleges may portend. All of us will agree that by 1930 we were thoroughly tired of discussing "Flaming Youth." This is true of the young as well as of their elders. Eight and ten years before, we had heard of it on every hand. In their flutter over departures from previous custom, old ladies of both sexes allowed themselves to descend to depths of quite unladylike denunciation. In their own language the young took all this lying down. In spite of all that was said against them they were still too respectful of age and the feminine sex to reply. It is true, as we have seen, that the years between have not healed the breach, but it has become customary to assume that what was then a war of movement of the old against the young has degenerated into a stalemate, a trench warfare in which each side is content to maintain its positions. This is only a part, perhaps a small part, of the truth. Something better or worse, certainly something more serious, seems now to be in process.

In the older indictments of Flaming Youth, the target of attack was usually the bobbed-haired, short-skirted flapper who dangled a cigarette from rouged lips and aired her legs on fraternity-house or country-club porches until such time as the fit seized her to grab her boy friend, whisk him off to his runabout, and through darkening highways speed off to unspeakable roadhouses where no self-respecting chaperone would or could follow her. The chaperone, incidentally, no matter how self-respecting, was usually not even invited. She was given to understand that she did not belong and that youth could be happy without old-fashioned respectabilities. All this was heralded as something quite Babylonian. Even those whose own youth had been spent in an age when our best cities had their red-light districts, saw in this phenomenon not only the end of an era but the breakdown of civilization.

Let us in all candor admit that the flapper or her younger sister is still with us. She has lengthened her skirts but she has not done so, alas, out of any desire to conciliate Mrs. Grundy, but only because she finds the flowing curves more becoming to her slim sprightliness and because she believes them more appealing, perhaps even more sex-appealing, to her youthful escort. She still has her lipstick and uses it in public. She has, fortunately, not yet taken up with the more masculine, and therefore more respectable, cigar, but she still smokes cigarettes, and in such volume that some makers in their advertising find it worth their while to appeal to her exclusively. With a wry face, so I am told, she even continues to sip her bad gin.

To the disappointment of some, the overheralded Babylonian breakdown of civilization which the flapper was to bring is still in the offing. That particular crash we have been spared. The heavens have not fallen, and now in pajamas the defiant little flapper still goes her provocative way. This pert little gold-digger continues to do her flagging best to keep up that wave of spending which created our fat prosperity.

Another crash, however, has actually come. It has come from a quite unexpected quarter. It is beginning to assume such proportions that many of our modern pundits much less finicky than old Mrs. Grundy are beginning to talk sadly about a collapse of the political and economic order. "Capitalism," they tell us on every hand, is on trial. Since Oc-

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tober, 1929, we have been increasingly conscious that we are living in a world of breadlines, of soup kitchens, of half-time, of forbidding tariffs, of reparations, and unsettling war debts, of interminable but ever-lengthening lines of hungry and sad-faced unemployed. What will perhaps be known as The Depression has been blamed upon a hundred different things and persons. In our feverish hunt for scapegoats, curiously enough about the only ones who have so far escaped are the flapper and her young male friends so heavily under fire only a few years ago. They could, were they ill-mannered enough to do so, stand off and thumb their noses at their elders and in their turn say, "Whose civilization is collapsing now?" It would be unfair to say that they rejoice in the general misfortune. It is, however, true that in this war of the generations, of the old against the young, the rôles are reversed and a counter-attack has begun.

In periods when new social attitudes are in process of formation, it is difficult to gauge what is happening beneath the surface, but straws will sometimes tell in which direction the deeper waters are flowing. Last spring a meeting of undergraduates and professors drawn from colleges and universities in all parts of the country was held to discuss those questions of morals and religion with which their organization is particularly concerned. In connection with one part of their programme the discussion, however, persisted in running into international politics. Things seemed rather jumbled, and to get the discussion back to fundamentals a middle-aged professor felt called upon to explain the circumstances under which we entered the war in 1917. He spoke with a sense of patriotic pride. What struck his older listeners most painfully was that his remarks were received in icy silence and aroused no trace whatever of that sympathetic response which a similar talk before a similar group would have stirred even five years ago. To the older members of that conference the result was disappointing. It was quite as disappointing to his younger listeners. A small group of them continued to discuss the matter after the morning's meeting had adjourned. Really to be moral, one of these undergraduates held, an action had to do somebody some good. He could not see that our entrance into the war had done any good to anybody, not even to ourselves. If we went in "to make the world safe for democracy," our entrance was a dead loss. Democracies never disappeared so fast as after we had won that war. They went into the hands of receivers. Dictatorships were never so common and the most striking political phenomena since the war are Russia and Italy. Though one-hundred-percenters have approved Mussolini's strong-arm methods, this young man held that he had not seen either of them given any very high rating as democracies.

This youth was evidently expressing the feeling of his group, for the other undergraduates in the party took the same attitude and held that everybody, winners and losers, were considerably worse off than they were before the war. When it was explained to them by another of their elders that this often happened in an imperfect world and that material losses should not be balanced against spiritual gains, "That is quite true," another of these young men admitted, "but everybody over there now is worse off for a particular reason. They owe us money and we are making them scrape the bottom of the pan to pay us." Foreign governments had agreed to pay, we could hold them to it if we liked, even if they were in a very bad way. That was recognized business morality.

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We had a right to ask for our pound of flesh, but there was no use in sugar-coating all this with spiritual considerations. Every undergraduate in the group agreed with him; they did not wish to have these quite legitimate practical considerations complicated by all this talk of a war to end war and of making the world safe for democracy. This, it should be remembered, was some months before President Hoover issued his call, not for a reconsideration of war debts, which was specifically excluded, but for a moratorium at the brink of another international crevasse, when we found our debtors clearly could not pay. This gesture has promptly been interpreted by our moral jingoes as an act proving once again America's finer sense of international as well as national morality. The tone of that undergraduate discussion would, however, have made any impartial listener fairly certain that at next year's meeting of this same intercollegiate conference very few of these young men will have changed their attitude because of this eleventh-hour action taken in a moment of financial desperation. They feel that a good war is one in which everybody loses. A war out of which anybody expects to get his money back is to them no war at all. One of these youths put the case quite succinctly for all of them when he told us, with ill-concealed annoyance, that what made them sick was to see us Americans pin all these patriotic roses on ourselves. If we had any excess moral fervor, let's use it to clean up Chicago and New York before we started talking big to London, Paris, and Berlin. The old-fashioned patriotic pride of their elders was evidently being heavily discounted. It looked as if our troubles were not merely financial and that we were in for a period of considerable moral deflation as well.

There is, of course, a danger in taking too seriously the statements of any single group of undergraduates, though it should be remembered that these young men had probably never seen each other before, that they came from different institutions, and that their unanimity of view seemed to be the result of general spiritual forces, if they may be called so, operating throughout the colleges.

Many of their elders, who saw the war with other eyes, may not like this. They will decide that this new realism is too idealistic for any good use. That there is a change, however, in the attitude of representative young men and women toward political problems, that it is in general much less sentimental and much more realistic will be borne in upon any one who attends the annual meeting of the Model League of Nations set up by the American colleges. If a poll were taken of two hundred representative Americans aged fifty or above, there are many indications that a heavy majority of them would stand for a policy of American isolation. Such at least was the case last year. While this is the attitude of their elders, the college students themselves are unobtrusively sending delegates to their own annual meetings of this Model League. These young men and women have made themselves thoroughly familiar with the methods by which the actual League functions. Their knowledge of its various commissions and instrumentalities is surprising. Though they are often severely critical of details, they do not seem to question in the least that here is a method of solving international problems, and they seem thoroughly convinced that in ten or twenty years the America which will then be theirs will solve them in this way. Such experiences, which I am sure almost any professor in any college can parallel, may be taken to indicate that new ferments are stirring, that a change is brewing.

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A few days after the meeting of the Model League of Nations, I met again a very able and intelligent young man, now an assistant professor in one of our smaller colleges, who had sat in on some of the meetings. He is one of those whose undergraduate course was interrupted by two years of voluntary war service in France. When I asked him whether he had noticed any change in the undergraduate attitude, he was emphatic. Undergraduates to-day were far less nationalistic than they were even two years ago. "I would not dare tell them now," he confessed, "how I felt, or try to give them the reasons or emotions that moved me to enlist in the spring of 1917. They put us all in the same boat with the young German who fought for Germany, the Frenchman who fought for France, and the Russian who fought for Russia. We did what our governments were asking us to do and we all suffered from the same war hysteria. There are, of course, students who do no thinking of their own and some who are jingoes by parentage, but many of them, and I am afraid this includes the ablest, come dangerously near being internationally minded. No decision of an American government is sacrosanct to them, not even one that led us into war. This means that they are disinclined to consider seriously the pronouncements of our official national leaders. Although Pershing's record of the prowess of American arms abroad was available to them in the daily press, for one able undergraduate who has read and accepted Pershing, I believe you will find five whose idea of the war is drawn from the account of a disillusioned German, Remarque's 'All Quiet on the Western Front,' or from the story of an American hero who deserts from the Italian front, Hemingway's 'A Farewell to Arms.'" My friend told me this somewhat ruefully. He did not altogether approve, but repeated that if called upon to state what in his opinion was the most significant change in the attitude of the abler college students, he would have to find it in this new internationalism.

Two facts distress many of us who regard ourselves as patriotic Americans of the older school. They tend to bear out my young friend's conclusions on the spread of this new internationalism. Repeatedly in the last two years it has become painfully evident that difficulties are arising between undergraduates and their elders over the character of proposed War Memorials. It is usually older alumni and trustees who gather the funds to establish such memorials to the men who "made the supreme sacrifice," who laid down their lives for our country in the World War. This new internationalism is represented by a minority but an ever-increasing minority of undergraduate spokesmen or editors of college papers. They protest against excluding the names of any students or graduates of the college who died fighting in the ranks of our quondam "enemies." Some undergraduates hold in nearly every case that these young men though fighting for the Central Powers made the supreme sacrifice quite as fully and that their names should be included in the Roll of Honor. This was the case, for instance, in the recent discussions at Harvard and at Cornell.

The other index is of a slightly different kind but may be taken as one more straw to show in which direction these deeper currents are flowing. Any one who will take pains to ask a college librarian what serious books their undergraduate clients are reading will be told that volumes about Russia stand high in that list. In many colleges they stand first, outranking even treatises upon the progress of science, enthusiasm for whose triumphs outside of medicine seems to have cooled somewhat in the

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past two years. Any one who discusses contemporary problems with college students cannot fail to be struck by the fact that not only do they read about Russia but that they do so in quite a different temper from that which characterized their predecessors of 1915 or 1925. This does not mean that many of them are Communists or Bolsheviks. I have never met one, for instance, who approved of the G. P. U. They are, however, from the standpoint of 1917, strangely open-minded. They approach political, social, and economic problems without nationalistic preconceptions. To them there is nothing in the least outlandish about a Hindu or a Russian system. So far as their judgments upon them are concerned, Gandhi or Stalin might as well be campus characters. Undergraduates have become as realistic in dealing with foreign or domestic politics as they were accused of being in dealing with sex. Many of them have lifted all taboos, even the patriotic taboo. Companionate marriage, the divine right of kings, capitalism, sovietism, are being tested out by the same dispassionate yardstick. We might dismiss this without serious concern as one more undergraduate vagary except for one disturbing factor. Behind all this they seem to have found a new morality which they accuse their elders of never having recognized.

The nub of this whole question lies in a difference between the older and newer attitude, and a slight exaggeration of both may help to indicate that difference. It is said that when Nathaniel Hawthorne received a letter from the young lady who later became his wife, he always washed his hands before opening it. In the colleges of the nineties we approached strictly American political and economic problems in somewhat this same attitude. We might, of course, accuse the opposing political party of perfidy to the high American cause but we never dreamed of putting foreign systems on a parity with our own or of accepting foreign example. The American political and economic systems were accepted not as quite human arrangements subject to revision, but as something in the nature of God-given establishments. Other nations who had them not were backward or even worse. They were regarded somewhat as the Crusaders regarded the paynims. They might at best be chivalrous enemies but they were essentially and fundamentally perverse, less good than we, since they had refused to accept the American revelation. Political righteousness and true Americanism were one and the same thing. It is this presupposition that has almost completely disappeared. Even about things American the undergraduate must be shown.

But what, some one will ask, has this to do with the flapper whom we left on her way to the road-house? She does not constitute an article of export and has never taken up with internationalism. In the general depression the stock of the flapper has also touched a new low for the post-war period. You cannot get the undergraduate excited by discussing her, or by bringing her upon the carpet and pointing at her with the bony finger of scornful age as an irrefutable index of moral degeneration among the young. Most of them think of the flapper, if they think of her at all, as a silly little thing of no great consequence. She does not matter one way or the other. She makes pretensions to being amusing but in reality wishes to have some one amuse her. That is natural and forgivable. Many of them have no time for her. Others have no objection to amusing themselves with her and will tell you, if you remonstrate, that it is not a matter of morals, but an affair that concerns only him and her. One of the strik-

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ing aspects of this new mentality, of this extension of the consciousness taking place in the colleges, is that it seems really to be begetting a new morality or a new and far more serious immorality, as you choose. For this type of young man no longer takes the criticism of his elders lying down. He fights back; he too is making serious accusations.

For a new morality, one of the troubles about all this is that it is suspiciously like a much older one. Youth is really growing conservative. The Church, in the beginning of the cathedral building age, in fact took much the same attitude. Institutions are more important than individuals, and Dante pushed sinners deeper and deeper into his Inferno in proportion as the social and political consequences of their sins were more far-reaching. That is why grafters and counterfeiters fare worse than misers or gluttons; and why Judas and Brutus and Cassius are at the bottom of the pit while Francesca da Rimini, as things go in Dante's hell, gets off rather lightly.

If you asked a group of these young men to state their grievances, to make them explicit, they would speak somewhat as follows. The old women of both sexes who fulminated against the flapper and the night club were not really moral. They were self-righteous, self-torturing, sour-faced Puritans. Self-righteousness is the cheapest and poorest brand of righteousness, as self-satisfaction is the poorest of all the satisfactions. To such self-righteousness and self-satisfaction many of them prefer almost any gentlemanly vice. They admit, of course, that there is an aspect of morality involved in the individuals' attitude toward sex and alcohol. But those who a few years ago saw in sex and alcohol the core and centre of all immorality were, they will tell you, often living in a narrow, complacent and fundamentally vicious world. Sins are serious, this new crowd holds, in proportion to their social effects, and an act which affects the doer alone is not as seriously or far-reachingly immoral as one that tends to beget injustice and ill-will or corruption in the city or state. It is worse to poison a community well than to take a swig out of your own gin-filled flask. Good citizenship, the kind that insists actively and effectively upon living in decent communities and under a social and economic system that is fair and just to all, is far more central to morality than is total abstinence. The older crowd who started the hue and cry against the poor flapper lived in cities which they as moral leaders should and could have governed, but which provided a happy hunting-ground for the grafter, gangster, hi-jacker, and racketeer. They were so deeply concerned with the private life of young Jim Jones whom they did not know that they took no effective interest in what might be called the public life of their own fellow citizens. Morally speaking they took their eye off the ball. They drew their profits out of an economic system that at a time when the country is overstocked with goods throws thousands into the breadlines. They believe in American isolation, no foreign entanglements, no League of Nations. Any of these new dispensation undergraduates will tell them that a selfish nationalism is morally out of date. This older crowd that has the late war, the heyday of the racketeer and six million unemployed to its credit, is right in defending the American system. It needs defenders. But, for Heaven's sake, this new group will tell you, have them lay off young Jim Jones and his little flapper friend. "We're fed up on it. In the language which their war brought into vogue, let them take to their dug-outs. We intend to change all that."

Mr. André Maurois, who probably knows college youth in this country as

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well as any of our foreign friends, lived in close contact with campus life and feeling in 1927 and again in 1930–31. He was quite conscious that on our campuses a change was taking place in what might be called the moral disposition of our young men and women. He has recorded his impressions of these changes in a series of articles published in France and in our own country. They have been widely and favorably commented upon in the college press. Undergraduate editors agree that there has been such a change, and their general attitude toward this whole problem may be gathered from the following summation which recently appeared in one of our representative college dailies.

"The attitude of 'live and let live,' which has tended to replace the former extreme self-assertiveness, constitutes a step toward a most desirable goal. We can well hope that this trend toward tolerance and culture will enjoy its deserved permanence. If it does, despite material hardships, we may thank the depression for engendering in our national personality a more mature outlook on some phases of life."

Those who are inclined to measure social changes by ten-year periods can now safely conclude that the Post-War Era ended in October, 1929. What will happen to this seemingly new movement that began with the depression the years ahead must decide.

Testament

By Martha Keller

You in the dark,
Death, the long-sleeper,
Worm in the bark,
Root of the creeper,
Here are my bones—
Take and receive me.
Weigh them with stones.
Lay them and leave me.

Sealed with my sign,
Will of my choosing,
All that is mine,
All I am losing—
O rift in the leaf,
Rat in the rafter,
To you I bequeath
Now and hereafter:

Ripples that run
Over the river,
Sight of the sun,
Branches that shiver,
Even the kind
Earth, and the cleanness
Of the bud's blind
Thrust into greenness.

This was my peace,
This was my plenty,
Knowledge of these
Before I was twenty,
These—and the arm
Sleeping beside me,
Keeping me warm,
Trying to hide me.

Then how should a stone
Break or bereave me?
Love is my own.
And this you must leave me,
Or never a lip
Of mine shall be blighted.
Granite shall slip.
Wrong shall be righted.

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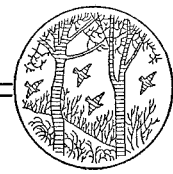

Farewell to Cuba

By JAMES GOULD COZZENS

A story by the author of "S. S. San Pedro," one of the favorites in the first Scribner's short-novel contest and a recent Book-of-the-Month selection

FROM the Calle Lamparilla the voices of the newsdealers crying late afternoon papers mounted at last to Martin Gibbs. In lengthening shadows, in sunlight diluted by a preparatory stir of evening air, these regularly chanted calls joined with the continuous hoot of taxi-horns and the hard squeal of applied brakes where the traffic came together three reckless ways under the soft weather-marked masses of the Christo Church. To Martin Gibbs it seemed a sound peculiarly Havana's. Surely nowhere else did they drive so impetuously, or raise a wail so drowsy and so sad over final editions. Similarly, you could not smell anywhere else the Havana smell, the blend of air-slacked lime, roasting coffee and spilled anisette; reinforced now with a perfume of flowers, now with breath of butcher-shops where the meat has been too warm all day. Although so many things had altered, things like that hadn't. Long, long ago Havana smelt and—though cars must have been few—managed to sound the same. Afternoon ended then as now, in sunlight limpid without being dim, clear and sad in its own way on ancient stone, on faded tints of colored plaster, and ribs of hoary tiles, red dulled to gray. The sky displayed a fine satin blue which it might be pleasant to touch. Martin Gibbs pushed back the tall shutters on the constricted hotel balcony and the familiar noises came a little louder.

On one of the beds Celia stirred and said without opening her eyes: "Martin."

"It's half past five, honey," he told her. "How do you feel?"

She murmured: "All right." Her tawny hair was soaked with perspiration. Moisture shone unmistakable on her face, catching in ugly, artificial pallor the light twice reflected; up from the street, down from the pale blue walls. Her body lay awkwardly, inert; wrapped in a damp and wrinkled dressing-gown of white silk. A vital energy which made her look always less than her age had ebbed very far; she looked more, now; over forty, certainly. Under the cool simplicity of her regular features and clear moderate coloring appeared a sharpness, a wasting of tissue which was drained of blood, and gray. Her arms were less slender than gaunt. Perhaps he felt some dismayed concern, for she protested suddenly, her eyes still closed: "Don't look at me. It must be awful."

Martin Gibbs said: "Never mind, honey. We'll be out of this to-morrow morning." His eyes had moved obediently

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away and he saw his own reflection in the shadowed pool of the mirror above the dressing-table. The heaviness of his big plain face was always a surprise to him. Except the bold, slightly bent nose, no feature of it looked like Martin Gibbs. The nose had always been that way, but not the lines slanting past the ends of his mouth. The Southern sun, relentless, had formed the wrinkles at the corners of his calm eyes. His hair had receded so far that the central point, where he parted it, formed a lonely, isolated projection on his sun-browned skull. He was reminded at once of the fact that he was getting old—forty-four, in fact.

He said aloud: "We should have done this ten years ago." It was an appeal to what might have been, and it was a mistake, he realized. It prodded up in him an impotent and puerile rage; he would like without any warning to break things, but he steadied himself, consciously restrained and temperate. Leaving Cuba at his time of life, he was in a way staking everything on his capacity for exact judgment, his competence and coolness when situations new and unavoidably difficult would face him. As for leaving before, he knew that was nonsense, not to be argued about. He was leaving now, getting Celia away. He had done it just as soon as he was able to see how things really stood. Being young prevented any such view up to a certain point. You could stand anything easily while you believed that a lot lay ahead. When you saw that nothing remained, that was different. No rubbish about the country or the climate getting you. Age was the same everywhere, getting every one, everywhere. A decade more, and age would have had him, fairly. Had him empty-handed. He had a positive, reassuring sense of his rightness in throwing it all up. There were thousands of careers and positions but only one life, and not much time left to be happy in it. He did look back at Celia now, and—for he himself had felt slowly safer and happier—he was jolted to see that her eyes were wet. While he watched, tears pushed slowly up through the closed lashes.

"Honey," he said, "what's the trouble?"

It was, of course, a silly thing to ask and it took her a minute by the distinct ticking of his watch to find any answer. Her lips, looking almost blue in the thin queer light, worked a little, finally tightened, stiff over her teeth, and she said huskily: "Martin, what are we going to do? We don't know any one in the North. We——"

She stopped it. Her courage was amazing; and Martin thought about such special qualities in her character with a wondering affection, a sort of harassed reverence. He wiped his forehead. "We've got some money," he said. "We're not poor. That's what matters."

Celia had none of most women's acute concern and sober practicality in such things. She was acquiescent, incurious; and for this he was grateful. There were difficulties which could only be made worse by explanations. "We have some money," he repeated. "There isn't a thing to worry about. Except getting away from here as soon as we can." He didn't, he told himself, actually believe that. He saw no limit to the things he must worry about; but they didn't dismay him. The platitudinous truth was so strong that he stated it: "As long as I have you they can't lick me. I won't have to, but I could start from the bottom, and in ten years——"

She moved her head in a minute gesture, as though of thanks or acknowledgment, rather than assent. She was nervous, and she was tired, but it wasn't in her to be difficult. A flood of tenderness and a moving gratitude heartened

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him. "Celia," he said, "why don't you have something to eat now? What would you like?" Practical questions helped him. Just in time they stopped a renewal, now helplessly on her behalf, of that congested feeling which rose with the sting of ridiculous tears to his eyes. The familiar useless anger, at what Cuba allied with the ruinous years had done to them, went down. He breathed again and repeated the question.

"Nothing," she said. "You go on. You mustn't be late." She did open her eyes now, a clear sad blue in her unhappy face. "I'll be all right. The heat and travelling. It's better for me not to eat anything."

He started to object, but the protest got not so far as words. Even in a matter like that he wanted her suddenly to have her way, to find things easy, to see him always on her side. "Can you sleep?" he said.

She nodded. "There's that medicine I could take if I didn't," she told him. "I hate to wake up and find it's not morning . . ."

"You've got some?" he said. She nodded. "Enough. I won't need it in the North." That was true, Martin told himself. Her health would unquestionably be better in another climate.

"I'll stay until you get to sleep," he offered, but she shook her head, settling back. "No. If you stay it will take longer." She moistened her lips and smiled. "Lock the door, darling, and don't let them bother me."

He came and kissed her damp forehead. Her arms seemed so thin, her face so taut, that he said: "I love you, Celia. More than anything."

She put a hand on his arm, with a sort of nod. "I love you, Martin, too. I wanted to leave Cuba, darling. It's all right. I'll be asleep in a minute. Have a good time."

He was startled by the phrase, the idea of leaving her there and "having a good time." Rejecting that, he was startled again to wonder what, if not a good time, he was going to have. Carriker, George Biehl, Homer Loren—he never had anything but a good time with them. If he did not expect a last pleasant evening, why should he see them at all? Locking the door from the outside, he stood a moment in the corridor with its windows on the small dingy patio.

It might be a mistake; when he was leaving it all it was silly to bother to see people without future significance, whatever the past had been. Probably, he thought (scoffing at his overmastering desire, since he did not seem to be able to struggle with it), it would be a bore for them, too. Only he knew better. Down here one kept friends. Even a man like Homer Loren, who had thousands of acquaintances, felt the fundamental loneliness. They drew together in defense. They fought off the underlying isolation of an atmosphere which no familiarity with the people, the language, the life and climate could change from the permanently alien.

This sentimental, almost silly aspect of it troubled him, Martin knew. He might have been making a furtive escape to personal safety from a sorely besieged and dangerous fort where every man's presence counted. Counted a great deal, for never had he himself seemed to want so much the comfort of shared memories, the security of long acquaintance. Though a deserter, though he didn't deserve to, going finally away; he must see their faces, hear their voices. He could not help looking a last time on what he had to show for the vanished years and the outworn youth, the Cuba of their common past.

Martin Gibbs walked down two flights of stairs paved with stained, cracked marble, tossed his key onto the narrow desk. His wife, he said, was

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sleeping; on no account to be disturbed. Outside the street was bright still with the level slant of the setting sun. He glanced at his watch and walked slowly.

"This is something like it!" Joe Carriker roared. "Martin, you old son-of-a-gun!"

Carriker was enormously heavy, with a face broad and brick-colored. His hair, of which he retained plenty, stood up over his shining forehead in a short gray ruff. Martin Gibbs shook hands with him, and then with Homer Loren, across the table. Homer was lean-faced, deeply brown from mornings on the Marianao sands. He owned and edited an English-language daily. *The Evening Mail* was famous for its warm defense of the Cuban Administration, and every one suspected that the government subsidized it, at least indirectly. The President's nephew was widely believed to be the author of the lead-editorials on local affairs. Some of its competitors were bitter, but Homer remained unmoved. He was rich now, for whatever reason; he was the only really prominent and influential man that Martin knew well in Cuba. "I see *The Wail* is worse than ever," Martin told him, happy.

"Ah," said Homer, "but did you see it to-night? You'd better buy a copy and frame it. I had them run a quarter inch on the front page lower right with a small head: 'Leading Santa Clara Banker Visits Havana.' No wonder the sheet is rotten."

Martin Gibbs nodded to him. "Much obliged for the buggy-ride," he acknowledged. It would be just as well, he saw, to get this matter over at once. "Only you're wrong as always. I'm not visiting. I'm on the way out. I'm leaving Cuba for good."

"It would certainly be for good, if true," agreed Homer. His oblong brown face cracked in a smile. "What did you do? Ask for a raise and get turned down? Or are you running off with some one else's wife? Tell Uncle Homer so he can have a beat for Life in American Circles."

"I'm through," said Martin. "That's all. Homer, are you too poor to buy a drink? If the worst came to the worst, I'd treat you."

"Made your fortune?" asked Homer agreeably. "Listen, Martin, do you mean it about going?"

"You heard me," Martin said. He took a cocktail glass from the waiter's approaching tray. "Never mind such elegant service, chico," he told the man; "just run back and throw the stuff together again. Mud in your eye," he said to Homer and Carriker, "and I hope you rot to a ripe old age down here."

"Well, can you tie that!" grunted Carriker. "I'll bet he really is going!"

"Why don't you stick on in Havana, Martin?" asked Homer Loren. Homer made a practice of avoiding surprise. His long brown face with the patches of wiry gray hair lying close on his oblong skull above his ears, far behind his temples, showed a certain alertness. "One would presume you understood figures," he said; "I'd risk it to the extent of a position in the Cuban-American Publishing Company. I expect to need a treasurer about next week. I can't say it has a future, but the present would be made about twice as good as anything your bank ever had."

"Thanks," agreed Martin, indifferent. Homer had the reputation for being singularly gifted in the choice of his executives. He would like to have Martin, and the generosity of his offer was flavored a little with his intelligent self-interest. "Thanks," repeated Martin, displeased by this realization, "that's nice of you, Homer. But I'm through with Cuba." He felt the gradual warmth of

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the cocktails in his stomach and it helped him over a natural moment of doubt, a fear that he might be a fool to face the unfriendly North after all these years. "Stay and rot," he said. "Lots of good men are doing it."

"You must have made money," decided Carriker, who sold automobiles and knew ways of spending what he made faster than he made it. "If I could get a dollar ahead, I'll bet I'd leave myself. Everything's going to the devil here. The tariff's going to bust every sugar-mill in the island."

"What do you know about it?" asked Homer. He was suddenly aggressive, as though a button marked "Future of Cuba" had been pushed, switching on power.

"Homer believes all that drivel he prints in *The Mail,*" Carriker said, recognizing it. "If people don't make money, they can't spend it. How you made yours, I'd like to know."

"You're crazy to go North if you haven't money, Martin," Homer said seriously. "When you've been away as long as you have it's no joke to break in."

"If the liquor doesn't kill you up there, the climate will," Carriker promised. "When you've been in the tropics over fifteen years your blood gets thin. Fact. Scientific fact. You'll get pneumonia the first winter and that's the end of you."

"Bunk," said Homer. "Never mind what you will get. What have you got now, in cash? If you're bound you're going, I'd lend you five or ten thousand. So don't high-hat me. How much cash have you got?"

"I've got some," said Martin. "I have enough for another drink, anyway."

"What you need is about a hundred thousand," said Homer, almost malicious. He was a little hurt, Martin saw. He was used to arranging other people's business for them. Here, however, was one business Martin couldn't possibly hand to him. It was a matter strictly between Celia and himself. If she didn't mind the prospects of the future—

"You're a fool not to stay with the bank, at least," said Homer. "Wouldn't Spofford let you transfer? I'll bet you if I went and had a talk with him, he'd——"

"No, he wouldn't," snapped Martin. It would be like Homer to have, as he said, a talk with the General Manager for Cuba. "Spofford's a good friend of mine. I can get anything out of him he has to give. I tell you, I'm sick of it. I've just been a sucker! They'd keep me down the island the rest of my life if they could. They know what I'm good for. I don't mind saying, and you know it's true, that I was the best man they ever had. Every branch they gave me I made a business of. I'll bet you I've been worth a million dollars to them in my day—" He stopped, surprised at the note of anger in this unbecoming boasting of his. "What do you suppose these glasses are for?"

"Let 'er go!" sighed Homer. "The least I can do is get pie-eyed over your departure. George isn't even here yet. We'll have to swim to dinner."

"Where is George?" asked Martin, conscious abruptly of this important absence.

"Believe his outfit dropped a peseta in the Calle Compostela. All hands helping to find it. No wonder bankers go loony. He's coming. He'll be here."

"There he is," said Carriker. "I'm glad I'm not a big money man, much as I like money. You never get to have a drink. All right, George, we're ready to start."

George Biehl was short, solid rather than heavy. His face was somewhat full, but firm and well-shaped. "Good to see you, Martin," he said. His brown eyes

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were frankly affectionate. He shook hands hard. "Start?" he echoed Carriker. "Joe looks pretty near finished to me."

"Find your money?" inquired Homer.

"I expect I shouldn't answer that," said George, "but I will. Your rag will have it Tuesday anyway. We've had a horrible jolt, to be candid. A cashier who left us about a month ago had been taking us along—slickest system I've seen yet. They're in a panic, let me tell you. The auditors have out a hurry call to all branches to see how many other people thought up the same game. Sit still, Homer; I told you Tuesday would be time enough."

"That's tough," said Martin. He knew George's position so perfectly that he found himself already at mental work, his own long experience in the exigencies of local banking automatically operating. "It won't do you much good, will it? With to-morrow Sunday and the next day a holiday, you'll have a job rounding your branches up."

"Don't I know it?" groaned George Biehl. "When I left your outfit, Martin, I said that you people had the only system. Did these saps listen to me? They thought I'd better mind my own business. They——"

George, Martin told himself, never should have gone over. You could pass a tractor through those accounts. He—it was, thank Heaven, George's business. He was through.

"You look surprised," marvelled Homer dryly, "and I'll bet you between your two organizations I could name twenty men I've known personally who've walked out with the cash. Must be the climate, or do you suppose bankers are just naturally a little slow?"

"We aren't so slow," said George Biehl, plainly stung into exaggeration. "Every one of those twenty got caught, too. They only do it because they're sort of crazy, and when you're crazy you don't see things. They always do something so dumb you can't believe it."

"How much did he take along?" Homer asked.

"You may think you're pumping me," said George, "but you're not. How much he took is none of your business. It's the crazy system we use——"

"Ours wouldn't be any better if a really shrewd hand had a whack at it," said Martin soothingly. The system, he recalled, was, whatever its points, no longer his. "Yes," said George, "but you can watch really shrewd hands. They're big enough to watch usually. This boy got more than he's bonded for, I'll admit, but I'm surprised he didn't take the office furniture too. We never would have known it. Pretty nice for him, if we don't catch him. Wouldn't mind being young with a big pile like that for a start up North myself."

"So you think you have to be young and have a big pile," said Martin. He found himself facing with increased reluctance any mention of his own plans. "Well," he said, "better late than never seems plausible to me. I'm leaving Cuba, George."

"You're what?" said George.

It was a fact, Homer told him. "Martin's got the willies."

"Say, are you joking?" said George. He was blank with amazement and a dismay which made Martin wince a little. "Listen, did you have a scrap with Spofford? I can tell you right here and now that you can have—well, you can have Santiago right this minute, if you'll come over to us——"

"Wouldn't that be wonderful?" said Martin.

"I don't know what's come over him," said Homer, "he hasn't any money and he hasn't any sense and he's forty-five if he's a day."

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"What I have got's quite a thirst," said Martin, impatient.

"Well," sighed Homer, "at least you haven't any family to worry about. If you invested your life-savings nicely, in about five thousand years——"

"That's right," said Carriker; "that makes a lot of difference."

Carriker did have a family. A wife and quite a number of children in a Vedado bungalow. He never mentioned them, and, tacitly, neither did any one else.

"All right," said George. He hadn't finished his objections, that was plain; he merely postponed them. "Martin can stand another drink. He can stand anything. Often wished I had his stomach." Martin wondered fleetingly if George thought anything would be gained by getting Martin drunk. He decided that George wasn't so simple. That would be the sort of thing Carriker might think of.

Homer Loren was showing what he had drunk already. He often did before dinner. "You shouldn't drink so much," Homer observed generally. "You can't stand it in this climate. Half Martin's willies are just those cocktails they make in the cane. No ice and who knows where the rum comes from?"

"It comes from Santiago," said Martin, "and every bohio has an electric refrigerator these days. It's called raising the standard of living, and it's what you yap about in *The Wail* every Thursday afternoon. Don't run it down now; people will think you aren't sincere."

"Matter of fact," said Homer, "I'm not. I wouldn't be found dead that way."

George Biehl groaned slightly. "This is going to be philosophy. We'll have to get some food into him." Carriker leaned back in his chair and shouted through the open arches into the street, "Taxi!"

"Do you good to walk," said George. "Something tells me this is going to be a hard evening."

"I've got to get in early," Martin told him. "Got a boat to catch early to-morrow."

"No, no," said Homer, "that's nonsense! To-morrow's Easter. Don't you know that? Monday's a holiday. Tuesday you might leave, or a week from Tuesday."

"Can't be done," said Martin.

"What do you mean, it can't be done?"

"There are reasons," said Martin.

"He's got the willies," Homer repeated. "The tropics have ruined him. He was like to throw away his shoes and go native. He thinks this is the South Seas. This, let me tell you, is the Paris of America, and has the lowest death-rate in——"

Sitting in the restaurant's electric-lighted cavern they could see the dusk deepening on the green trees and gardens of the Parque Central. The lights of the Plaza roof were clear against the sky and advertising signs about beer and chocolate had been turned on.

Carriker said that the trouble with Havana was that you couldn't do anything until twelve o'clock.

"We could get a carriage and drive down along the Malecón a ways," said Martin. "The water's nice. Or it used to be." He felt very comfortable, torpid perhaps; but a certain sadness constantly crept up in his mind. He even thought of Sancti Spiritus without impatience now. Its serenity of night coming down; the peace of the paved roof on his former house—he could sit and watch the moon, when there was a moon, in an amazing stillness over the stream and the three ancient humps of the Spanish bridge. There would be nothing like that in the North, nothing but trouble, doubts, and difficulties.

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Homer said: "Who wants to drive in a carriage? Let's go down to the Sevilla bar."

Martin regretted the suggestion only a moment. It would be better, he saw, to get a little drunk. As soon as that happened, he could trust an old instinct of his to nag at him until he broke away and went home. That was the bank still, he saw; as though it were in his blood. He had always had responsibilities and he had learned to a hair's breadth where responsibility wavered. Carriker said, pleasantly resigned: "You must want to make it a bat."

Moving down the Prado, it was George who put an arm through his, walking a little behind Homer and Carriker. "What's on your mind, Martin?" he said suddenly.

"I may tell you," Martin answered. It was unexpected even to himself. He was surprised to realize that he wanted to talk to any one, that he felt any need to get anything off his chest. They turned off, into the Sevilla, and in the bar they sat under a potted orange-tree in the corner.

"Well," said Martin at once, "I might as well explain why I'm leaving to-morrow morning. This isn't any of your business, but I daresay I do owe you an explanation. As it happens, I'm not alone. That's all."

Out now, in unmistakable words, Martin at once wished that it wasn't. It was immediately tainted, as though their three minds got hands on it, leaving smears of the sordid and scandalous. Homer said with a vast, sombre satisfaction: "Martin, I knew something was up. A woman, eh?"

Martin said: "I'll tell you what you need to know. Don't ask me." They all thought, he saw, that he meant a Cuban woman; some girl who might have been his mistress. George said finally: "Martin, you know how I feel about you, so you'll listen to me. You're crazy. I'm not going to let you do anything like that. I'll take care of it. I'll put you up at my place to-night and see that she gets sent back. Now——"

"You haven't got it right," Martin stated. "I wasn't asking for help. Everything is all arranged. I just wanted to tell you why I can't stay in Cuba."

George looked at him with intent concern. "Then it's that McLaughlin chap's wife," he decided abruptly. "I had an idea when I was up there a couple of years ago——"

"Never mind your ideas," requested Martin. "You'll have to think what you like, George, but don't say any of it."

Carriker ruminated: "McLaughlin." He concluded: "Federated Sugar. Jacinto. It's going to make a stink, isn't it?"

George Biehl was drinking Fundador. The brandy looked almost black in the small glass, twisting steadily in his fingers. Martin found himself imagining the hot and heartening taste of it. He said: "I'll have some of that, and then let's get out of here. I don't want to meet a lot of people."

"Right," nodded George. George could see well enough why he didn't want to meet a lot of people. "Where would you like to go, Martin?" George's voice was always gentler when he was troubled or dismayed. Turning a critical eye on these three friends, Martin realized that George was the only one who mattered to him—he started to say, the only decent one; but he checked himself. Joe Carriker and Homer were fine fellows. They didn't come finer. He had, in fact, owed them an explanation, and he ought to be glad that he had made it.

Carriker had changed the subject elaborately. He was suggesting, with a delicate indirection, to Homer that he himself might consider the job Homer had offered Martin. Carriker managed it with his usual loud and cheerful hu-

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mor. Only now that he was older, his hair gray, the geniality seemed hollow. Close to panhandling, in fact. Carriker was probably in a tight place. His big hands were nervous on the table. Heaven only knew how much money he owed or how bad he was finding business in an era which had discarded the boisterous familiarities, the slipshod personal approaches of his youth.

Homer Loren was again a little drunk, but he was not unwary. He knew that Carriker was trying to get something out of him and he had—plainly to every one but Carriker—no intention of allowing it to happen. His dark face was lopsided, with a chill small smile; his eyes were tightened in cynical slant. Looking at him, it seemed to Martin that Homer had always been a trifle too astute. The faint evil miasma one sensed while reading *The Evening Mail* clung to him. He was tainted with the callous corruption, the unabashed bribes and shameless subsidies of the government. Martin felt a chill, a cold malaise; for he seemed to have now Cuba, his past, his cherished friends spread before him. He saw their decay, the ruin of the years. Next, he knew, he would begin to think about himself, about Celia, about life and the future.

George said: "Let's take a motor out to Wirth's."

The others had drunk enough to go anywhere, anywhere rather than home. It was, indeed, the decisive moment. You had to choose now between departure—accepting the sad silence and depression of the night, satisfied to know that to-morrow things might look better—or staying, recklessly forcing things to look better right now, heedless of the certain miseries of the morning. George, he saw, had made up his mind. George was not going to desert him, George would be there when dawn came; Martin could count on this companionship to get him through until it was to-morrow and he left Cuba forever.

At midnight Homer was very drunk. Carriker, oddly enough, was considerably less so. He seemed to entertain some only half-tipsy notion that Homer might get drunk enough to promise him what he wanted. The party had been augmented by two slight, dark-eyed, tan-colored girls who sipped grenadine and water, submitting to Homer's attentions. Carriker's problem made him sweat. He didn't want to annoy Homer by interruptions, but neither did he want Homer to pass out altogether without giving him a chance to get a word in. When the latter occurred, about half past two, Carriker, in despair, defeated the girls' intention of taking this rich man in charge. Martin was cold with disgust and weariness but George remained complaisant. He said: "Go on, Joe, take him home."

Carriker agreed. He'd see that no harm came to Homer. Homer was his dear old pal. They were the next thing to brothers. "So long, Martin, old scout," he said. "Better not leave. Stay around and have a wonderful time. Wonderful time every night." There was nothing to be done about this.

"Good-by," said Martin. "Good luck, Joe."

George said that they might as well go back to town, but he didn't purpose going to bed. "Neither do I," Martin agreed. "I'd like to see how Celia is. We can get some coffee."

In the taxi George remarked: "I don't get on so well with those two any more. I'm sort of sorry for Joe, but he's getting to be an awful nuisance. Homer's all right as long as you don't want him to do anything for you."

"He offered to lend me ten thousand dollars," Martin told him. "I think he really meant it."

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"He did," admitted George. "He really respects you. You're one of the few people he knows who isn't a shyster of some sort. That's why I sort of hate to see you quitting, myself, Martin." He became suddenly voluble, faintly impatient. "I don't like this business about the lady. You know what you're doing, only I sort of wish it hadn't happened. I have an idea that you both got worked up. Just got bored and kicked the works over the mill. Either that—now don't get mad—or it was her idea. She sold it to you."

"That's not true," said Martin.

George looked at him in the dim moving light. "I guess maybe it is," he said. "If she hadn't been there, you wouldn't have done it. You'd have hung on. I don't say she asked you, but I'll bet she just worked on you and——"

Martin sat with his legs thrust out, swaying to the jolt of the taxi. In his nervous, half-nauseated wakefulness he could understand George's point. There was, in a way, a perverted truth in it, he supposed. "Listen," he said, "it's true I couldn't do anything else, if that's what you mean. I simply couldn't stand it. Celia doesn't get on with McLaughlin and——"

George grunted with a sort of resignation. What he saw was perfectly plain. Another good man gone wrong would describe it well enough. One more irregular exit after many decent and devoted years. There was a miserable, even frightening, monotony about men leaving Cuba that way. He said now: "How did Spofford take it?"

"I doubt if he knows yet," said Martin. "I wrote in. I didn't want him to get it until Tuesday, when I'd be gone. I've got a good assistant out there. He can carry on perfectly well."

George was plainly shocked. "You shouldn't have done that, Martin," he protested. "That's a rotten trick on Spofford."

Martin said wearily: "Maybe I shouldn't have technically. You don't seem to get the idea yet. I tell you I couldn't go it. And if I was going to leave, I had to leave like that; not after three weeks of chatter with Spofford and waiting around until he found some one else, with every one knowing that I was going——"

"I'm not dumb," agreed George gloomily. "That's the lady, just as I said. You had to get off when you got the chance. Well, I guess you care a lot about her and that's your business. Only I don't mind saying that I hate to think of you getting out sort of secretly that way, leaving the bank in the lurch and taking along some one else's wife."

He said it without scorn or active accusation. He was simply depressed. Martin felt sorry, not resentful. George had still his own troubles to face; a scandal of his own, you might say, breaking on the front pages Tuesday. He glanced out and saw that they were passing the Christo Church. The doors were open and lights on; early Easter masses had begun and he watched a moment, curious, while dark muffled figures went in. "Well," he said to George, "happy Easter. Here we are. We can probably get some coffee. I'll just run up-stairs and see if Celia's all right."

George nodded. A sleepy clerk slouched in a chair behind the desk and George asked him about coffee. The clerk thought that there was a pot on the stove. He would see. Did the señor wish to use the elevator?

"I'll walk," Martin said.

His legs were tired and he couldn't think why he said it; he might have been trying to put off the moment when he would have to consider Celia as a concrete fact, not merely a theory of which George disapproved. He paused a mo-

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ment in the shadows of the first floor. His stomach felt unpleasant and his head swam slightly.

It was about four o'clock, he guessed, and he ought to have felt all right. Well, he was getting old! You mustn't expect to carry on the way you could once. He mounted the second flight and moved slowly down the hall, still breathing thickly. He waited a moment until this had quieted and then he inserted the key.

Street-light from the corner reached part of the wall, printing a slim column of radiance near the shutters. Celia lay much as he had left her, and he was obscurely reassured. He would not like to think that she had awakened and been worried. He sat down a moment on the edge of the other bed, looking at her in the shadows, trying half-heartedly to take some sort of stock of the situation. He could make out the lax, inert line of her hip; her hair, dark in this gloom, stood out against the pillow into which her face was half sunk.

He could not think of anything in particular. He was very tired and only a disjoined series of recollections came to him: little informal dances at his house; small dinner-parties at Jacinto, the American engineers from the sugar-mill; Celia and the color of the dresses she had worn. George's remark remained with him—taking along some one else's wife—and it annoyed him. It carried a kind of contempt, which George had managed to expunge in the saying, but which was back now. He couldn't, somehow, think of Celia in such a position—open in any way to contempt. He might almost have left Celia behind. Here in this hot room he sat with somebody else. Despite everything, Celia might remain grave-eyed, without reproach, in the gardens at Jacinto.

This sense of change or error was so acute that he got up sharply. George might, then, be right. Kicked the works over the mill! Something like that would have to happen before he could persuade her. Now, at this truer point, he didn't think he would have tried; he wouldn't surely have been able to make her do anything so alien to her even if he had tried. Aloud, he said: "What's done is done." It sounded rather silly, strained, in the darkness, and he looked back quickly, for fear that he might have awakened her. She made no move, however, and he turned to the door. His attention was taken a moment by something on the bureau.

His fingers found it to be an envelope and he was immediately angered, thinking that after all they had disobeyed his instructions down-stairs. He was about to take it out with him when, standing still, he had another idea.

Without moving, barely breathing, he ripped the flap. He pressed a hand into his pocket and brought out a cigarette-lighter. The wheel rasped his thumb twice and a flame jumped up, yellow on the enclosed sheet.

He looked at it quietly. He had never, it seemed to him, heard a silence so tremendous as Havana's at this hour before dawn. Not a sound, not a sound. No breathing but his own, and he looked slowly where the radiance extended onto the bureau, and saw that the veronal bottle was empty.

His solitary breath came hoarser now, quite loud, but he moved silently. He pushed the paper into his pocket, stepped out. The door caused a slight click, closing; and he locked it. He stood there a moment with the little flame of the lighter still burning in his hand, the small light shaking on his face. Then, starting, he snapped the cap down and went deliberately to the stairs.

George Biehl was sitting in the corner with coffee in front of him. He looked bad, Martin saw. His face was thick-

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ened, discolored under the damp skin. Shadows from the bare bulbs of the lamps clung to his chin like cobwebs. His eyes, dark, sunken a little, were bloodshot. "Hello," he said, "this will do you good." His cheerfulness was brittle. "Do you feel as rotten as I do?" he asked. "It's pretty nearly five o'clock."

Martin drew up a chair and set himself on it. "Well," he said, and his voice sounded remote to him, "this is a funny way for it to end. When did we first come down here, George? Twenty-two years ago. And here we are."

"Take some coffee," urged George, "and have a heart. I'm not going to say anything more. If I could get out of here, I would. Go to it."

"Look," said Martin. He took a wallet from his pocket and removed a thick packet of American bills.

"All right," groaned George, "all right. I hope you have more."

"I have," said Martin. "It's no good to me. I'd give it to you if I could."

George Biehl stared at him. "What are you, crazy? Have a fight with the lady? Have——"

"Ninety thousand dollars in the brown suitcase," said Martin. "Here's the key. She knew. She couldn't go it."

George Biehl's thickened face, the wide eyes that looked bruised, remained on him, stupid.

"You could have figured it out," said Martin. "You said it yourself. We all do something so dumb you can't believe it. I had four days clear and everything clicked—it was good, George; not like a cashier. Only I should have stayed in last night. Turn it over to Spofford. Oh, Celia's dead, of course. I'll want about five minutes before you call the police."

George Biehl sat perfectly still. His throat made a sort of croak but he didn't say anything. His hands with the swollen veins starting out of their backs lay in a paralysis on the round table-top, palms to the marble. He could hear Martin's steps on the stairs for some time, receding. There followed at last a deep silence while he remained stiff, motionless. His heart seemed likely to stop if this lasted much longer.

His heart didn't stop, though; it beat on thickly, shaking him. He needn't have listened so hard, for the sound, breaking clean without a warning and with no echo, was muffled very little. His heart had jumped then; it seemed to hit his gullet and fall back; but it beat right on. The clerk had come to his feet, chair clattering, his head poking out blank and wide-eyed across the desk.

George Biehl made his hands lie quiet. "All right. That's all right," he said mildly. "Go on, boy. Go on. Telephone the police."

Fiction in the Christmas SCRIBNER'S—*A complete short novel selected in the New $5,000 Contest; a new group of short short stories, "Fiction Straws"; "Home," by Evelyn Scott, and other stories.*

In the "Life in the United States" group—"Ghost Writer of Jazz," an interesting follow-up to Scott Fitzgerald's "Echoes of the Jazz Age" in this number; "Nun's Diary," by Sister Mary Francis; "Record Month," by Owen Francis.

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Mr. Powers

By CAROLINE GORDON

Jack and Ellen had been living at the hill farm a little over a year when a strange man came up the path one morning, a well set up young man with blue eyes in a wind-burned country face. He and Jack talked together a few minutes on the porch, then they stepped down on the path and walked slowly over the lawn and out to the brow of the hill. They stood there a while, talking, gesticulating occasionally toward the green wooded hill that rose up sharply from the river bottom just opposite the Cromlie house. Ellen watched the two figures poised there against the bright sky and thought that they seemed to belong to the landscape: Jack, slouching and relaxed in his old corduroys and the sweater that was already weathering to the color of the hillside, the young countryman, more composed, erect except for the stoop of the shoulders that she had come to recognize as the mark of a teamster.

When Jack came back he said that the man had made him a proposition: He wanted to go through the woods and get the fallen trees and the trees that were dying out "on shares." He would saw them up into the right lengths for stove and fireplace, giving the Cromlies a half of all the wood he handled and selling his own share in Gloversville.

"He wants to rent the old cabin too," Jack said. "He's going to give me five dollars a month for it."

"Hadn't you better find out something about him first?" Ellen asked, and then pretended that she hadn't spoken, seeing by Jack's face that the trade was already made.

"Powers," she said, musing, "Powers. That's a good country name. I reckon he's all right."

At lunch they were very gay, saying that now they had a settled income from the place. "Sixty dollars a year for that old cabin," Jack said, "and without turning your hand over to get it. That's not bad."

"It'll pay the milk bill," Ellen said.

Early in the afternoon Mr. Powers's little dun-colored mules drew up before the cabin that was set in the hollow just below the Cromlie house. Mrs. Powers sat beside Mr. Powers on the driver's seat, holding a child in her lap. Their household goods were stacked behind them in the rickety wagon. Ellen, in the swing with Lucy, watched them unloading. There was not much to carry into the house. A little, rusty stove, a bed, a roll of quilts and blankets, and a bushel basket heaped with pots and pans and skillets.

Lucy pulled at her mother's arm. "Where does the baby sleep?" she asked. "Mama, where does the *baby* sleep?"

Ellen was thinking of some plates, flowered plates with gold rims that she never used. There were two or three tablecloths, too, that didn't fit either

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the dining-table or the small table in the window nook. "I have no idea," she said absently.

She decided that she would not offer the plates or the tablecloths to Mrs. Powers, not just yet anyhow. They all said that it was better not to start off being too intimate with your tenants. Aunt Molly was always having trouble with hers. Tom Potter had actually stolen three loads of tobacco out of her barn. Took them to a loose floor in Springfield and sold them as his own crop and never gave her any account of them. Cousin Sarah thought that Aunt Molly had started Potter off on the wrong track by being too kind to him. "I'm going to be Christian. I hope I'll always be Christian to people, but I'm going to stand on my dignity. I believe it pays, with tenants."

At three o'clock Ellen and Lucy took a basket of butter beans out under the trees to shell. They had not been sitting there long before Mrs. Foster came toiling up the path, leaning on her blackthorn stick. Ellen brought a chair for her and then went into the kitchen and fixed a tray with a plate of ginger cookies for Lucy and a decanter of blackberry wine for Mrs. Foster and herself. They sat there all afternoon talking and drinking their wine and looking out over the valley that was already beginning to shimmer with blue haze. It was five o'clock when Mrs. Foster moved nearer to Ellen and laid her hand on her knee. Her eyes were sparkling and her mouth made a straight line across her tanned face. "I told Ed I was just coming up here and see you myself," she said, "I told him you was new people here and it wasn't reasonable to expect you to know everybody in the country . . ."

Ellen had been looking at the fields on the other side of the river, thinking that it was strange that one patch of ground should be in deep shade and the one adjoining it in brilliant sunshine. She raised her eyes to the horizon now and saw that it was filled with thick, scudding white clouds.

"It's something about our new tenant," she said.

She was waiting at the gate when Jack came home that night.

"Do you know who our new tenant is?" she cried. "Do you *know* who he is?"

Jack waited until he had put the car in the garage before he answered. "He's Bill Powers's brother," he said then. "They're both sons of that old Albert Powers who used to be miller."

"If you'd read the paper once in a while you wouldn't be so ignorant," Ellen told him. "Everybody in the whole country read about it except us."

She gave him Mrs. Foster's account of Mr. Powers. He was the Powers—the Jim Powers—that had killed his little boy over in the Brush Run community in a fight with the hired man over his wife. They had had a new hired man all summer, "a mean feller named Shell from over in Trigg county. Jim had been down guarding his watermelon patch and had come back to the house around midnight to find his wife out in the grape arbor with the hired man. There had been a good deal of shouting back and forth and calling of names. Jim's sister and his six-year-old son had come down-stairs in their night clothes to find out what it was all about. Jim finally picked up an axe and went after the feller with that. Shell had dodged in time, but the double-bladed axe, swinging backward, had caught the little boy in the side of the head and felled him to the ground. Shell had run off down the road while they were all going on over the child, who had never regained consciousness and had died in

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a few minutes. Jim had stayed right with him, holding his hand."

Ellen was laughing hysterically when she finished!

"I asked him yesterday if he had any children and he said 'Just one. She's mighty spoiled!' "

"Cool feller, isn't he?" Jack said. He had been standing looking straight ahead while she talked. He started up the walk now. Ellen hurried to catch up with him.

"Mrs. Foster couldn't understand why we hadn't heard about it." She imitated Mrs. Foster's high-pitched country drawl: "I told Ed I didn't see why they didn't know about it. They git the paper every day and both of 'em can read . . ."

"Can't Mrs. Foster read?" Jack asked.

"No. She has to wait for things like this to happen. She seemed to think Mr. Powers had taken an unfair advantage of our innocence. She kept saying 'An' him coming and and settin' down on y'all just 'cause you was new here!' "

"I reckon the poor devil was up against it," Jack said. "I reckon we were the only people in the country who would take him in."

"We are going to let him stay," Ellen said, "Jack, we *are* going to let him stay, aren't we?"

Jack laughed. "*You* put him out," he said.

The Cromlies could look down from their high porch almost into the back windows of the Powers cabin. When the white curtains were pushed aside they could see Mrs. Powers preparing the meals in the small room that was used as a kitchen. A small woman, with an untidy mass of blond hair, she moved slowly about from kitchen to porch and back again, wearing always a faint, excited smile.

"It's the most extraordinary expression," Ellen said, "a sort of smirk. You know, the way people look when they're so pleased with themselves that they simply can't hide it! What *I* can't understand, though, is why she's stuck to him through all this."

Jack said that he thought Mrs. Powers's situation must be in some ways highly satisfactory. "Probably the first time in her life she's ever had the upper hand of him, morally, I mean. They've changed places at one fell swoop. Whatever her sins have been in the past, his are greater . . . since this killing. Must leave 'em both a little dazed."

"It's terrible," Ellen said. "It's terrible to think of them being there together. What do you suppose they can find to say to each other?"

"Well, talking things over is hardly in Powers's line," Jack observed. "He's a man of deeds. I was talking to Judge Pryor about him the other day. He lived on his place five years. The judge thinks a lot of him. Says he's always had this quick temper, like all the Powerses, but he's all right if you handle him properly. He's a hustler, too. Got nine hundred dollars for his share of the tobacco crop the last year he lived on the judge's place."

"Does the judge think he's got any chance to get off?" Ellen asked.

"Oh, they all think Scott'll get him off with a light sentence. Ten to twenty years. He could hardly expect to get off with less than that."

"Twenty years is a long time," Ellen said. "Ten years is a long time."

"It's a heluva long time," Jack said.

People who came out from town were very much interested in the Powers family. They peered fearfully over the balcony railings, speculating on what sort of mood Mr. Powers was likely to be in that day and discussed his chances for escaping the pen. Tom Eliott suggested that he and Jack fight a duel,

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with hatchets, at twenty paces. Jack said that he was thinking of putting a machine-gun in the crape myrtle bushes.

"You could do a lot of damage from this hill with a machine-gun," he said.

Nobody at the Cromlie house was ever up in time to see Mr. Powers go off to work in the morning. They could hear the sound of his axe ringing out in the woods, though, all during the day, and occasionally the great crash of a falling tree shook the whole valley. When this happened Ellen stopped whatever she was doing and a little chill went over her as she thought of Mr. Powers moving about in the dim light among the fallen green boughs. She thought, too, of what Jack had said, that he would certainly go to the penitentiary, and tried to imagine the tall, red-faced countryman in prison.

"I hope they let him drive a team or something like that," she told Jack. "They do have wagons and teams at the penitentiary, don't they?"

"No," Jack said, "they're progressive up there. Use trucks."

One afternoon when they came back from town they saw Mr. Powers's wagon standing beside the drive, filled with logs. Mr. Powers was stooping beside the off mule, mending a trace chain with a length of wire.

Jack came to a halt opposite the wagon. "You got some nice logs there," he said.

Mr. Powers straightened up. Standing with his arm lying along the mule's back he pointed to the strip of woods that lay next to the cornfield. "I aim to get down in the bottom to-morrow," he said. "Thar's some timber in thar needs takin' out."

"What kind of wood is it?" Ellen asked.

He pushed aside the black lock that overhung his forehead. His eyes—very blue eyes with wrinkles raying out from the corners—rested on her face for a moment. "Hickory, mostly," he said. His gaze shifted to Jack. "You don't want to burn up all your barn wood, but them saplings is too thick in thar. Won't hurt to clean 'em out a little."

"Well, hickory's fine to burn," Jack said.

Mr. Powers nodded. "Ain't nothin' better than a hickory fire," he said.

They did not see Mr. Powers again for several days. When he appeared then he said that he and his wife found that the cabin was too small, after all. They were moving back to his father-in-law's that afternoon. He would be glad, though, if Mr. Cromlie would let him keep his mules in the stable that was across the road from the cabin a few days longer. His father-in-law didn't have any more stable room than he needed himself.

Ellen was waiting in the living-room when Jack came back into the house. "Did he say anything about the wood?" she demanded.

Jack lit a cigarette. "We didn't get around to that," he said.

"Then I wouldn't let him keep his mules in our stable," Ellen said. "I wouldn't let him get away with it. I just would not do it."

"Oh, he'll be all right," Jack said. "That first load was his, anyhow, according to the trade. He probably took it off to town and sold it on the spot. Needs cash, I expect." He grinned. "You have to excuse him for being a little absent-minded. He has important business on his hands."

Ellen reflected that Mr. Powers's hearing was set for Monday week and said no more about the wood.

At the preliminary hearing Jim Powers was charged with murder and released after he had executed bond for a thousand dollars. Ellen was aghast when she heard the news.

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"But they *can't* accuse him of murder," she said. "The most they can accuse him of is involuntary manslaughter."

"Manslaughter and assault and battery with intent to kill," Jack said. "He could get life for that."

They saw Mr. Powers occasionally at a distance, taking his mules in or out of the old stable, but they had no conversation with him. He was reported by Mrs. Foster to be living in a cabin that belonged to his father-in-law, Nate Dockery. The Dockery place joined the hill farm. Ellen speculated as to whether the trees that were heard to fall occasionally in the woods belonged to Mr. Dockery or to the hill farm.

Jack was irritable when she suggested that he walk over in the woods and see if the cutting was being done on their line.

"There are fully ten thousand trees in that piece of woods," he said, "and not more than twenty of them are worth a damn. And those twenty are red oaks, worth, say, four dollars apiece, board measure. Well, I hotfoot it over there this afternoon and save two trees. What do I get for my afternoon's work? Eight dollars. I can make two hundred if I get on in the house and finish that article. Miller's wired for it twice now."

"Oh, all right if you feel that way about it," Ellen said. "I just hate for him to think we're soft. Everybody in this country thinks we're soft because we're city people."

She did not mention the matter to Jack again, however, seeing that he so disliked the idea of talking to Powers about the wood. It was not long after that that Mr. Powers took his mules out of the old stable. Shortly afterward the axe strokes ceased to ring out in the woods. Mr. Powers, Mrs. Foster said, had moved again. He and his father-in-law had never gotten on any too well and it stood to reason that they wouldn't get on no better after what had happened. He was working now for a Mr. Mason out on the Jasper road. He and Mrs. Powers were still living together. Ellen was curious about the character of the woman who had been the cause of the affray.

"Has she had a bad character before this, Mrs. Foster?" she asked.

Mrs. Foster compressed her lips. "Ever sence she uz big enough, Miz Cromlie," she said. "But you can't tell Jim nothin'. All them Powerses is hard headed and he's the hard headedest of all of 'em."

Mrs. Powers's name was mentioned less and less often in the Cromlie household from that time forward. Ellen remarked once that he had to pass their house every time he went to town. "If I ever meet him in the big road I'm going to ask him about that wood," she said, "I swear I am!"

"'Twon't do you any good," Jack said. "He'll just tell you what he told me."

"Well, what *did* he tell you?" Ellen asked.

"Just smiled and said he'd been aimin' to get at it now for two, three days. He means it too. He'll get us up a load one day."

"Unless he goes to the pen first," Ellen said.

The season turned slowly toward fall. The trees on the hill had not begun to turn, but their green was softened, verging already toward yellow. And yellow leaves from the willows fell occasionally into the green water of the swimming-hole. The air was clear and bright, touched faintly with cold in the early morning.

The negro boy, Chap, spaded up wide beds of earth in front of the house and on either side of the brick walk and set out iris and tulip and jonquil bulbs and

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scattered larkspur and delphinium seed among them. The Cromlies walked around in the yard or out from the shade of the beech trees and down the slope. Sometimes Ellen, standing on the walk, would look back into the hall and think how the house that was spread out now, with all its doors and windows open to the sunshine, would contract and darken soon with winter.

One evening at sunset she and Lucy walked out on the brow of the hill and sat down on the bench that was fixed around the big beech tree. Sitting there they had the whole valley spread out before them, the wooded hill that rose steeply on the right, with the Jasper road curving between it and the river, and stretching away on the other side of the river beyond the old covered bridge the flat fields that were still covered with late corn and tobacco. Some of the blue haze that had been over the whole country all day still lingered in these far fields, but the rest of the valley was bathed in bright, flickering light.

A wagon drawn by two mules came up over the hill and began the long descent to the bridge. Ellen watched the mules hold back at first and then put their feet down faster and faster as the driver eased his brake on. A tall young man in blue shirt and pants, he sat sidewise on the high driver's seat with his face turned toward the river.

Ellen looked away and then back again, trying to fix the scene in her memory. The broad valley, the turning green river, and the long line of the old covered bridge would stay, she knew, in her memory, but the bright, flickering light that was so much a part of it all would grow dimmer and more unreal until finally it would vanish entirely. You could not prison light in the memory.

The team of mules and the wagon were directly beneath the bench now. The driver had taken his hat off and flung it in the bottom of the wagon. His head bared to the evening air, he sat whistling, breaking off occasionally to call to his mules in a loud, clear voice.

Lucy had got up and was standing on the brow of the hill looking down at him.

"Mama," she cried out suddenly, "it's Mr. Powers! It's Mr. Powers, Mama!"

"Hush!" Ellen said, "he'll hear you."

She watched the mules round the curve and approach the bridge. Mr. Powers's figure was bright for a moment against the black shed, then it disappeared into the dark. His whistle could be heard for a little while, mixed with the rattling of the mules' feet on the wooden flooring, then that too died away. Ellen stood up. Most of the color was gone from the west by this time, but the east still held a reflected glow, soft lavenders and pinks and here and there a streak of azure.

Lucy was tugging at her mother's hand.

"Didn't you want to speak to him, Mama? You said you wanted to speak to him."

Ellen shook her head. "No," she said, "I don't want to speak to him."

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As I Like It

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

ENGLAND is an alluring and inexhaustible subject for the traveller, the pilgrim, the sojourner, the spectator, the philosopher; and it is not a matter of wonder. Whatever may befall the English in the future, they are the greatest people since the Romans. Their very faults are those that make for domination. This island of the North, a garden of flowers surrounded by fogs, where the trees have the luxuriance of the tropics with the air of a windswept heath, where the softness of the haze and the green depth of the meadows make "sunny France" look barren —this island has the loveliest countryside in the world. As William Shakespeare said,

This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

When Shakespeare called England a fortress built by Nature against infection and the hand of war, no foe had successfully invaded England for five hundred years and none was to invade for three hundred years to come. It was an accurate description.

A few years ago a Frenchman wrote a book called "In What Does the Superiority of the Anglo-Saxons Consist?" and a Frenchwoman said that England and Germany and Scandinavia were masculine countries, whereas France and Spain and Italy are feminine.

But of all the books I have read on England—books that have described the island historically and topographically, books that have attempted to psychoanalyze the English people—I award the palm to a volume, published this year and written by a German painter born in Berlin, whose mother was an Austrian. This book is called "England, the Unknown Isle." The author is Paul Cohen-Portheim and the translator Alan Harris.

It was a fortunate thing for England and for Mr. Cohen-Portheim that he happened to be painting in England on August 4, 1914. He was interned; and lived to write this book, for which he was foreordained by ancestry, birth, breeding, and education. His family is of Spanish-Jewish origin. As a child he had French and English governesses and attended a polyglot school at Geneva; he is a truly civilized citizen of the world, at home anywhere and in most languages of Europe. He himself says his books are an "attempt to destroy prejudices people cherish about each other, not by polemic, but simply by showing things as they really are, or at least as I see them. I live between Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna and go to Italy and Spain very frequently and like them all."

This book has been received with applause by English critics; it is the most favorable and sympathetic work on the British temperament written by a foreigner. But its praise is highly intelligent; like a truly great critic, he loves what he chooses to describe; his interpretations are founded on ardent affection.

He begins by discussing the climate, the countryside isolation, and emphasizes properly the word *park*, because that is more characteristic of English scenery and English life than of any

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other country. The all-pervading effect of the sea on the dim, misty landscapes and on the character of English boys; the illogical British mind, with its love of facts and disregard of theory, so absolutely contrary to the Russian. The only question an Englishman puts to a new suggestion is *Will it work?* The Constitutional Monarchy, with the greatest individual freedom and with a king more firmly seated on the throne to-day than ever in the Middle Ages. The tremendous effect of sport on the English temperament—and how the English love of sport is making a conquest of the Continent and affecting a change in mental attitude.

The English love of solidity has been pointed out by many writers, and especially by Price Collier. They love everything that is solid and unpretentious. No one can read an English book or a newspaper without seeing the word "sound"; a sound wine, the sound defense of a tennis-player. It is the roast beef they love and not the sauces. They are suspicious of anything covered up.

Mr. Cohen-Portheim is impressed by the aristocratic temperament of English politics and society, where for so many years the gentleman has ruled. Social classes are distinct, which makes for contentment and perhaps for more stability all around, though of course he is forced to admit that the future may be very different from the past. I am afraid that what he says of the Lady is truer of the nineteenth century than of the twentieth.

> The conception which England has developed of the Lady (a quite untranslatable word) is absolutely determined by mediæval notions. The conception is a very important one, because the Englishman's whole ideal of womanhood and his attitude to women altogether have been affected by it. The Lady stands on the pedestal on to which the Troubadours lifted her. . . . She is an ideal; in other words, she does not exist and probably never did; she is in any case unfit for life and, if she did exist, would drive any man to distraction in five minutes; yet she has remained the English ideal woman. English art has created no figure of the type of Manon Lescaut, Carmen or Marguerite Gauthier; instead it has produced Rossetti's Blessed Damozel, Thackeray's Amelia and Shakespear's Cordelia.

Yes, but Shakespeare also created Doll Tearsheet, who was real, in refreshing contrast to the sentimental specimen of our contemporary novels. Defoe and Fielding knew their business also. Although Mr. Cohen-Portheim makes many excellent remarks about English literature, he is not always so accurate there as he is when on more familiar ground.

As to the gentleman and the lady ruling politics and society, we must somewhat offset his remarks by the late Harold Begbie's books, where it is written that if England does share the fate of ancient empires, it will be because the ruling social class has not seriously lived up to its responsibilities, but is composed of grown-up children looking for amusement; and by the depressing picture of aristocratic English society given by V. Sackville-West in "The Edwardians," where the ladies and gentlemen are shown as not only unfit to govern but unfit to live.

The exact antithesis to English ideas in government and in social life and behavior is found to-day in Soviet Russia. No wonder the Russian Communists hate England worse than they hate any other country; they would destroy England, all England's cathedrals, all the English countryside, all English ideals and manners without a qualm. There can be no compromise between the Russian and the English way of life; and there need not be, so long as they let each other alone. "English ideals for the future lie far more in the direction of anarchism than of communism."

If equality meant levelling up, it

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would be well; but true equality invariably means levelling down, and is therefore fatal to two good things, liberty and development. Equality is the death of opportunity; whereas liberty, with all its drawbacks, never extinguishes the flame of hope.

The English country gentleman, his house and the way he lives constitute, at their best, the highest achievement of English civilization, the finest flower of aristocratic culture certainly, perhaps of the whole culture of the white races. In order that the minority may have such a good time, the majority has to have a distinctly less good one, and the aristocracy is the privileged minority of the English people . . . but leaves open to everybody the possibility, and consequently the hope, of rising to that privileged class.

He states that England has conquered the world in the ideal of masculine and feminine beauty; all other nations try to look like the English. I think this is largely owing to the popularity of tennis, football, and other forms of sport. A man playing in a tennis tournament wearing a full black beard would look absurd; and a woman's speed depends partly on having a panatella shape. All this has come about within twenty-five years.

The English model has become supreme everywhere, and everywhere, consciously or unconsciously, people are striving to copy it. . . . From England came the type of the slim clean-shaven athletic young man, to which even the old gentlemen there go on conforming.

The clean-shaven type is really American; the beard and the mustache lingered longer in England. The Arrow-collar young man, the magazine-cover type has conquered Europe. And how Stephen Leacock hates this beardless face!

What has become of the lover with the *belle barbe,* or even the *moustache soyeuse* whom we meet in Maupassant, Bourget, and Marcel Prévost, or the typical young German officer or barrister, stiff and bristly-moustached? The young men in all countries, except in remote backward districts, all look exactly alike—like Englishmen, that is—and the women do not look very different. As late as the last generation the continental comic papers were full of the Englishwoman without bust or hips, who wore severe clothes hardly distinguishable from her husband's and walked with a firm step instead of tripping along; today Woman's World knows but one desire, to be slim.

Our author observes that the English industrial cities all look exactly alike—Manchester, Birmingham, etc. There is no such difference as exists between Munich, Dresden, and Leipzig. But the English cathedral town is unique, and exists only in England. "England gets her living from the Birminghams, but the Canterburies have her heart."

What he says of Oxford and Cambridge should interest every intelligent American.

The chief thing an Englishman demands of people in leading positions is that they should be gentlemen, not that they should have specialized knowledge . . . the gentleman is a specialist in the art of ruling, which is the aim and object of the young Englishman of the upper class. . . . They are not so much places of instruction as training-grounds. . . . The valuing of personality above knowledge is a fundamental thing in the English character; an Englishman does not want to know what a candidate for the job has been taught, but what sort of a person he is—the opposite extreme from the usual German attitude.

What he says of the sentimentality in songs and films is penetrating.

The sentimental song is always the most successful one, and the American film, which represents the zenith of sentimentality, is first favourite all over the world. . . . Fear of "cheap" sentiment is simply fear of giving way to the feelings in people who are not inwardly sure of themselves, while sentimentality is a symptom of health and unsophisticated simplicity. . . . Sentimentality is much nearer to great art than critical intelligence is, because both are matters of feeling originating in the unconscious. There is an immense difference of quality, but none of kind, between Shakespear's or Goethe's or Schiller's characters and those of popular sob-stuff. . . . Sob-stuff for the most part comes only from want of tact in

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handling emotional material, a want of which the masses are not conscious.

Later on he returns to the social question, and the domination of England.

> Today social life is English, as in the eighteenth century it was French; . . . the whole of Europe has afternoon tea as a matter of course; one dresses for dinner as a matter of course, as one has one's bath in the morning . . . in short, conducts his whole existence *à l'anglaise*. That is how things stand in Berlin, as in Rome, Paris or Buenos Aires; it is the triumph of England all along the line. . . . The English ideal, which is a mixture of comfort, smartness, sport and open-air life, is the universal ideal today because it seems the most attainable one—is there a single reigning Royal Family that lives in any other way? It has ousted all other, killing the French ideal of the *salon* and the *boudoir* and *esprit* in France, the German ideal of the officer and the ideal of the Bohemian artist.

In one respect he seems to be mistaken. Speaking of the grandeur and luxuries of modern hotels with their private baths, etc., he says all this was invented in England; that on the Continent they are "English importations adapted to English habits and made their way through the efforts of English visitors." If the Continent had waited for its sanitary plumbing, its private bathrooms, and its luxuries in hotels for the English, it would be waiting still; and so would England, where they did not originate. It was the U. S. A., the most comfortable country on earth, which brought all these things into both Great Britain and the Continent. The American traveller expects to be warm indoors even in winter; he expects to go to bed in the night whether on a train or on a steamer; he expects to have plenty of hot water at any moment. One reason why the English drink so much tea is because it is the only form of central heating that they understand.

In literature his taste is sound; he admires immensely Browning, Hardy, Meredith; he sees the difference between the Kipling and the Sitwell ideal; he knows that in poetry the English are always wealthy, or as he finely expresses it, "English poetry seems to enjoy an everlasting summer." It is therefore rather surprising that he makes the slip, "Ireland has given Great Britain many of her greatest poets and writers," for while this is true of writers, it is not true of poets; no one can name a single poet of the first class that Ireland has contributed to English literature—I mean a poet who ranks with Keats or Wordsworth.

Finally, our author's hope that the English ideal may not be lost is also his hope for the world and for everything that makes for civilization. Early in the book he says:

> This England and the English of today, the figure they cut in the world, their lives, ideas and activities, are of the greatest possible consequence for the whole human race.

And at the end:

> In short, the English ideal is considered old-fashioned and out of date. It may be that its day is over, but I do not think so: other countries have often in the past apparently left England behind by a sudden jump forward, but a little time showed that this development by jerks had no permanence, and there was England, which had been plodding steadily on, ahead once more!
>
> One thing is certain: the British Empire will last just as long as its spiritual basis remains a living and effective force and no longer; but the end of it will also be the end of the world-wide rule of the White Man.

This continuance of British ideas and ideals depends of course not on Britain's enemies, but on the British themselves. Mr. Cohen-Portheim speaks of the high morality of Oxford and Cambridge students; but compare that with Miss Lehmann's "Dusty Answer," where exactly the contrary is stated. Is it to be Kipling or Aldous Huxley? Tennyson or James Joyce? Dickens or Norman Douglas? Perhaps even the English will not real-

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ize the greatness of their country until they have lost it; as a man does not realize the happiness of health until he has lost it. If the social aristocracy live up to their responsibilities, there will be little to fear. Thus, all the English people should read this book. For the English, who are only amused by denunciation, and attack and hate, will listen attentively to judicious praise. And every American should read this book and think about it, because the basis of our civilization—our stability—is the same as England's.

Among the new biographies, one of the best and most entertaining is "Schopenhauer—Pessimist and Pagan," by V. J. McGill. The enormous and ever-widening influence of Schopenhauer comes not from his thought, but from his style; he was one of the greatest writers of all time. Germany, so great in music and in lyric poetry, has produced few masters of prose—Goethe, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche are the best; whereas France has more expert *prosateurs* in her history than any other nation. The Molière joke was nearer the truth than the poor fathead thought. Schopenhauer wrote his one great book between the ages of twenty-six and of thirty; and he is the best writer among all philosophers with the one exception of Plato. His style has a grace, a flexibility, a charm rare indeed in German. He has wit, humor, audacity, and all the gifts of a mind at once profound and alert. But if you look in histories of philosophy, or indeed in the Encyclopædia Britannica, to see the comparative space allotted to Schopenhauer and to the man he detested above all others living or dead, Hegel, you will see what the authorities really think. Schopenhauer is amusing too, because it is difficult to find any other great writer so utterly and wholly selfish, so conceited, so petty, and so mean. It is remarkable, after reading his most exalted passages, where he urges us to live the life of noble and ascetic renunciation, to remember what he was. Yet how magnificent his genius! and how profound his insight into literature, music, and art!

By the way, the frontispiece-portrait of this volume, new to me, is as brilliant as the philosopher's own style. It is well called "Schopenhauer Triumphant."

P. C. Wren
Has done it again!

Major Percival Christopher Wren, my favorite story-teller since Dumas, author of "Beau Geste" and other romantic delights, has written another marvel in "Sowing Glory," describing the adventures of a woman-soldier in the French Foreign Legion. It professes to be a true narrative; do you really believe it? For my part, I don't care whether it is true or not. I want him to begin at once on the necessary sequel to it, and when he has that off his hands, to write for me the sequel to "Soldiers of Misfortune." I can never have too long a book or too many books from Percival Christopher Wren.

Pearl S. Buck's "The Good Earth" is a simple and majestic novel, reminding one of Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil." Its style is almost Biblical in its straightforward advance. The book will flatter many old men, yet women seem also to admire it. Every novel I read of a foreign country written by one who lives there makes me more content than ever to live in the United States of America. (Pearl S. Buck should use her Chinese name.)

Next to the biography of Napoleon, I like Ludwig's "Schliemann" best of all his books. When I was a boy in the High School at Hartford, I remember our great teacher, Winfred R. Martin, who invariably talked over our heads, thus

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giving us an idea of a world of thought and scholarship which lay beyond our horizon, but which beckoned—I remember his asking one of us Morons "Do you know what is going on in Mycenæ?" and the boy did not know or care. Mr. Martin said with emphasis "Doctor Schliemann is digging there." This was greeted, I regret to say, with some merriment, as if we had said, "Who the —— is Doctor Schliemann?" But he proceeded to tell us; and in me he aroused such curiosity that I read "Troja." Few men have led a more romantic life than Schliemann, and as is natural, Mr. Ludwig makes the most of it. I wish I understood Schliemann's method of acquiring a foreign language.

Dornford Yates's "Adele and Co." is bewitching—one of the most diverting tales I have read in some time. It is a combination of mystery and mirth, horror and humor.

Harry Leon Wilson's "Two Black Sheep" is inferior as a novel to his "Lone Tree," but it is emphatically worth reading for its unashamed merriment, and for its American language.

Professor Joseph J. Reilly, in addition to his admirable selections from Cardinal Newman, called "The Fine Gold of Newman," has made an excellent anthology, called "Masters of Nineteenth Century Prose," from Wordsworth and Coleridge to Pater and Stevenson. A useful book for college courses and for reading clubs.

Lytton Strachey's "Portraits in Miniature" is a volume of reprinted book-reviews and essays from periodicals. They are very brief and equally entertaining. This distinguished caricaturist with the pen has fittingly dedicated the work to the distinguished caricaturist with the pencil—and everybody knows who that is.

The Harvard University Press deserves credit for giving a facsimile of one of the most mysterious works in all literature, the First Quarto of "Hamlet," published in 1603, of which only two copies are known.

To leap from Pegasus to the bucking bronco, let me recommend "Sun Up, Tales of the Cow Camps," by the irrepressible and inspiring Will James. The frequent illustrations are beguiling; I should think it would be easier to run a one-hundred-yard dash on a tight rope than to stick on the back of one of those convex ponies. To me indeed there are no gentle horses, as there are no elementary mathematics.

"Everyman's Encyclopædia," in twelve volumes, is really a marvel of book-making. As Marlowe remarked, "Infinite riches in a little room." About eight hundred pages in each compartment. A handy set. What a fine Christmas present to almost any one!

I am glad that the Englishman W. W. Jacobs, the Beloved Shipman, has collected fifty-eight of the best of his short stories in one convenient volume of about seven hundred pages (illustrated), called "Snug Harbour," for an Omnibus Jacobs is a very good thing to have.

And I am also glad that the beloved American Joe Lincoln has capecodified some of his tales in one yeasty tome, "All Alongshore," which is a silo of mirth.

Ernest Weekley, who knows more about words than any other man except H. W. Fowler, has produced a dainty *mignon* of ninety-four pages, called "Cruelty to Words; or, First Aid for the Best-Seller," which will convict many popular writers of sin.

Three good books reissued cheaply are "Fear" by Oliver, "A Preface to Morals," by Lippmann, and "Your Money's Worth," by Chase and Schlink.

Readers of this column may remember the Conversation Club of Augusta,

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Ga. One of its most valuable members was J. T. McCall of Montreal, who died on the first of July, 1931. I mention him here "for the strengthening of hearts." He was cheerful, calm, considerate; one would not have guessed that he had ever suffered. A friend, sending me the column notice in the Montreal newspaper, adds:

> The clipping relates his achievements in business and other walks of life, to my mind his greatest achievement was the magnificent spirit he showed in the face of almost unparalleled misfortune . . . then he lost a son in the war. A short time after the war his eldest son was drowned in a canoeing accident after serving throughout the war. A few years later he nearly lost his youngest son with typhoid and a year after marriage his third son contracted T. B. and is now at a sanatorium. Yet Mr. McCall bore it all without the slightest trace of bitterness. Instead it made him most wonderfully sympathetic and kind to others when they were in trouble. For several years now he had practically retired from business to give his services free as the treasurer of the Montreal General Hospital. He was the very finest type of the successful business man.

In a recent number, I spoke of certain contemporary poets as English, whereupon I received the following charming letter with a woman's postscript:

> I nearly got mad at you. Poets of England! William Butler Yeats, A.E., Padraic Colum, James Stephens. Didn't they teach you any geography at Yale?
>
> Sincerely,
> MARY GILSEMAN.
>
> P. S. But then I might have been mad if you had left them out.

H. C. Force, of Seattle, Wash., sends interesting information on the Seattle Repertory Playhouse. It is the third season, and the first year in their own theatre. They have about 1,500 subscribers at five dollars a year, which gives them a guaranty fund. The remarkable thing of the 1931 season is the popularity of "Peer Gynt." It has been played for over three months to capacity houses from the start; more than 12,000 people have seen it, and applications for seats have come from every town on the Pacific coast.

Pailleron's perennially diverting comedy, "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," celebrated this year its fiftieth anniversary, it having first appeared in 1881. The Parisian newspapers and critics paid well-deserved tributes. This charming play has been translated into many languages. (I heard it in Swedish at Stockholm.) It has the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, for affectation and bores are always with us.

My colleague, Professor George H. Nettleton, writes of the anniversary performance:

> I went to the gala performance at the *Comédie,* a memorable and highly zestful evening. Upstairs they had on exhibition, from Madame Pailleron's collection and elsewhere, of memorabilia of all sorts, from pictures of the individuals in the earliest cast and cartoons of them as they soon became widely celebrated in their different rôles, to newspaper reviews and letters to and from Pailleron during the days when people buzzed with curiosity as to what individuals, if any, were specifically hit by Pailleron's satire of the society and literature of the times. The Comédie Française was at its best that night, for the play was admirably cast and every one, actors and audience alike, entered into the spirit of the occasion with the most contagious jollity. In these days when the world is blue as indigo over stock market depressions it's reassuring to be reminded what store the French set by the enduring values of literary and dramatic art. Of course, one has to admit that many a man now-a-days no longer has the means to buy theatre tickets, even at the modest French prices, but with every *strapontin* and nook of the *Théâtre Français* filled full for such a gala performance, and everybody crowding in the entr'actes to see the theatrical memorabilia on exhibition in the lobbies, the *Théâtre* triumphed over the *Bourse.*

From James Keddie, of Boston:

> While I am "at it," as they say in Scotland, may I make a comment on a suggestion made

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in "As I Like It"? Some time ago you were suggesting the use of "amn't I?" instead of "aren't I?" Did you know that "amn't I?" has been in use in Edinburgh these many years? And here's a curious thing: When an answer expected is "no," the question becomes a double negative. "I am not a member of your staff, amn't I not?"

From Mary Goyer, of Belfast, Ireland:

Your correspondent mentioning "thon" does not say anything very instructive about it. It is used here a great deal.

An old man heartbroken over the untimely death of a young one might use that expression but it would be "thon fella" not feller which I think comes from the States.

From Doctor Herbert Clarke, of Syracuse, N. Y.:

. . . current offense—confusing the two verbs, *flout* and *flaunt*. Perhaps you will say that only ignorant persons do this. But in last week's "Literary Digest" a professor in Chicago University, Wm. E. Dodd, is quoted as saying, "This is an invitation—to *flaunt* the law." Evidently what he means is *flout*.

From Doctor E. H. Jenkins, of the Conn. Agricultural Station, New Haven:

Referring to the note on *Torshend* in the June SCRIBNER, Miss Susan Ward, a sister of Reverend William Hayes Ward, who was once a teacher on Cape Cod found the word *Torshon* in use there. My old house on the Cape was near the reservation of the Marshpee Indians. A woman, descendant of a Hessian soldier and a pure Indian, served as cook and for general housework in our family. She often called a little child in the family, of whom she was very fond, "My dear little Torshon."

From Professor Willem Harmans, of Arrillaga College of Music, San Francisco:

Those who, on your recommendation, have bought Mr. H. W. Fowler's "Modern English Usage" will doubtless be very grateful to you. . . .

Under "Kale," for example, it is mentioned that the corresponding Southern English word is "borecole." But "borecole" is nothing else than the anglicised Dutch word "boerenkool," which means "peasant's cabbage." To this the German equivalent is "Braunkohl" which makes not much sense unless one comes to the conclusion that this is merely a corrupted form of "Bauernkohl."

Furthermore I would like to draw your attention to the word "galimatias" which I find classed among the French words. Concerning this the author is at all events in excellent company, for even the voluminous Oxford Dictionary, not to mention other works of reference, considers this word as being French, without, however, committing itself on the subject of etymology. Now, as you may know, the Germans prefer to spell this word "Gallimathias," and as regards its origin I am giving you (in a literal translation) the opinion offered by Doctor Rudolf Kleinpaul in his book "Das Fremdwort im Deutschen" (Leipzig, G. J. Göschen), where he relates the following anecdote: A lawyer, who had to defend a man accused of having stolen a rooster, is alleged continually to have blundered in his Latin speech by saying now "Gallus Matthiæ" and then again "Galli Matthias," whence the probable origin of this mysterious expression. Doesn't that sound plausible?

From D. W. May, of Benton City, Mo.:

In the March SCRIBNER, W. H. Sage, Jr., of Schuyler, Virginia, in the expression "Toby struck" brings to mind vividly those old mugs that carried the face of a very ugly old man. Perhaps the word "mug" for an ugly face had the same origin.

In Virginia, in the eddies where the stream of life has hurried past, more obsolete words are still in good usage than in any other section. There the word "female" is applied without derision. I recall one day in The Office of Experiment Stations, Washington, some fruit was passed about which the old char woman, a Virginian, declined with "Don't disfurnish yourself for me Mr. Beal."

Thurman McRae, aged eighteen, of El Paso, Texas, a town I have always wanted to see, has just finished reading in that locality the entire "Faery Queene," and is admitted to full membership in the F.Q. Club, and "yet there is room."

During the past summer the FANO CLUB has flourished abundantly. New members are Josephine E. Buchanan,

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Vassar '31, Beatrice Chinnock, Vassar '31, Betty Jean Buchanan, of Appleton, Wis., Maria P. Biffami, of Casa Guidi, Florence, all of whom joined July 20; Victor H. Sutro, Yale '28, who joined June 29; Philip A. Brégy, Carolina H. Brégy, their son Lawrence M. Brégy, all of Philadelphia, who joined on July 31; and "yet there is room."

When this issue appears, the Metropolitan Opera House will be about to begin its annual sessions of delight; of which I naturally enjoy Wagner the most. In comparison with Wagner, most previous Grand Operas are really Comic Operas.

I saw a new book advertised called "Colossal Blunders of the War." I wonder if it mentions the most obvious and most colossal blunder?

Names of books mentioned in this article, with the publishers.

"England the Unknown Isle," by Paul Cohen-Portheim. Dutton. $3.
"Schopenhauer—Pessimist and Pagan," by V. J. McGill. Brentanos. $4.
"Sowing Glory," by P. C. Wren. Stokes. $2.
"The Good Earth," by Pearl S. Buck. John Day. $2.50.
"Schliemann," by E. Ludwig. Little, Brown. $3.50.
"Adele and Co.," by Dornford Yates. Minton, Balch. $2.
"Two Black Sheep," by H. L. Wilson. Cosmopolitan. $2.
"Masters of Nineteenth Century Prose," ed. J. J. Reilly. Ginn. $2.
"Portraits in Miniature," by L. Strachey. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
"First Quarto of Hamlet." Harvard Univ. $4.
"Sun Up," by Will James. Scribners. $2.50.
"Snug Harbour," by W. W. Jacobs. Scribners. $2.50.
"All Alongshore," by Joseph Lincoln. Coward, McCann. $2.50.
"Everyman's Encyclopædia." Twelve volumes. The set, $30.
"Cruelty to Words," by E. Weekley. Dutton. $1.
"A Preface to Morals," by Lippmann. Macmillan. $1.
"Fear," by J. R. Oliver. Macmillan. $1.
"Your Money's Worth," by Chase and Schlink. Macmillan. $1.

But to the Lover, Beauty

By Robert Nathan

But to the lover, beauty is his love,
His heart's dear mistress ever at his side;
She is the blue bright wind of heaven above,
The light of evening on the valleys wide,
She is the sea, she is the swifter tide
Of narrower waters, and the forest green;
In all his courses, beauty is his guide,
She goes before him, she is heard and seen,
And has a body. Let the lover tell
Whose voice he hears in music's sweetest part;
He knows the face of beauty, knows it well,
She is his friend, the treasure of his heart,
Which on the earth like benediction pours
A light he loves, a spirit he adores.

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The Cloud of Witnesses

(Continued from page 474)

back down-stairs again and wouldn't talk at all.

Catherine was frightened. It didn't seem right to go on with every-day things when good men died. But Great-aunt Cathy just worked harder than ever and wouldn't stop even when it was afternoon. Uncle Jim came in and she showed him the cablegram. He was awfully sorry and didn't know what to say. He wiped his glasses a lot and said to Catherine, "Your aunt and I are going through a very heavy trial."

Great-aunt Cathy kept right on that day and the next filling bottle after bottle and pasting labels on till there were getting to be so many preserves in the cellar it looked like those things might outlast the living. Then finally, while she was coring apples, two tears squeezed out on her face and dropped on the knife. After that she said she couldn't keep up any more and things got better. She let everything slide and just sat in the sitting-room crying very hard and reading old letters from Cousin David. She was so lonely then without even Grandfather Firman around, that surely it was a good thing she had Catherine to turn to.

She read the Bible for comfort. She read out loud: "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. For there is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again, but man dieth and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

Catherine was unhappy because she had opened at such a bad place, but Great-aunt Cathy had done it on purpose, and she kept on reading more Job instead of the happy promises of Jesus that she could have found. She read frightful words but she got peace and strength from them.

After a while letters began to come telling about the wonderful work Cousin David had done in China and saying what a servant the church had lost in him. Great-aunt Cathy became more her old self. She spent a lot of time at her desk copying bits of these letters and sending them to other people.

But on Sunday there wasn't much to do in the basement and they managed to get the table set while the guests were up-stairs refreshing themselves. Great-aunt Cathy liked best to use the linen with the rose-wreath pattern Dear-grandfather had given her. There was a much better set, but when she made up the napkins, she forgot and embroidered them with her maiden initial. The first time she used them Cousin Fan was there and asked in front of everybody, "Why, Cathy, how long have you had these?" It was a good joke on Great-aunt Cathy and she never got around to picking them out. But she said Fan had been so quick to notice it because she'd always been in love with Firman and wished she had that initial herself.

As soon as the table was set Great-aunt Cathy would go to the basement and dish things out. There was a dumb-waiter in the pantry but it was used for a clothes-closet, so it was much easier to carry things up, especially when there were little legs to help. And it didn't take long. Everybody said it was a miracle the way Cathy prepared a meal.

After a few trips Catherine could go sit down with the company and a bit later Great-aunt Cathy would appear in the dining-room in a frilly apron. Then, smoothing down her skirts with her hands, she would come to the sitting-room door and say, "Now if you will all come to the dining-room, I think we can continue the conversation there."

In those days Grandfather Firman took the head of the table. And it looked good, great big Grandfather Firman sitting under Dear-grandfather's portrait and looking down the table at Great-aunt Cathy sitting in front of Dear-grandmother's coffee-urn. It was right for him to be there, too, because it was his own father's house and all the cousins enjoyed having him so much.

Afterward they had the quarrel and the house seemed a bit lonely, especially on Sundays. They never spoke to each other at all. And sometimes when Great-aunt Cathy was standing at the window looking through the inside shutters, Catherine would go and look too. There would be Grandfather Firman walking along with a cane, and he looked so old and lonely Catherine felt sorry because she was afraid he might die. But they would watch till he was out of sight and then Great-aunt Cathy would shut the shutters and say, "He looks very healthy." Then Uncle Jim had to take the head of the table and he used to say silly things and it was embarrassing.

But while Grandfather Firman was still there Uncle Jim always sat between Cousin Fanny and Cousin Lou. Even then, as sure as

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dinner was over, he would say, "I move we all adjourn." That was connected with a joke but nobody knew the joke.

Great-aunt Cathy had been very lucky having a lot of cousins when she was young, because people had such big families in those days. All the cousins were good people except for Dear-grandfather's brother Newt's children. Newt was shiftless and a borrower, and John Barleycorn got him at last, and all his children were shiftless. When Newt's daughter Mary died she was an old woman and very poor, and first they buried her in the family lot. But Cousin Kate came to town and found out about it and had her dug up and put some place else.

Not counting Newt's children, all the cousins were friends when they were young and had such good times together. A lot had happened to them since then, and anybody might think they were just funny old women, but they were the very same people that used to have their pictures taken. When they were all at the table talking and laughing at Grandfather Firman, they didn't know there was any difference.

Great-aunt Cathy had always had the best face in the group, firm and proud and a bit sad. Some of the others were frivolous, but she only wore her wedding-ring and the diamond Cousin David had given her. She was always the most important cousin and knew all about the family, and everybody wanted her recipes. She used to tell people these recipes while she poured coffee and asked how much sugar.

Great-aunt Cathy always asked Cousin Fanny and Cousin Lou to the house because they had such lonely lives. Cousin Lou was very deaf, so she couldn't join in the conversation but smiled at everybody instead. She wore glasses and a lot of diamonds and sighed when she had eaten too much. Cousin Fanny was very beautiful and always wore black silk in mourning for her husband. Great-aunt Cathy thought she was afraid if she took it off he might come back to life.

This time Cousin Kate came down too, and she brought her husband. She was a very bitter woman and always reminded people of things they were forgetting. She would say, "Cathy, I hope you didn't let that child go to church with a hole in her stocking?" Her husband was a cheerful person with a bald head. He didn't listen to her very much and she used to call him simpleton. Once she said he was a bald-headed old fool. The Bible tells about people who talk that way and it is unbecoming as well.

As soon as they all sat down at the table Cousin Lou took a long black thing out of her pocket and put one end on her ear and passed the other end to Great-aunt Cathy and said very loud, "Cathy, what do you hear from David?"

And Great-aunt Cathy shouted into the receiver, "I had such an encouraging letter yesterday." And nodded and smiled and Cousin Lou put away her thing and smiled and said, "I'm so glad. Isn't it fine."

Then Great-aunt Cathy went on and told the rest of the people, "He has two new native teachers and they have sold five hundred copies of the Bible since the first of the year."

Somebody else said, "You must read us the letter, Cathy. It will be such a treat."

"I've always believed he could have written a book. He is a veritable fund of wit," said Cousin Kate's husband.

"I hope you've saved his letters, Cathy," said Cousin Fan. "They ought to be published some time."

"Oh, yes. I have every one of them," Great-aunt Cathy answered. "But I often wonder who's to go through them all. It would be such an undertaking."

"But well worth the time invested," said Uncle Jim.

Grandfather Firman looked down the table at Catherine in a puzzled way and said, "Doesn't that child look more like Sally every day!" This was really a compliment, because everybody knew how lovely Sister Sally had been and Grandfather was always partial to her, in spite of her flightiness.

It annoyed Great-aunt Cathy when people spoke that way, because she thought it put ideas into Catherine's head and she said, "I don't see it at all," and passed the preserves. "Do have some, it was Ann's recipe."

"She was a wonderful cook and a saint," said Cousin Fan, helping herself.

Cousin Kate's husband was telling about a young man they all knew who was going to give up such a wonderful opportunity and stay home with his father who needed him. And he said, "I call that right noble of him."

Cousin Kate said, "I should say it was no more than his duty."

And Great-aunt Cathy answered mildly, "I'm sure we would all do as much for our parents."

When it was time for the sherbet Great-aunt Cathy brought it in in the little glass cups that had belonged to Cousin Rachel and everybody said, "Poor Rachel." And Great-aunt Cathy explained to the minister, "She made

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an unfortunate marriage. Her husband wasn't all he should have been."

They always talked that way about Cousin Rachel's husband and it was mean of them. He had never done anybody any harm and he had given Catherine the doll that was too good to play with. He seemed like a nice man to her and once Grandfather Firman had said, "He's all right." They talked that way about him because he'd gone bankrupt.

"He practically killed her. She died of a broken heart, I understand," said Cousin Fan.

They were telling these things to the minister, who was the only person who didn't know, and Catherine thought he was getting a wrong impression. Grandfather Firman just sat there as though he wasn't listening and when he saw Catherine looking at him he winked, as much as to say, "These old women."

They gave her so much courage she said to Great-aunt Cathy, "Why don't you say just what he did? A person might think it was anything."

"Why, child!" Great-aunt Cathy's voice sounded put out. "I declare, we all know more than we want to about that business already." But she explained to the minister, "He was unscrupulous in money matters."

The minister looked pained and Cousin Kate said, "What ails the child?" and everybody looked at her. Catherine couldn't tell whether it was because they were so unfair to Cousin Rachel's husband or because they were all so annoyed with her, but she felt a tear coming and tried digging around in her dish for some sherbet, but it was all gone.

Then Uncle Jim said, "I move we all adjourn." And Great-aunt Cathy said, "I think we can continue the conversation in the sitting-room, where it is more comfortable." And everybody stood up and said what a good meal it was, and began going out of the room.

But Grandfather Firman must have noticed that she had started to cry, because when they got in the sitting-room he took Catherine on his lap. First he pulled her hair a little and said she was a poor little mite and laughed, and then he held her close.

Of course Catherine was entirely too big to be held, but Grandfather Firman was so very big himself, it was comforting to be on his lap. So Catherine put her face against his coat and pretended to be sleeping so Great-aunt Cathy wouldn't tell her to sit in a chair.

Grandfather was holding her in the morris chair that had belonged to Great-aunt Cathy's mother, Dear-grandmother Elizabeth. Of course she was Grandfather Firman's mother, too, but it didn't seem that way, because he so seldom remembered the dead. He didn't have any of their things in his own house that he had built himself.

He said he liked to see the dead decently buried and he had no patience with all Great-aunt Cathy's associations. He thought that sort of thing was what the Bible meant when it spoke of whitened sepulchres, "full of dead men's bones." Jesus was speaking about hypocrites, but you couldn't argue with Grandfather Firman.

Dear-grandmother Elizabeth who had had the chair was a beautiful Christian character. At her funeral the Reverend Doctor Douglas said, "She had the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is, in the sight of God, of great price." She looked that way in her portrait. She was very pious and always remembered that the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church, and a woman should conduct herself accordingly. She said submissiveness, like polished armor, was both beauty and defense.

When Dear-grandmother Elizabeth wrote letters she didn't say much and spelt very badly. Now Great-aunt Cathy used her desk a lot. She looked things up in books and wrote papers to read at the missionary society. But mostly she wrote letters. Great-aunt Cathy had very dear friends abroad who were suffragettes and Great-aunt Cathy sympathized with them though she didn't think the methods were suitable to this country. She was very broad that way and didn't think there was anything wrong with what people did in foreign countries.

When everybody had gone out of the sitting-room Grandfather Firman said very suddenly, "Are you happy, child?" Catherine was surprised and began to wonder if there was anything she wanted. Then Grandfather said, "Would you rather live with me than your aunt?"

Now Grandfather Firman said this because he didn't like to see anybody unhappy and he didn't think very far. He didn't stop to realize how Catherine needed to have Great-aunt Cathy see she grew up right. But he wouldn't ever realize either. And Catherine's mind right away saw a picture of herself running around Grandfather's house without Great-aunt Cathy to oversee her and no one to criticise. And she forgot that the dear ones in heaven would be watching everywhere.

Grandfather said, "After all, I'm your grandfather, and if you want to live in my

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house, it's yours." Then Great-aunt Cathy came in and Grandfather got up without expecting any answer.

Part III

Catherine slipped outdoors, where she could be by herself and think over the new idea. And the devil seemed to have gotten in her heart. She ran down the path and looked into the stable and stood under the mulberry tree, and all the time she kept saying to herself, "After all—it's yours."

The path ran back of the stable to the garden-house and pit. On weekdays Great-aunt Cathy liked to put on a sunbonnet and old gloves with the fingers out and go to the pit. When the glass doors were laid back, there were damp brown steps that went down, down to the middle, and then more steps that went up again on the other side. And there was a damp smell of dirt. The steps were nearly covered with pots of aspidistras and geraniums, and at the end was the tool-shed with the lawn-mower and sprinkling-can and rake. Great-aunt Cathy would sit on the steps with a newspaper under her and find something to do for an hour, snipping off bits of things with long rusty shears. She said she was so occupied doing that that she didn't even think.

The garden-house was a lovely little place, painted green, with a trumpet-vine growing all over it. There was a window in the door with a pointed top and colored glass that was always kept shut. The window in the side was pointed too, but it was left open and the big yellow fingers of the vine came in at you. Under this window was the low seat with the two tiny holes, and sitting there you could only look at the magazine rack on the other wall. The high seat with the three big holes was opposite the door, and Catherine liked to climb up there where she could watch the bees and insects buzzing about the back of the pit. Great-aunt Cathy thought it was a scandal the way she forgot to close the door.

Catherine was standing under the syringa-bush, and the sunshine and the smell of the ground and the idea of living at Grandfather Firman's all ran together in a song. Great-aunt Cathy was going to miss her very much if she went away, because there would be no one to tell things to, and Great-aunt Cathy did so want the dead to live on in Catherine's memory.

This was the place where Old-old grandfather slipped and broke his hip long ago. Dear-grandmother Elizabeth and Great-aunt Cathy had set up a quilt in the breakfast-room and were working on it. Dear-grandmother Elizabeth had been brought up to spin and weave, but the manufacturers made that unnecessary. Great-aunt Cathy was brought up to do more refined things and she learned to hammer brass and paint velvet. But they saw to it that at least one quilt was turned out every winter. This time while they were working, Old-old grandfather came and looked around a bit. They thought he wanted something, but it never occurred to them what. Then he went on out the side door. He wanted his commode, which was kept in the closet there, but he didn't like to disturb them, so though it was in the dead of winter he went on out to the garden-house. Even then the sweet syringa-bush hung clear across the path and in pushing it out of the way the poor old man slipped on the ice and broke his hip. He was so old he died from it and Great-aunt Cathy and Dear-grandmother Elizabeth always felt guilty about it.

Because of Old-old grandfather the ground under the syringa-bush was somehow like a grave slab, and it didn't seem right for Catherine to stand just there feeling so happy and thinking about leaving Great-aunt Cathy, so she moved away.

In the side yard beyond the lilac-bushes was the rockery. Catherine sat on the brown stones and laughed, because, "After all—it's yours." Grandfather Firman's house could be. Grandfather Firman lived alone with only black Rose Ann to cook for him.

And they were a pair! Grandfather so lax about everything, hitching up the buggy and going for a ride Sunday morning and forgetting about church. And Rose Ann so easy-going. She would stand in the kitchen door and laugh and laugh when there wasn't anything to laugh about, and wipe her face with her apron. And when she wasn't laughing she waddled about the kitchen and grumbled to herself. She said she liked to cook things that people liked to eat, and she talked about old heads upon young shoulders, and she said children must be children. Once she said, "Don't you forget you had an Aunt Sally too," which Great-aunt Cathy didn't like at all. Surely it would be easy to get along with them.

The company had all gone and Great-aunt Cathy came out on the porch. She always did that in the afternoon, just to feel the air. Catherine began going very slowly toward the house. It would certainly look funny if she didn't join her right away. But Catherine didn't like to do it, because Great-aunt Cathy being so near made her feel guilty about wanting to leave.

It was very quiet on the porch. Dear-grand-

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father Otho's vine and the trees Old-old grandfather had planted long ago made a cool shade and everybody one knew about was sleeping then after their dinners. Uncle Jim was sleeping in the big chair in the breakfast-room, pretending to be reading a book of travel. He would sleep like that all afternoon till dark, because if any one went through and disturbed him, he would just straighten his glasses and be right off again.

But for all the peace and quiet Catherine's heart kept right on thumping because of what she knew about. "After all—it's yours." She lay and looked past the rockery and the lilac-bushes at the other yard, which one could only tell from Great-aunt Cathy's because it wasn't kept up at all.

That other house had been built by Dear-grandfather Otho's Brother Hugh, Cousin Kate's father. It was made of wood and had turned a blackish gray because it needed painting. Cousin Kate owned it now, but she lived in another town. The front rooms were turned into a store and poor people lived up-stairs. Down-stairs in the little back room lived a very poor woman, Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones made handkerchiefs and sold them to people for a living, but her hands shook so the stitches weren't really nice. She wore a very white shirtwaist and had a cancer, and in summer-time the flies used to settle on her.

Cousin Kate's father had been very much like her and a hard man to get along with. He and Dear-grandfather had had a very bitter quarrel which made Dear-grandfather very unhappy in his old age. That quarrel was this way. Dear-grandfather left his sleigh in his Brother Hugh's barn just for one night and before he could go get it in the morning Hugh threw it out on the dung-heap. After that he and Dear-grandfather never spoke to each other again and Hugh stopped going to church because their pews were right together.

Cousin Kate was very unkind to her father in his old age and it was a judgment on him for his ungodly ways, but she was going to have a lot to answer for too. She treated him like a poor relation. Once when he was very old and weak he trimmed his fingernails standing on the hearth. Cousin Kate came in and found him doing it and she made the old man get down and pick them all up. He was nearly blind and his knees shook, and Great-aunt Cathy was scandalized.

Great-aunt Cathy sat very still in the wooden rocker, musing. The vine that shut in the south side of the porch made shadows all over her face that looked so much like Dear-grandfather's. And it had made those shadows on Dear-grandfather's face and on Old-old grandfather's before him.

Dear-grandfather had been so fond of the vine. When he was young he passed in and out that way many times each day, going about his business and always he hid the key to the side door on the ledge under the leaves, just the way Great-aunt Cathy did. And always he looked at his vine with pride. When he was old he lay in the hammock and shook his stick to scare away the birds.

Grandfather Firman was a great trial to him in his last days and used to annoy him for hours with his arguing. He was full of new-fangled ideas and would laugh at Oliver Wendell Holmes and calomel.

Always there had been wicked people living alongside of good and causing them no end of trouble. And if Catherine went to live with Grandfather Firman now it would be a terrible disappointment to Great-aunt Cathy. She had always been so dutiful herself and was so sure Catherine was going to grow up good. Catherine could see how wicked it would be of her to cause so much pain and she felt very sorry for Great-aunt Cathy. But there was no denying she had Grandfather Firman's blood in her, and she thought blood was thicker than water.

A blue jay began making a great noise above the porch roof and then flew into the rockery. For a minute Great-aunt Cathy thought he might be after a robin, but he wasn't. But the whole thing had roused her a bit and she began to tell about the good times she and Cousin David used to have when they were young, giggling and laughing together.

She and Cousin David had loved each other so tenderly ever since they were little children, and when he went away Great-aunt Cathy didn't know where to turn. She liked to tell about the time they were sitting in the rockery one night when the young men came to serenade her. They thought she was in her room and sang and sang under her window, waiting for her to come and thank them. It was such a great joke on them, and she and Cousin David sat in the rockery and had all they could do not to laugh out loud. They were very young and Cousin David was so full of fun he pretended that they were engaged and put his arm around her. But when he left that evening he said very seriously, "Dear cousin, I wish there were no blood ties between us, because there is no one in the world could make me such a companion as yourself." That was very true,

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because they were always like the song, "Two minds with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." But their parents wouldn't hear of their getting married, so he had to marry Beth, who wasn't at all the sort of woman for a missionary's wife.

Ordinarily it was very pleasant when Great-aunt Cathy talked about the nice things in her girlhood. But this time it made Catherine uncomfortable because she didn't feel she had the sympathy Great-aunt Cathy assumed. So she was glad when Great-aunt Cathy began to talk about Grandfather Firman and complain about him. Then Catherine could come out in the open and show she felt differently, and she said, "I think he is very kind."

Great-aunt Cathy said, "Of course, dear, he's your grandfather and to any one else I wouldn't say a word against him. But he's not at all what his father was."

Great-aunt Cathy was going to tell again about the things Grandfather Firman did when he was young, and Catherine didn't want to hear. So she put in very quickly, "He said I could come and live with him if I want to."

Great-aunt Cathy was so amazed that at first she couldn't understand and kept asking, "What do you mean?" So Catherine explained. "He said after all he was my grandfather."

Catherine was looking very carefully at the vine all the time, but she could tell how upset Great-aunt Cathy was. Her hands took tight hold of the arms of the rocker and her mouth started to tremble. But it never crossed her mind that Catherine had thought of going. So when she started to talk it was just about Grandfather Firman. She said what a terrible thing that was for him to have done and how selfish.

Great-aunt Cathy could be very unfair when she was indignant, and the things she said about Grandfather Firman now weren't true. Ordinarily, when Great-aunt Cathy did this, Catherine started to cry, like about Cousin Rachel's husband. But this time that weakness in Great-aunt Cathy only served to make Catherine feel less wicked in her own evil intention. So the more Great-aunt Cathy said the harder Catherine's heart grew, and at last when Great-aunt Cathy took out her handkerchief to wipe her eyes, Catherine pretended not to notice and went indoors.

Part IV

Of course Catherine hadn't said definitely yet that she wanted to go. But things were started and if she just held on when the question came things would work out in time. She walked through the up-stairs and looked at the crayon portraits in the East room and at Sally's silver on the blue-room dresser, and thought it was nice to be leaving them. And when she came to the South room she opened the door and stepped in.

The South room was Great-aunt Cathy's very own and Catherine had no call to go there at all, so just being there felt like rummaging. When she closed the door behind her and stood still looking, the bright sun shining through chinks in the closed shutters made a holy light, and she smelt the sweet-grass guard that stood in front of the empty fireplace. The high carved back of the walnut bed looked into the high mirror on the walnut dresser very quietly, as though it knew what to think. But the little wash-stand with the cream-colored bowl and pitcher and the clean towels on its arms didn't seem so important. And the green soap was just like down-stairs. So Catherine stooped down and looked inside at the extra towels.

Across the room by the window was the commode, and it was so little and ordinary-looking Catherine moved across to sit there. But the carpet was like the bed and the dresser, and knew she had no right to be in that room. The long wooden clock on the mantel ticked very slowly and in the bottom of it the brass pendulum winked off and on through the hole in the picture. On the table near the bed the tiny clock in the owl's stomach ticked very fast.

Catherine folded her hands and sat looking up at the ceiling. The whole room was so holy and so very like Great-aunt Cathy that Catherine could feel grace melting her heart, and she had to steel herself to keep from being a little repentant.

In the transom over the door were big red tulips Great-aunt Cathy had painted herself. One of them was broken a bit and hung down. Catherine turned her head and looked at the starchy pillow-shams that stood up stiff and proper over the fat pillows at the head of the bed. They looked down the white spread at the pretty quilt made out of Great-aunt Cathy's good silk dresses, that was folded across the foot. Catherine put out her hand and touched a soft red spot.

Then she got up and sat in the window-sill. The little rocker made out of yellow cane and blue velvet looked awfully weak for her to sit in. But Great-aunt Cathy seemed to use it herself, because her Bible and her eyeglasses were

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right next to it. These and the little owl clock was all there was on that table, which had a brown marble top and only one leg in the middle.

Through the chinks in the shutters one could look out at the rockery where Great-aunt Cathy and Cousin David were sitting that night the young men serenaded her and thought she was up here.

The long lines of tired roses that climbed up the wall-paper didn't seem to mind Catherine's being there so much and she began to feel more comfortable. Then she tiptoed across the room and opened the closet door softly. There was a nice clothes smell from Great-aunt Cathy's Sunday dresses and a very nice clean smell from big tied-up bundles that were their very best linens. Catherine pushed her hands back between the dresses but was afraid to look very carefully.

The bureau had a brown marble top like the little table but it had a white cover on it. Silver things lay all over it in a careless way. On each side near the mirror was a tall candlestick with a snuffer chained to it, and a red silk pin-cushion hung by a ribbon from a screw high up on the edge of the mirror. Catherine looked into both the hand-glasses and tried the brush on her hair. Then she lifted the top of the china hair-receiver and peeked at the pins Great-aunt Cathy kept there.

Great-aunt Cathy didn't really use this room much but she kept all her choice things here. She slept in the East room with Uncle Jim and that's where her house-dresses and old slippers were. But sometimes she came up here for a little rest. Then she drew down the blinds behind the shutters and only the faintest bit of white light got into the room.

When she was a girl she used this room all the time and had all her things here. Sister Sally had the blue room right next and at night they used to leave the door open between them and whisper away for hours.

Once when Great-aunt Cathy had a tantrum she locked herself in that bedroom for three days, without any food. It was because she couldn't marry Cousin David.

Great-aunt Cathy never cared a straw about the silly young men without a thought in their heads who came to see her, and she and Cousin David used to have such great times talking about the things he learned in divinity school. Cousin David was going to be a missionary and Great-aunt Cathy always thought that was the most noble calling of all. There was a poem in her first reader at school:

See the heathen mother stand,
Where the sacred current flows;
With her own maternal hand
'Mid the wave her babe she throws.

And Great-aunt Cathy wanted right away to go save these people. She thought it would be a wonderful thing to travel in a foreign country and learn about strange customs and carry the gospel to the heathen. When she and Cousin David used to talk things over she thought about everything as though it were going to happen to her. But really they never thought they were going to get married, because they were cousins and their parents wouldn't hear of it.

When Cousin David was ordained and the church was going to send him to China, he realized he would have to take a wife to help him with the women who were in the blackest ignorance of all. He thought Beth would make him a good wife but he asked Great-aunt Cathy about it first.

That was the first time she ever thought what it was going to be like when Cousin David went away, and she was so upset she said she couldn't endure it. She thought about her staying home all her life and never doing anything, instead of carrying the gospel to foreign lands, and she thought about dear David going so far away, among heathens without her to give him advice, and no one to look after him. And she forgot to tell him what she thought about Beth, who wasn't the right woman for him at all.

Instead of that she just said they would have to go ask her father if they couldn't get married. She thought it was so important he would understand. Cousin David didn't think there was any use because he knew how they all felt. But, of course, Great-aunt Cathy would be more help to him than any one in the world and they would have so much fun together. So they went in where Dear-grandfather was.

He didn't realize how upset Great-aunt Cathy was and spoke very severely. He said, "I am surprised that you should entertain such a thought. You are like brother and sister. No doubt it is painful that you should be separated by such a distance. But it is at the calling of the Lord. And I feel that Cathy is behaving like a child."

Cousin David hadn't wanted to ask in the first place and Dear-grandfather being so annoyed made him very uncomfortable, so he left right away. When Great-aunt Cathy saw him going out of the yard she remembered that he was going to ask Beth and that would

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end everything. She was so wilful at that age that it nearly killed her. She caught hold of the back of a chair and began screaming at Dear-grandfather, "How can you? How can you?"

He was so astonished because she'd always been so obedient and said sternly, "Catherine! Control yourself. The matter is ended."

Then she picked up her skirts in both hands and ran up-stairs. She ran and ran and felt she was running all the way to China and would never see any of them again. But she only ran to the South room and locked herself in.

She stayed there for three days and no one came near her except little Sally, who had a very tender heart and came and sat outside her door and cried. That was Great-aunt Cathy's Gethsemane when the Lord asked her to accept her cross.

She felt so terrible she was bewildered and cried and cried till she was so tired she was only thinking about the roses on the wall-paper and didn't remember what she was crying for.

But then she would remember that she wasn't ever going to China and that she wasn't ever going any place at all and all her life was going to be just the same. Then she would start to cry harder. That would make little Sally, who was sitting outside the door, start crying too.

Then she thought that things wouldn't even be as good as before because she wouldn't have David to talk to any more. She was so proud and stiff-necked then that the Lord showed her the bottomless pit of Hell. She forgot about Dear-grandfather and all her family and thought that there was nobody in the world that mattered. There was nobody to talk to and nobody to impress and nothing to think about. She was all alone like that and unimportant, forever. When she felt this she beat herself with her hands and cried, "Empty, empty." That frightened poor little Sally so that she ran away.

But it was worst of all when Great-aunt Cathy remembered that Beth was going to China—Beth who hadn't an ounce of brain and was vain and selfish. It was then she realized what an awful thing it was going to be for Cousin David too. Beth would never get along with the Chinese, and would ruin his career as a missionary. Great-aunt Cathy ought to have told Cousin David. She ought to have done something to stop it even then, but she couldn't face anybody while she was so hysterical.

But His yoke is easy when we bow our heads to it, and He leadeth us among green pastures. After a while Great-aunt Cathy got calmer and she sat in the window and read the Bible. She was still crying so hard she never knew what she read, but it comforted her a good deal. Then she would walk up and down the room singing hymns to herself to stop her crying. She felt a good deal better but thought the tears would never stop running so she could be presentable to people.

Then the Lord reminded her of Dear-grandfather and the rest of her family, and she began to understand His inscrutable ways. She had wanted to serve Him in foreign lands, and He had prepared a nobler duty for her at home. He needed her to comfort Dear-grandfather in his old age and be a guardian for Firman's children. Her heart was bowed now in submissiveness and she experienced the peace that passeth understanding.

When she came down from her room she was very thin. Dear-grandfather gave her a kiss on the forehead that was a benediction, and no one said a word about what had happened.

Catherine sat in the window-sill and knew how unworthy she was of Great-aunt Cathy's beautiful house and loving care, and as she thought about Cousin David's giving his whole life to God, she began to cry softly.

They had all been so beautiful and good, and Great-aunt Cathy had suffered so much, and now Grandfather Firman wanted to take Catherine away when she was all Great-aunt Cathy had left. And Catherine wanted to go, too, just because Great-aunt Cathy was so unswerving in her sense of right.

She could see how wicked it all was and she began to cry very hard because the idea of living with Grandfather Firman was so nice. Then the Devil came and tempted her and said, "It is very sad about Great-aunt Cathy, but mightn't it have been better if she'd been about as wilful as Grandfather Firman? Most everybody else is." Catherine tried to silence him and said, "Grandfather Firman has a very ordinary house, with ordinary rooms." And the Devil said, "And he hasn't any sad rooms like this."

But the Devil couldn't win. Because no matter how bad Catherine's desires might be, she wouldn't ever dare to hurt any one very much. So she just sat there holding on to the shutters of the window and crying till her tears had washed her heart clean again. Then she went to find Great-aunt Cathy, who might have been very distressed all this time.

Great-aunt Cathy was in the sitting-room, holding a book in her lap. But she was just

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looking at nothing and didn't hear Catherine come in.

The dear people in books never changed and never went away, and Great-aunt Cathy wasn't nearly so quick in her judgment about them as she was about the cousins who were still living. Nowadays she only reread old things instead of starting something new. It was like talking to old friends, she said. And she had got a whole new interest now that Catherine was old enough to understand, and liked to be read aloud to. Once Great-aunt Cathy met a lady who had read "Pendennis" thirty-one times. Great-aunt Cathy read the Bible through every year but she had only read "Pendennis" five times. She thought it was very fine of the other lady, and showed a real love of Thackeray, but she said one ought not to think that was the only book.

The cousins had all been together most often in this room. Sometimes they went for sleigh-rides, and sometimes they made trips to places of interest like the Indian Mound. But mostly Dear-grandfather thought it was more seemly for them to find amusement at home. Once Dear-grandfather had Mr. Vincent Hill come to the house and give his rendering of Sheridan's master comedy, "The Rivals." Mr. Hill was touring the country with this entertainment, and everybody spoke most highly of it. The Reverend Doctor Douglas, himself, wrote in the paper, "I was greatly pleased with your rendition of 'The Rivals' and I think in the giving of all the parts yourself, you make it possible for the Christian people to be entertained with profit and without harm to themselves." Still Dear-grandfather preferred that the young people should not form the habit of entering theatres, and that was why he had Mr. Hill to the house.

Of course they played charades a lot of the time. But all of this was just innocent fun. Often they sat around the fire and sang. And sometimes they played blind man's buff. And Dear-grandfather with his tall hat and his cane in his hand would pass through and smile at them.

The walls had drunk in all these things and gave them back to Great-aunt Cathy in a changed way, just as the dried rose-petals in the urn gave out a spicy smell. Dear ones had gone away to far lands, and more had fallen asleep in Jesus. And only Great-aunt Cathy was left to remember it all.

And the days darken round me and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.

Great-aunt Cathy was so lonely and so brave, it made Catherine feel tender toward her, and she ran and threw her arms about her. Catherine wasn't usually demonstrative like that, so Great-aunt Cathy knew what it meant. And she said she was a dear child who would always be a credit to her. Catherine could feel now what a turning-point this had been. It was her first real temptation and she had met it squarely, and the rest would be easier for it. Great-aunt Cathy said they must thank God for this deliverance, so she took Catherine into the parlor to pray.

The parlor was dark and cold, and a place where nobody ever went much. The blinds were always down and the plain white light glittered darkly on all the gold woodwork, and made a dull shine on the red satin. The white marble fireplace was very cold, and on the mantel, in front of the long gilt mirror, which was turning black, sat a lonely little Dresden lady. She sat on a white marble bench reading a letter with her pretty blue-flowered dress spread out around her, and her breasts were bare in her bodice. Her little curly dog sat by her skirts and looked up at her.

Dear-grandfather Otho and Dear-grandmother Elizabeth, in their gilt frames, hung above the sofa in the very darkest part of the room and looked toward the light at the place between the windows where there was a picture of the sea dashing against big rocks that Great-aunt Cathy had painted herself. They looked cold and proud and disinterested.

Great-aunt Cathy led Catherine over to the sofa, and they both knelt down on the floor, and put their faces against the red satin. Great-aunt Cathy began to pray silently. Dear-grandfather Otho looked down at them sternly. He was so solemn, and the whole room was so solemn, Catherine hoped it would be over soon.

Even on the silver wedding, when the parlor was open, it wasn't really comfortable. The prisms in the big chandelier twinkled and sparkled, very bright and cold. The candles looked cold, too, against the gilt and the glass, and the red satin seats were hard and slippery.

And that was how it looked when Great-aunt Cathy was married. The guests were all watching from the other rooms beyond the sliding-doors and the musicians played to them on harps. Only the very nearest were in the parlor. Under the chandelier hung the big wedding-bell of white roses and lilies of the valley. The minister stood under that, waiting with his back to the fireplace.

Grandfather Firman was there with an eye to Uncle Jim to keep him from getting ner-

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vous. Dear-grandfather Otho with his diamond shirt-studs twinkling against the chandelier waited by the doors to the hall. He was very delicate and very handsome, in his linens and fine blacks.

When the music changed, and began the march, Great-aunt Cathy appeared at the head of the stairs and made her descent. The yards of heavy satin and gold brocade tumbled behind her, and then swept out grandly in a long train as she crossed the hall. She kept her eyes fixed only on Dear-grandfather. He came halfway across the hall to meet her and led her slowly over to Uncle Jim, who waited with Grandfather Firman under the wedding-bell.

Everybody was very nervous, and Great-aunt Cathy's hands were cold and damp around her bouquet. But she made a great effort, so that none of the guests should notice it. Tongues were sure to wag. In fact they already had, and Great-aunt Cathy didn't have to be told how they were all whispering together and wondering why she was marrying a person like Uncle Jim. Great-aunt Cathy couldn't demean herself by explaining, but she thought time would show.

People thought Dear-grandfather Otho couldn't approve of this marriage because he had objected to it for so long. But the people were mistaken. Dear-grandfather Otho had consented whole-heartedly and thought about the matter just as Great-aunt Cathy did.

Great-aunt Cathy was twenty-nine and they both thought she ought to get married to keep the house together, because Dear-grandfather Otho wouldn't always be alive to be with her. They both knew what a good man James was, and what a comfort he would be to Great-aunt Cathy. And it wasn't going to be the kind of marriage that has children because she was going to have Dear-grandfather to think about for a good many years.

Great-aunt Cathy was so frightened and she made her responses so low that even the minister couldn't hear her. But then it was all over, and the music began again, and everybody kissed the bride. When Catherine should grow up and marry a good man that Great-aunt Cathy could approve of, Great-aunt Cathy would give her just such a wedding, and she should wear Great-aunt Cathy's lace veil.

Catherine grew restless and shifted her knees a bit. Great-aunt Cathy kept on praying. It was late afternoon, and the darkness was deepening in the parlor. This was the room for funerals. Old-old grandfather and Grandmother Elizabeth, and Sister Sally, and Dear-grandfather Otho himself, and all the others who had gone before. They slept in little hills of grass around the big monument and floated in a misty throng in heaven, and looked sternly out of their portraits. The heavy waxy smell of tuberoses clung to the parlor furniture. Here under the glittering lights among gifts of flowers, with the grandeur of the house they loved made visible to all, they made their last public act. Strangely still they lay and the minister had to tell of their glory.

And Great-aunt Cathy when her time came, too. The bronze coffin lifted up on a mound of flowers toward the twinkling lights that had held the wedding-bell. The ivory satin wedding-dress with tarnished gold brocade spread out around her, falling over the sides. And the young minister, who knew nothing of the dear ones that waited on the other side, said again and again, "Adorned as a bride she goes forth to meet the groom."

Uncle Jim, old and bewildered, and important, moved about and said, "Here is all that is mortal of my dear wife." The strangely still face, the now senseless dear objects, and that strange sentence, repeating and repeating itself, struggling to produce a meaning.

Then Uncle Jim began to talk about what the funeral cost and people said, "How peaceful she is. You would think she was asleep." But you wouldn't. There was too much peace, quiet to the very bottom, and empty. "To sleep, perchance to dream." There were no dreams here and it was no sleep. And the life Great-aunt Cathy had guarded so well lived now only to repeat itself in Catherine.

Back in the Sabbath dusk, years before, Catherine shifted nervously against the sofa. And finally Great-aunt Cathy prayed aloud, "Dear Father in heaven, help this child to love the good." Then she rustled in her clothes and straightened up. "I'm sure you will be good like Dear-grandfather and the rest of them in heaven, and not be like other people," she said.

When they came out of the parlor it was beginning to get dark, but not time yet to light the lamps. Great-aunt Cathy called it blind man's holiday, and liked to spend that time at the piano. So they went to the music-room, and Catherine curled up on the couch and made a warm place with her face in the very soft silk pillow.

The woodwork was slowly turning brown in the shadows, and streaks of light hung in the glass of the bookcase. Sister Sally's portrait rose full length from the mantel to the ceiling. In the gathering dark she was a warm

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soft bit of color. She sat on a large brown stone against a tree, in a pink-and-white summer dress, with a big straw hat in her hand. It was starting to be evening and the bit of pink showed through the leaves in the tree.

Sister Sally's face was round and mild. She didn't have Great-aunt Cathy's strength of character and none of the family likeness. She seemed to like everything, and expect nothing. Her black, curly hair hung down in a net, and her gold beads and pink dress were so bright one loved to look at her. Everybody else had had their portrait painted in dark clothes.

Sister Sally was so lovely and so gay, and she had died of lingering pneumonia when she was only eighteen. The couch that Catherine lay on had been bought and put there for Sister Sally the year she died, because it was hard to have her up-stairs, so far away, for such a long illness. When she died, the Reverend Doctor Douglas said, "A gentle and winning spirit lodged in a frail form."

Sister Sally had been so full of mischief. Once in church she slipped Great-aunt Cathy something that looked like a piece of maple-sugar. But when Great-aunt Cathy got it in her mouth it turned out to be a hunk of mutton tallow. Great-aunt Cathy tried her best to swallow it, but she just couldn't and she made such a disturbance they were all disgraced.

But Sister Sally had been very good too. The minister said, "The evidence shone brightly that she was a lamb of Christ. In her utterances and counsel she showed a ripeness of grace, and a serenity of faith that seldom comes to saints of twice her years."

When she was on her death-bed, Cousin Kate came to see her, and asked her if she didn't regret dying before she'd ever had a lover. But Sister Sally just turned over and began singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." And that was the way she died.

Great-aunt Cathy had forgotten about Catherine and was playing to herself without singing. She played sad things and ran her small bony hands up and down the whole length of the keys. You could feel, the way she touched the notes, how much she loved her piano. Dear-grandfather had given it to her the time she was good and sensible about Cousin David going away to China, and it was her greatest joy. She was very choice of it, and wouldn't see it mistreated.

Dear-grandfather had also thought of a way for her to do missionary work at that time, since her heart was set on it. He had an organ put in the darky church in town, and Great-aunt Cathy played it for them every Sunday. She did a lot of good that way, and she learned a lot of funny songs, that she always loved to play over to herself. She did this for twelve years, from the time Cousin David went away till she married Uncle Jim. They used to exchange letters about their work.

Great-aunt Cathy lifted her head away from the piano toward the dark window and realized it was getting time to stop. Soft and slow, her hands dropped on the chords, "Now the day is over." Then her voice came out in the darkness, soft and mellow, holding all the notes.

Jesus, grant the weary
Rest and sweet repose—

Everything was still, in a great quiet. Velvety blackness had swallowed people and portraits and the whole house. Even the roofs in the shadow of the gray trees had gone, and from the street there was nothing to see there but an inky pool.

The second $5,000 Prize Novel Contest, selections for which begin in this number with Mrs. Goodhue's story, promises to produce as interesting and unusual material as the first contest, which had such happy results. Of the twelve novels selected for publication in SCRIBNER'S *as a result of the first contest, three have already been published in book form: "Many Thousands Gone," the winner of the $5,000; "S. S. San Pedro," by James Gould Cozzens, a Book-of-the-Month choice; and "Lesby," by Elizabeth Willis, with illustration by N. C. Wyeth. "The Weigher of Souls," by André Maurois, which appeared complete in* SCRIBNER'S, *has also been published as a book. Manuscripts are being read as rapidly as possible in view of the overlapping of the Prize Novel Contest with the Prize American Narrative Contest. The decision on the narratives will be announced soon.*

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